



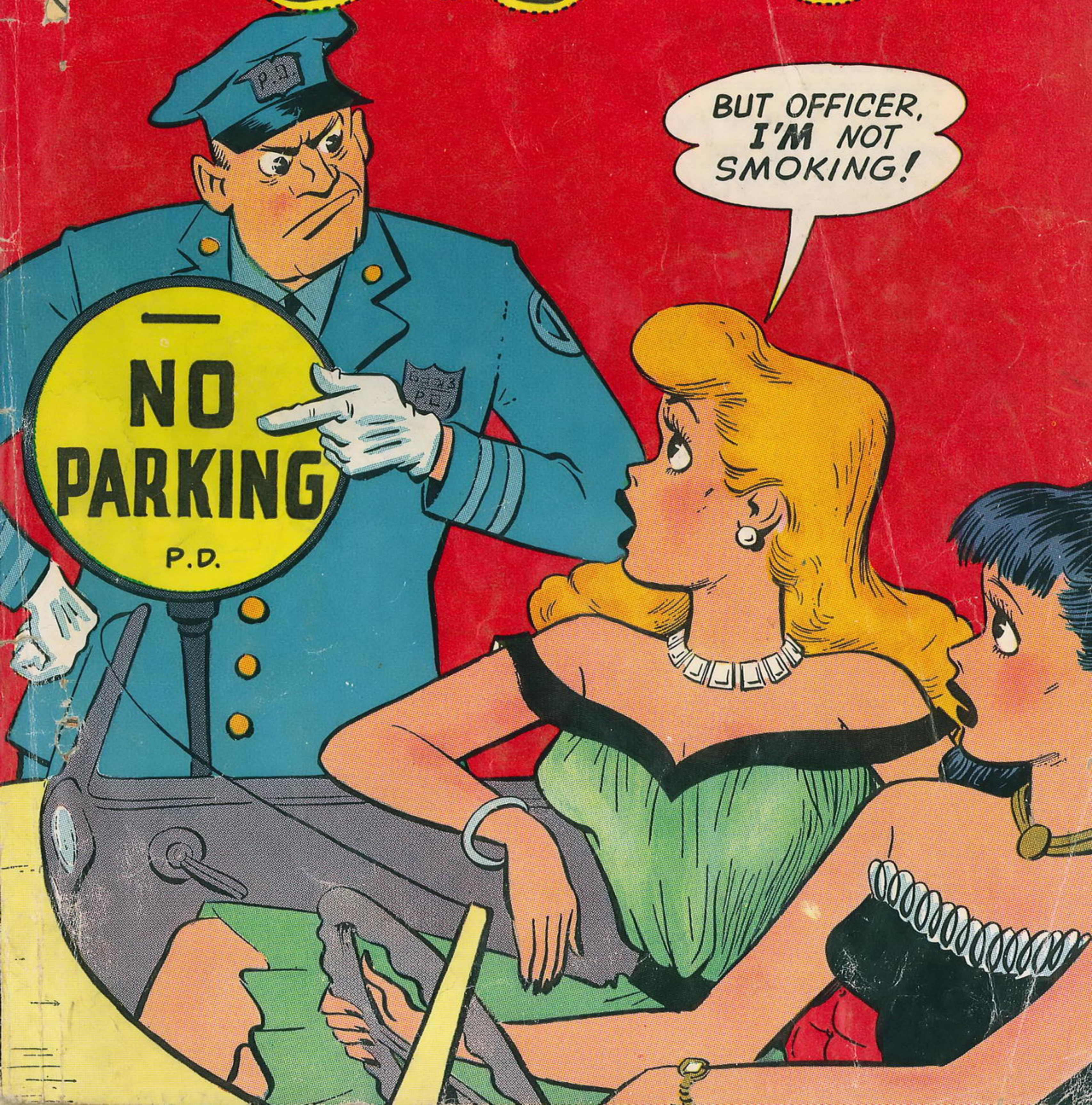
SCREWBALLS IN SKIRTS!



NO. 5
MAY-JUNE

10¢

DIZZY



BUT OFFICER,
I'M NOT
SMOKING!

NO
PARKING

P.D.

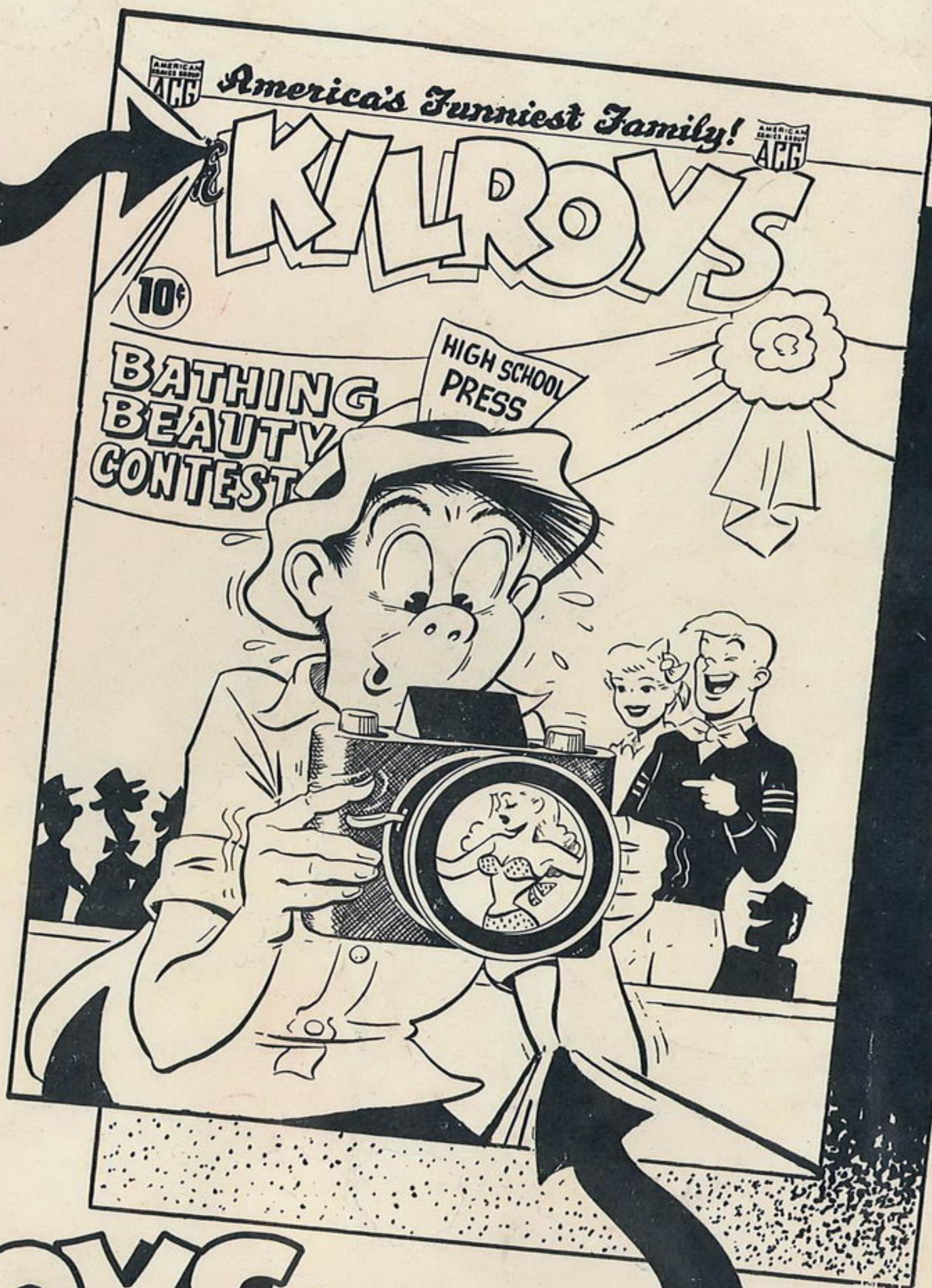
KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-
TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN
PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT
TO SAY **KILROY WAS
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



Read *The* KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!



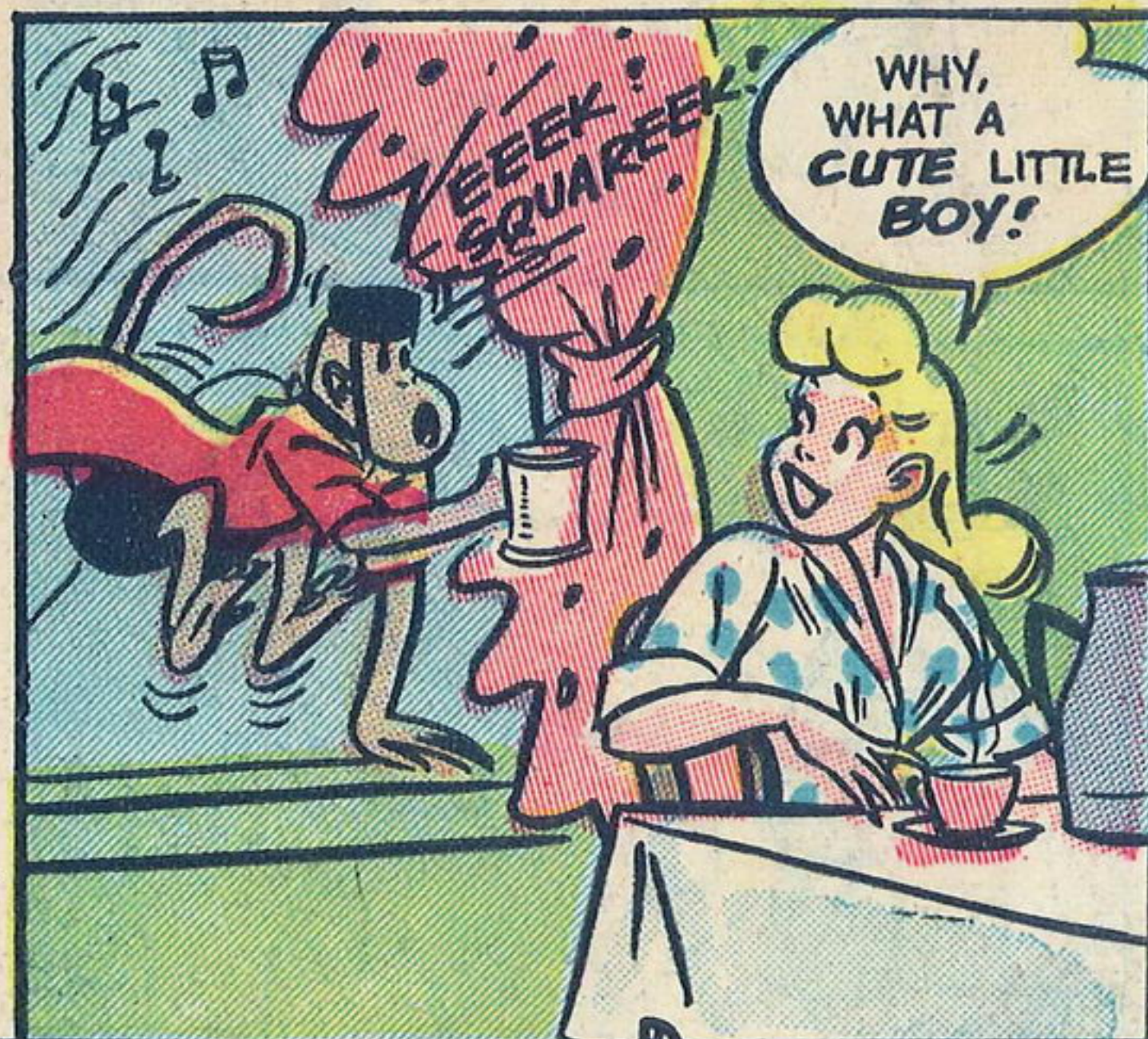
ON ALL
STANDS

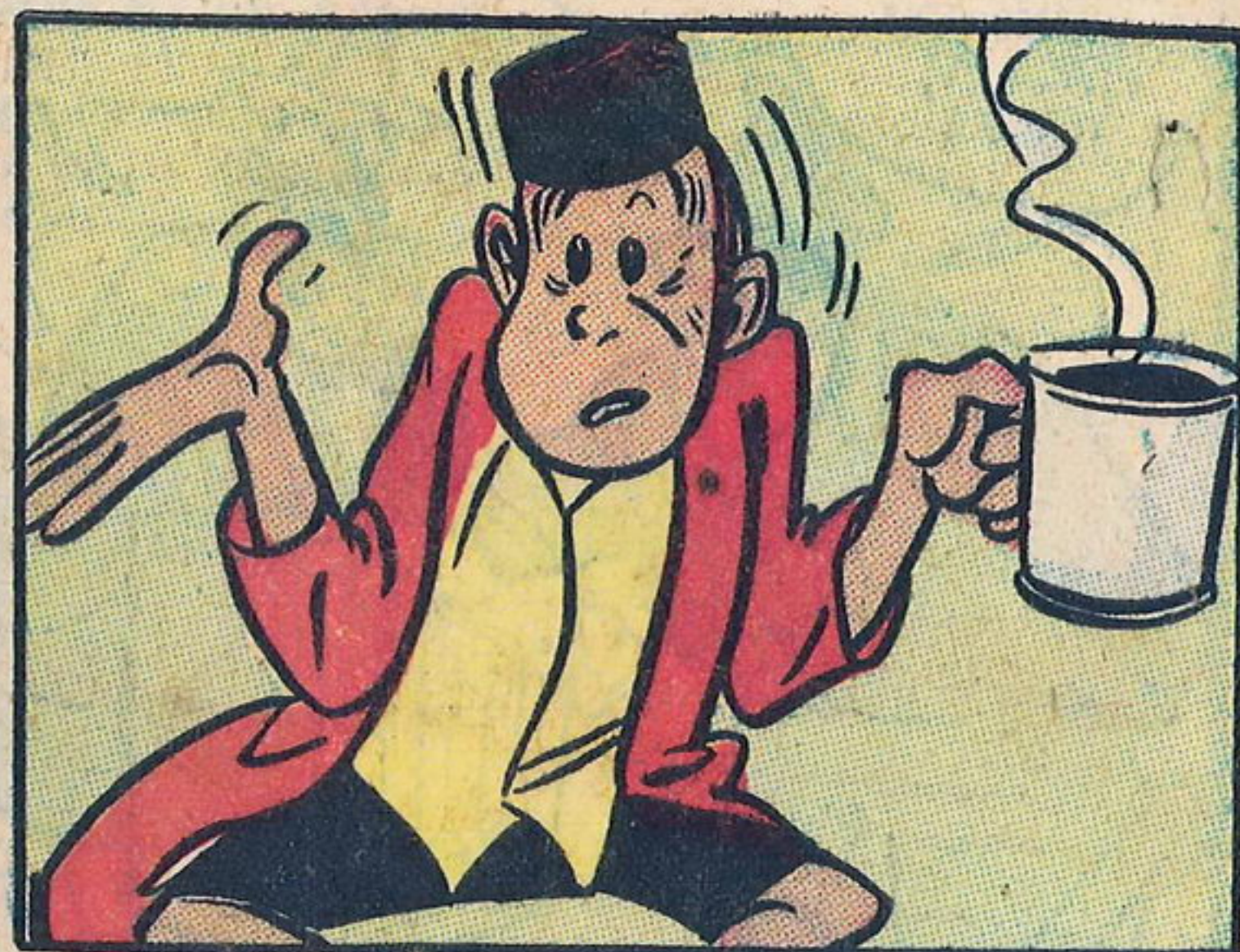
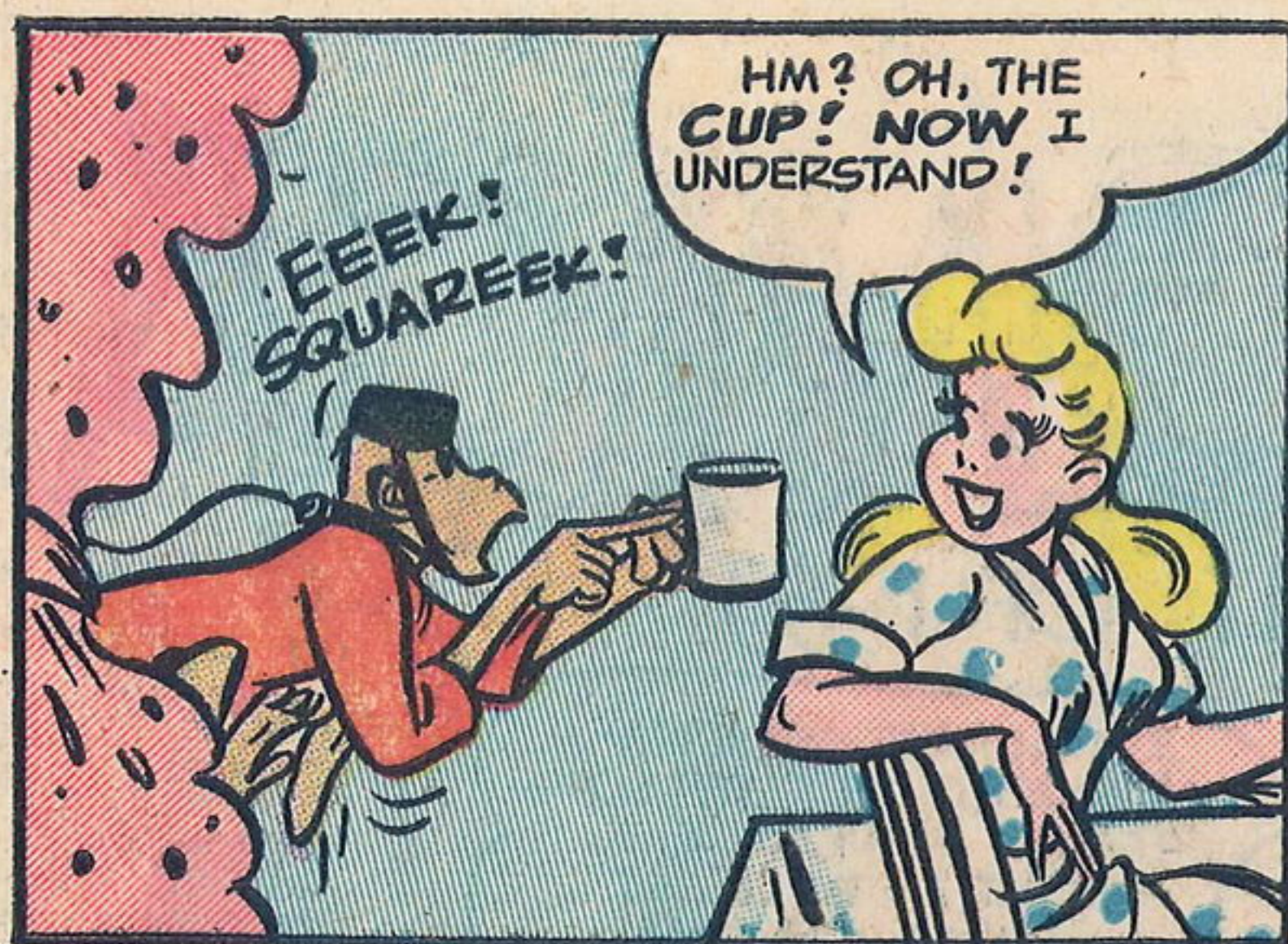
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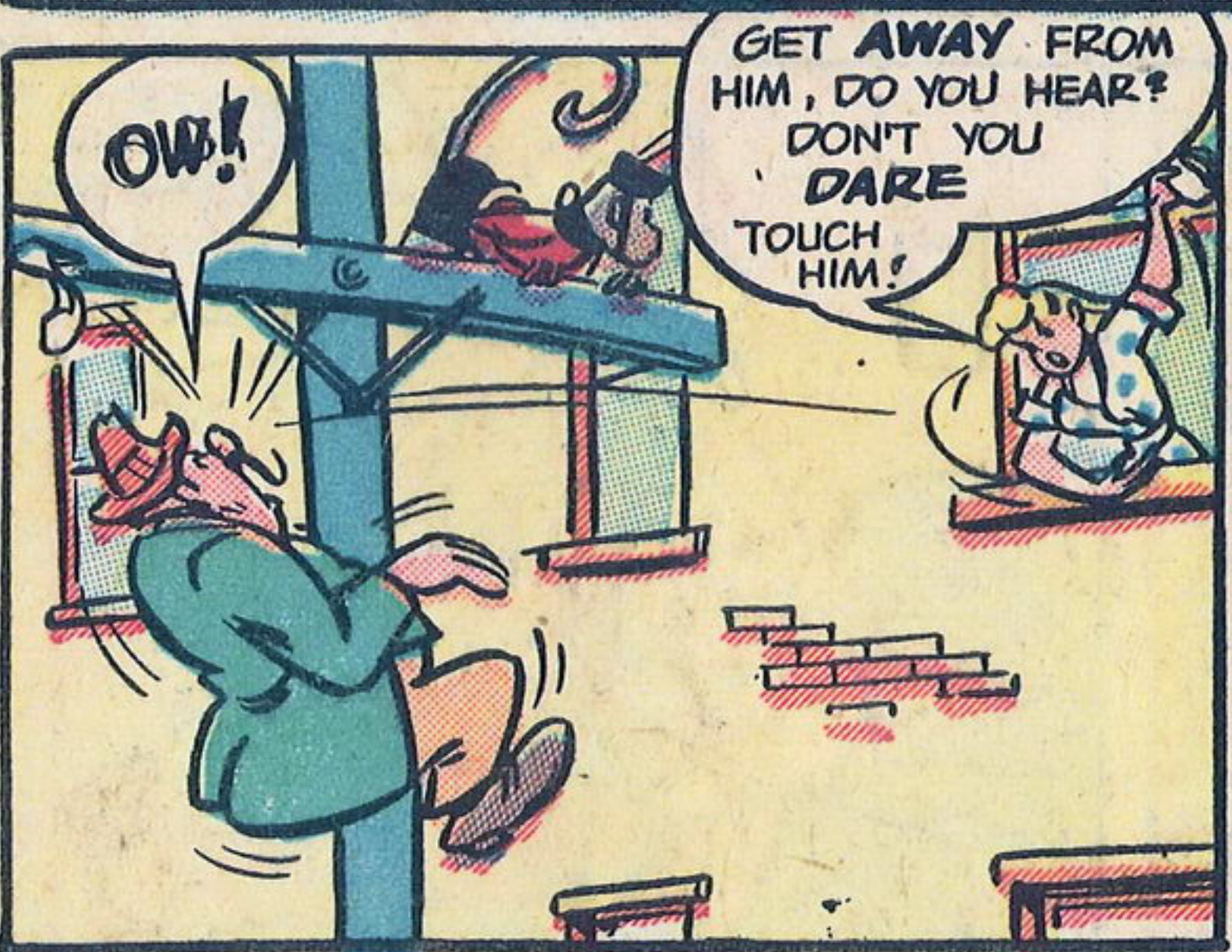
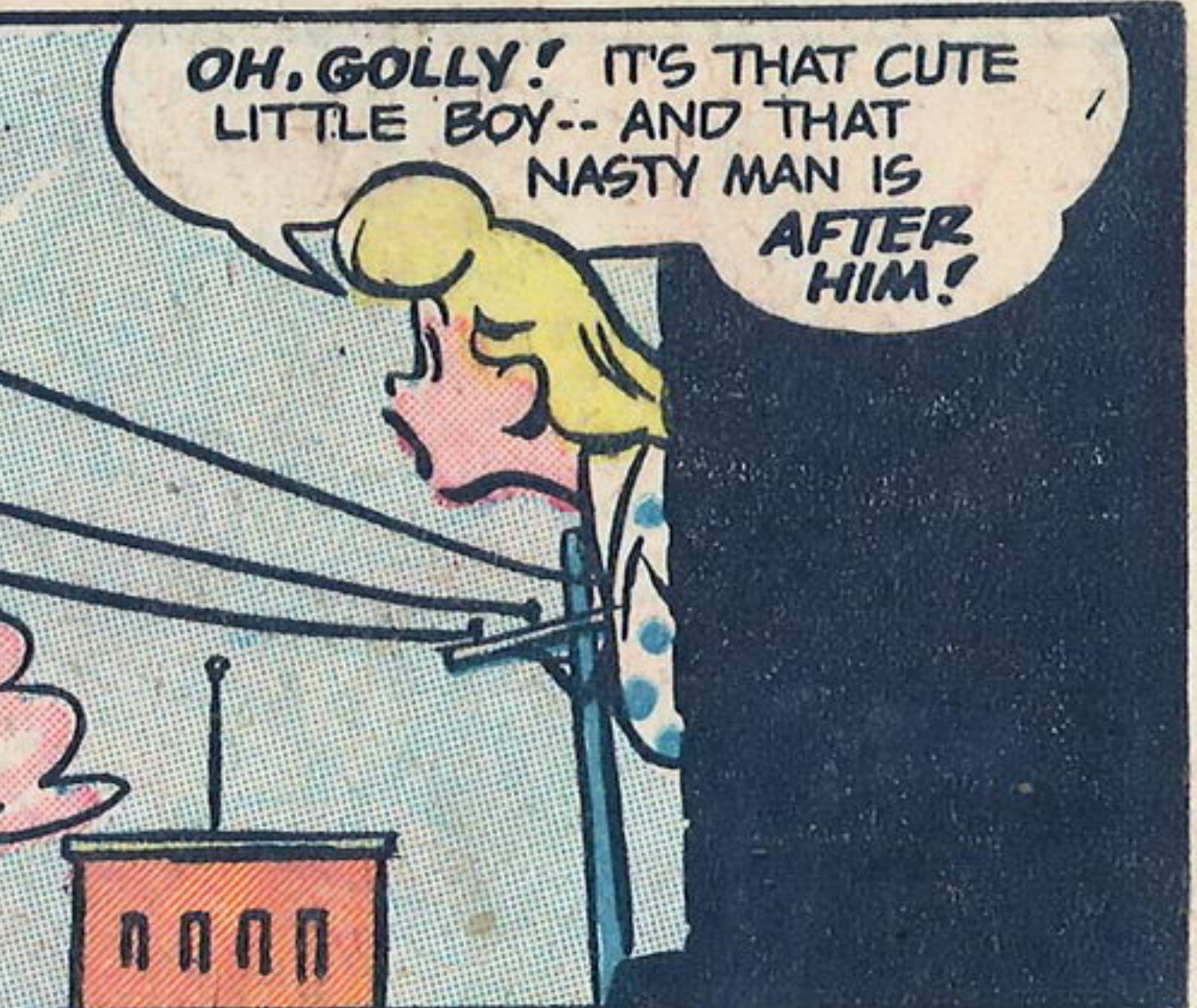
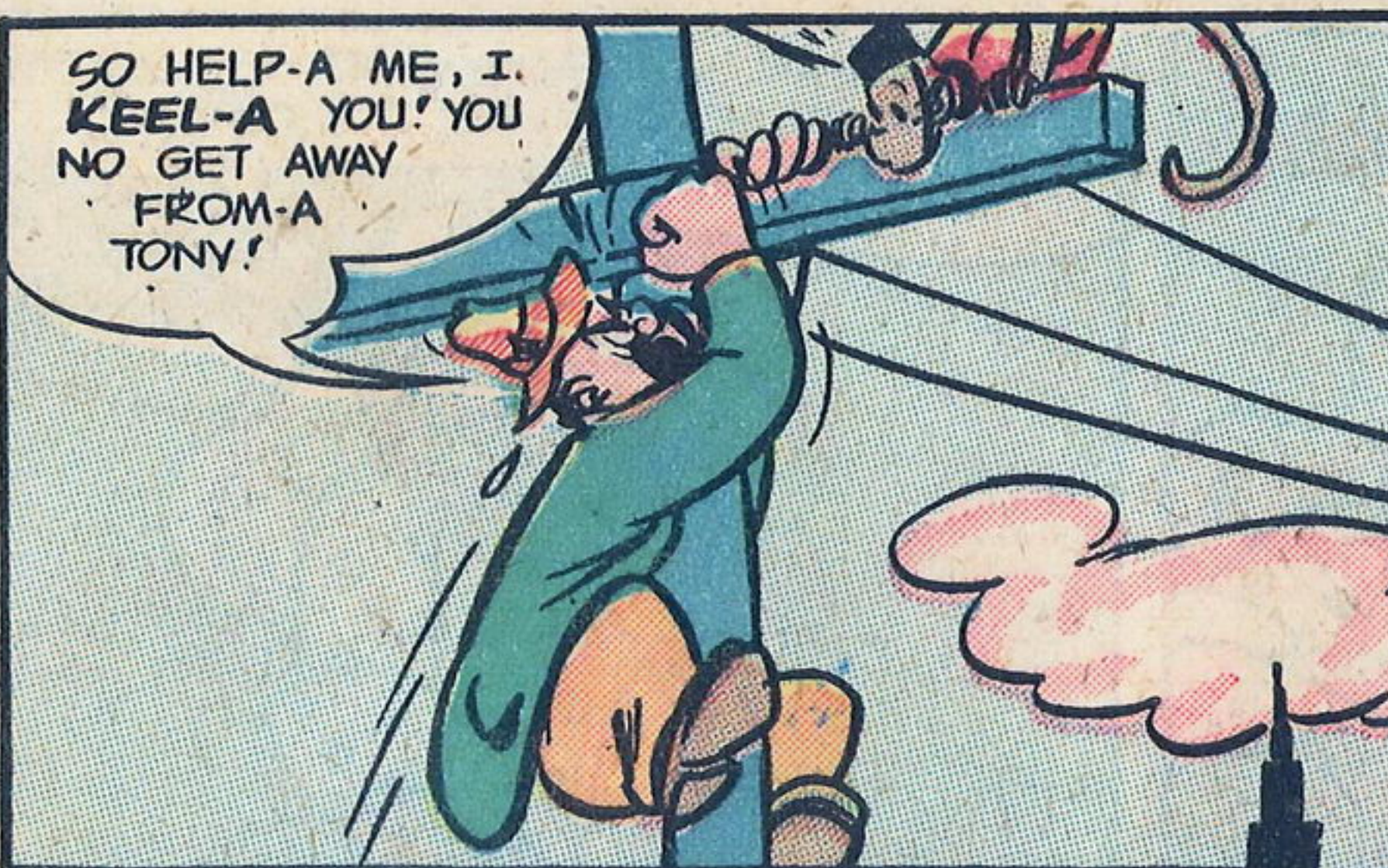
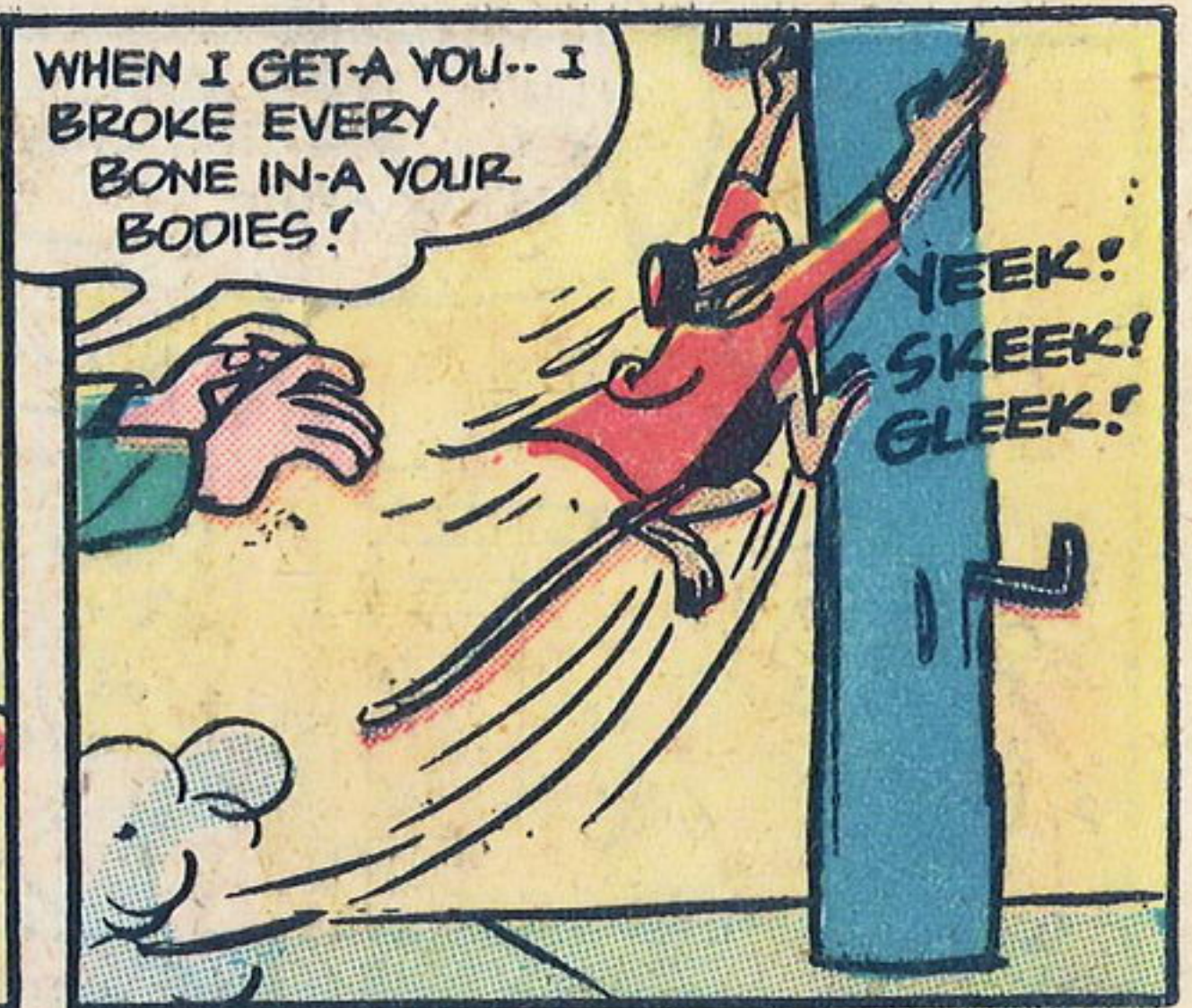
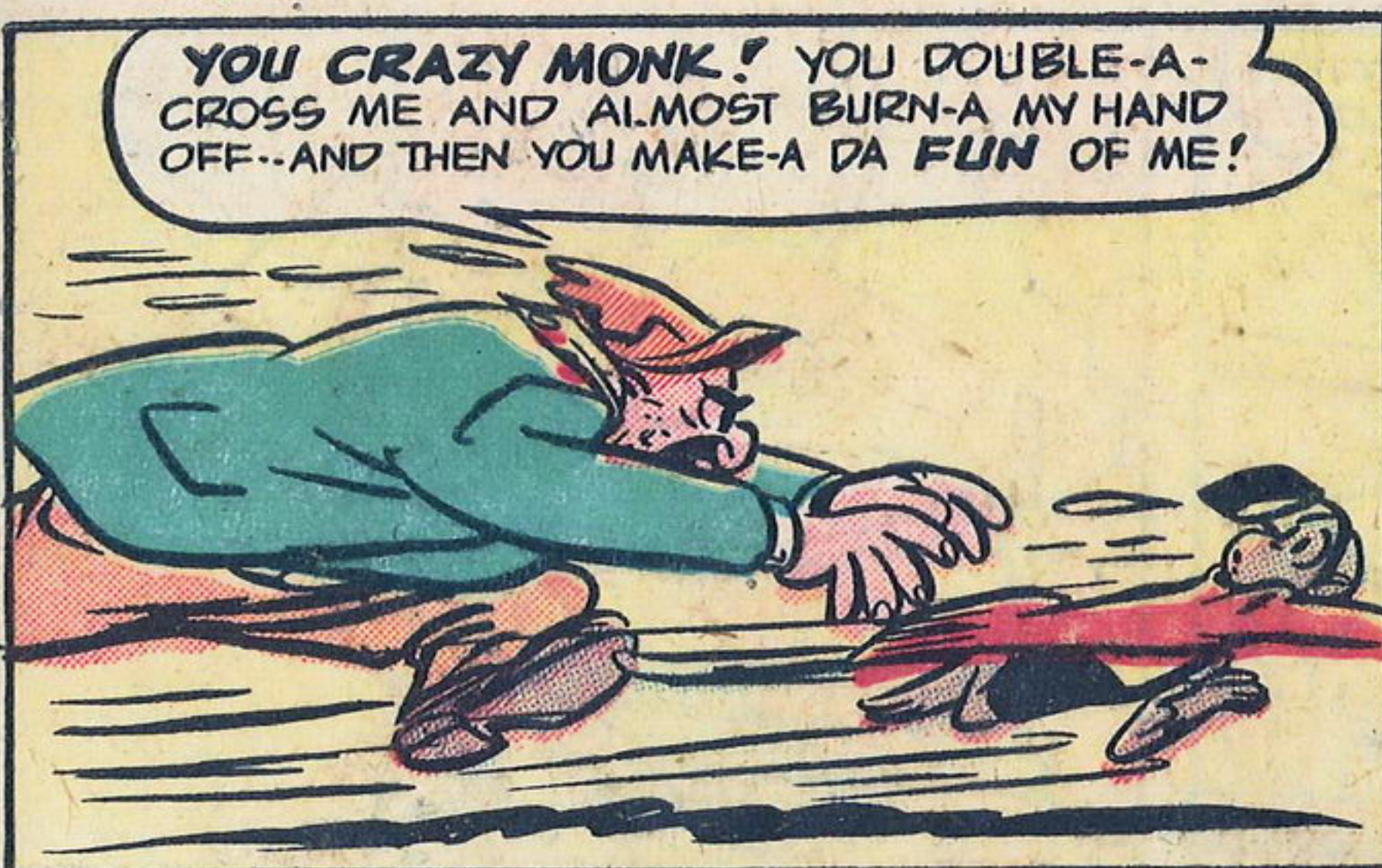
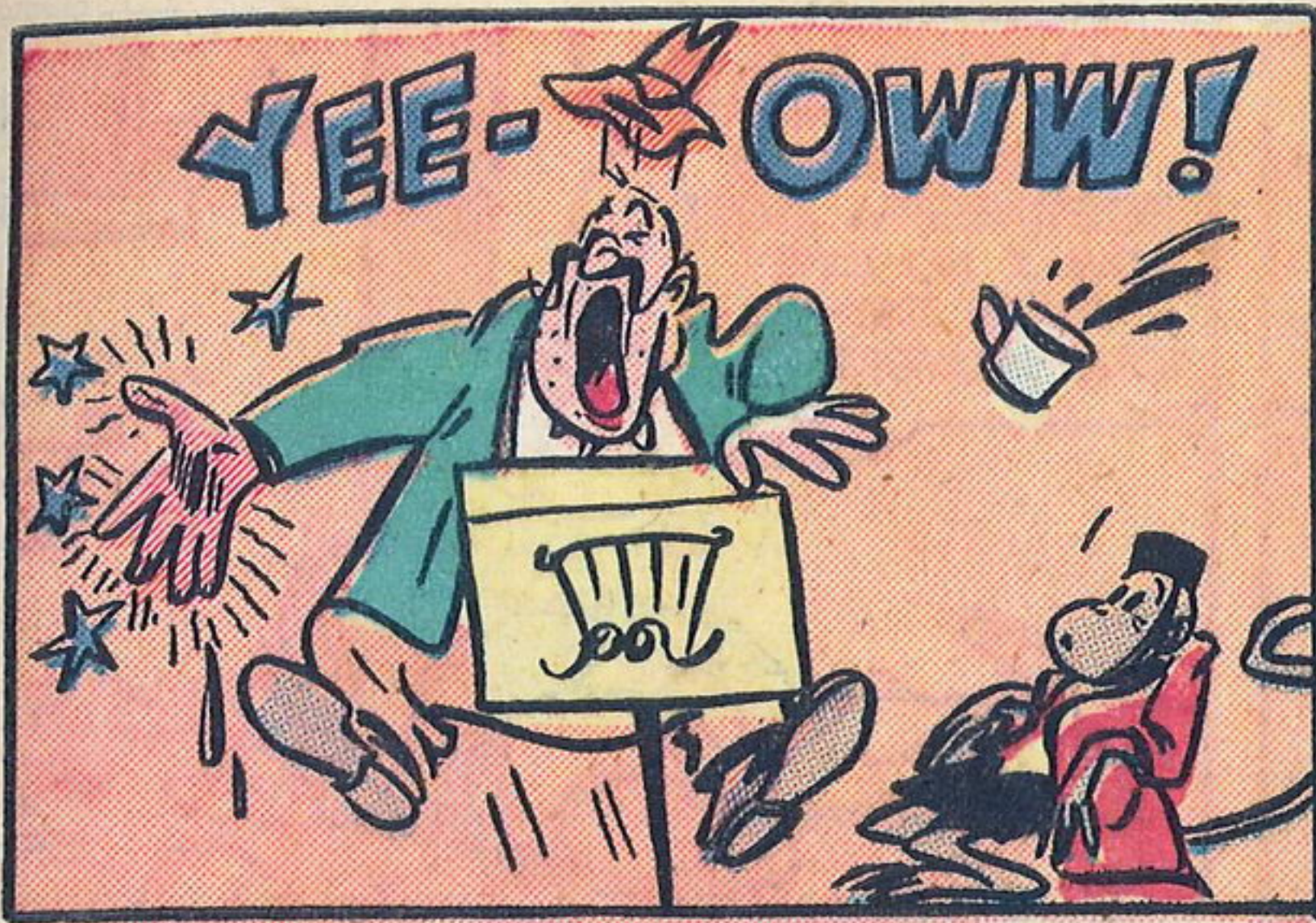
YOU'D BETTER
HURRY!

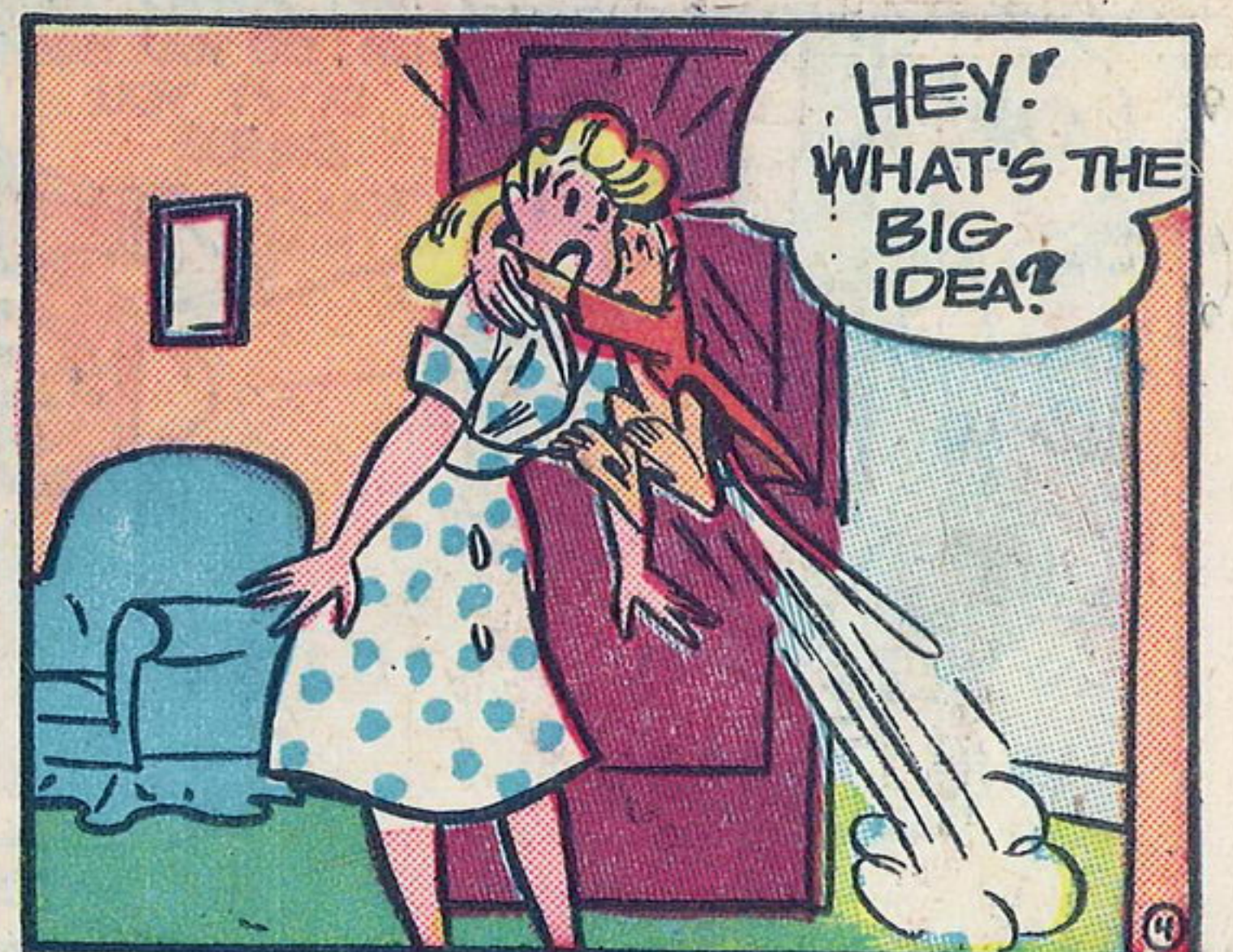
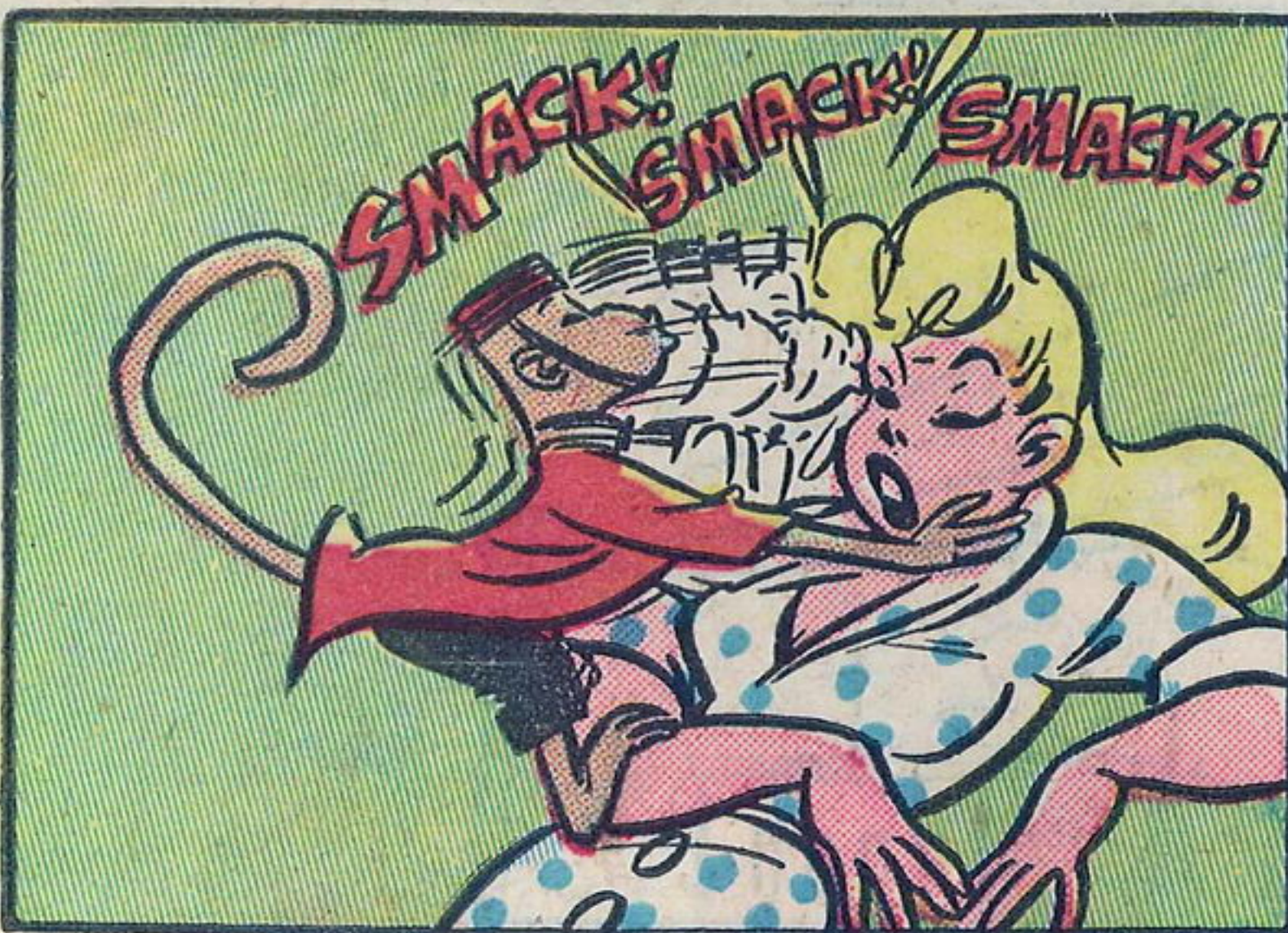
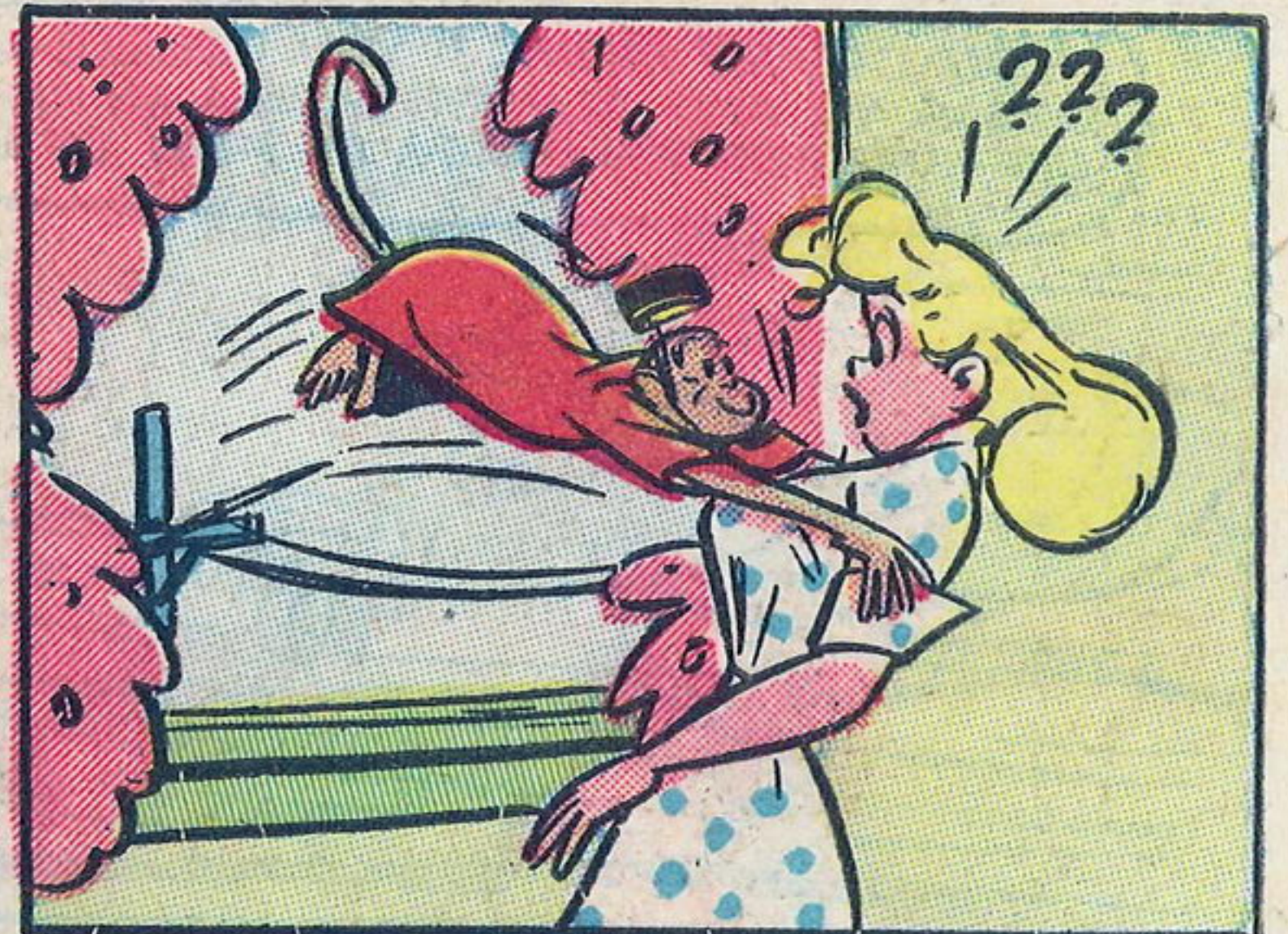
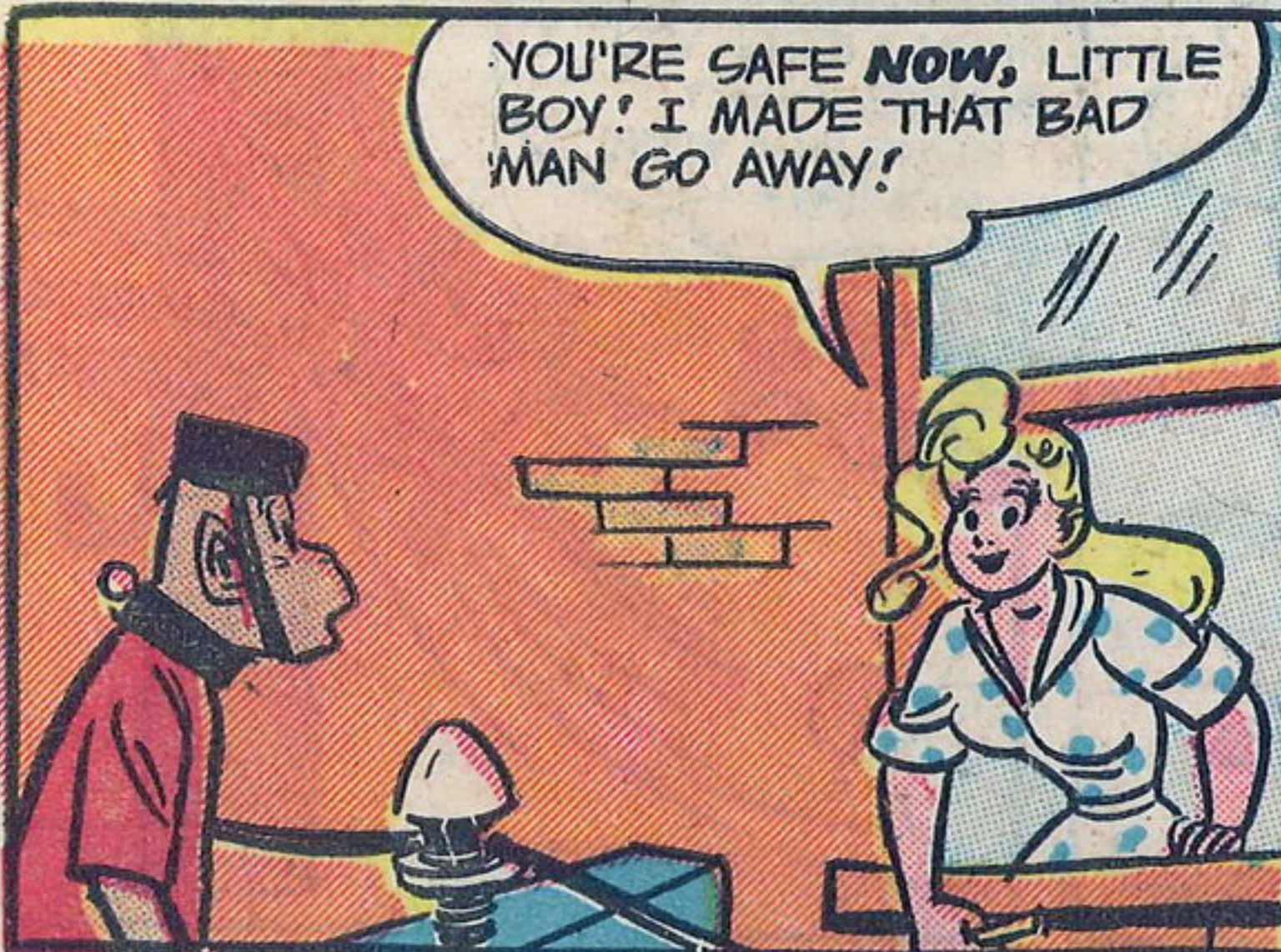
MONROVICA

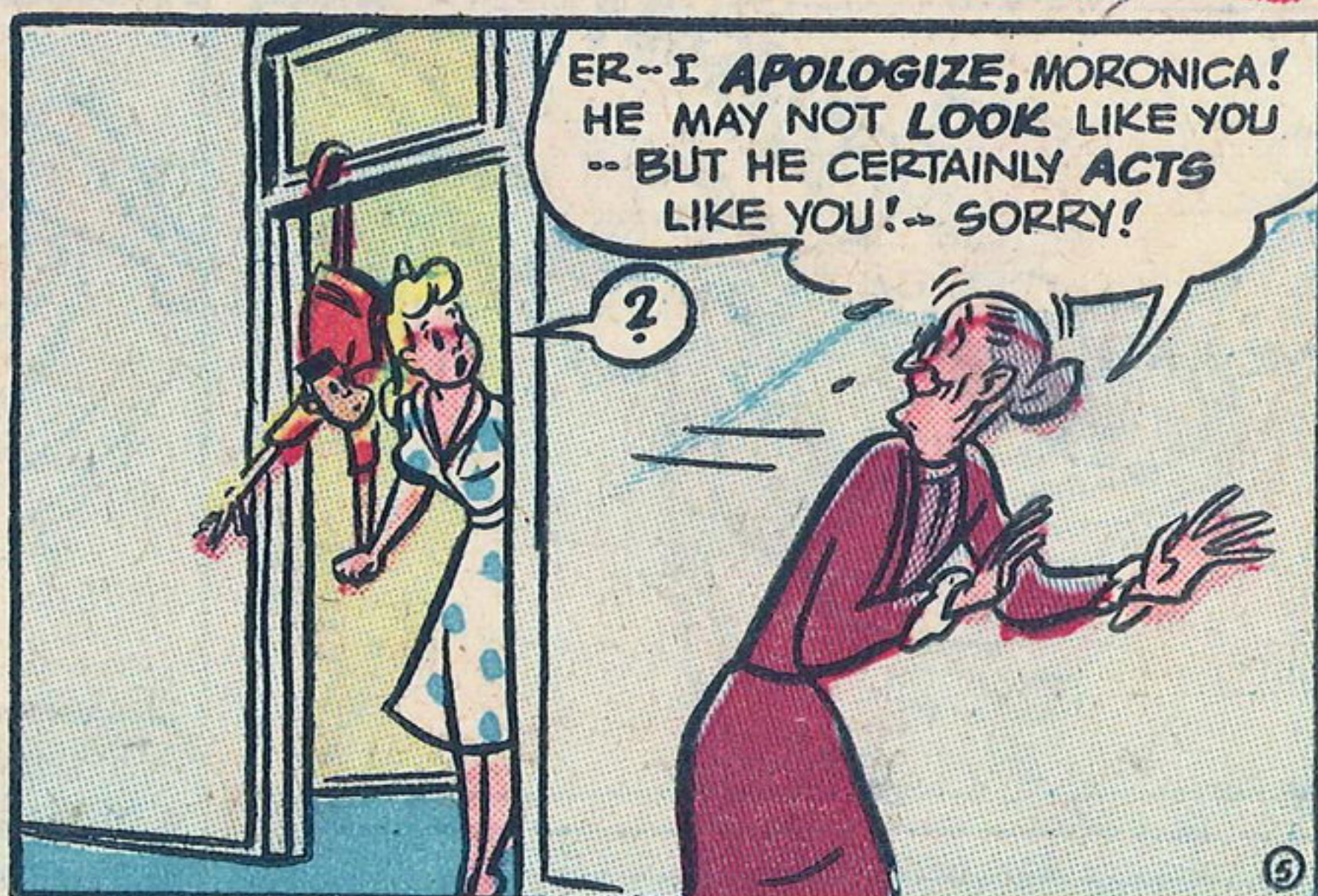
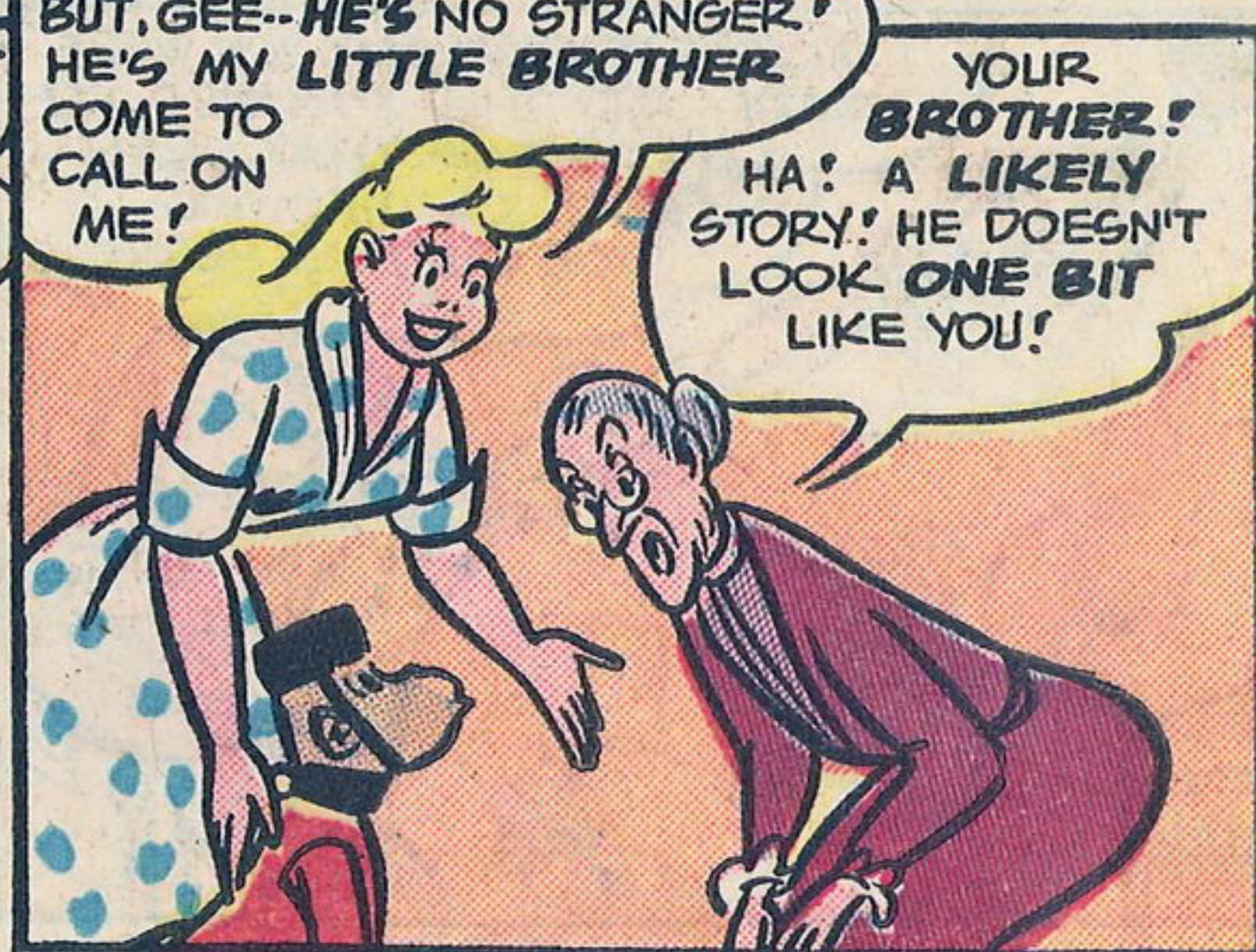
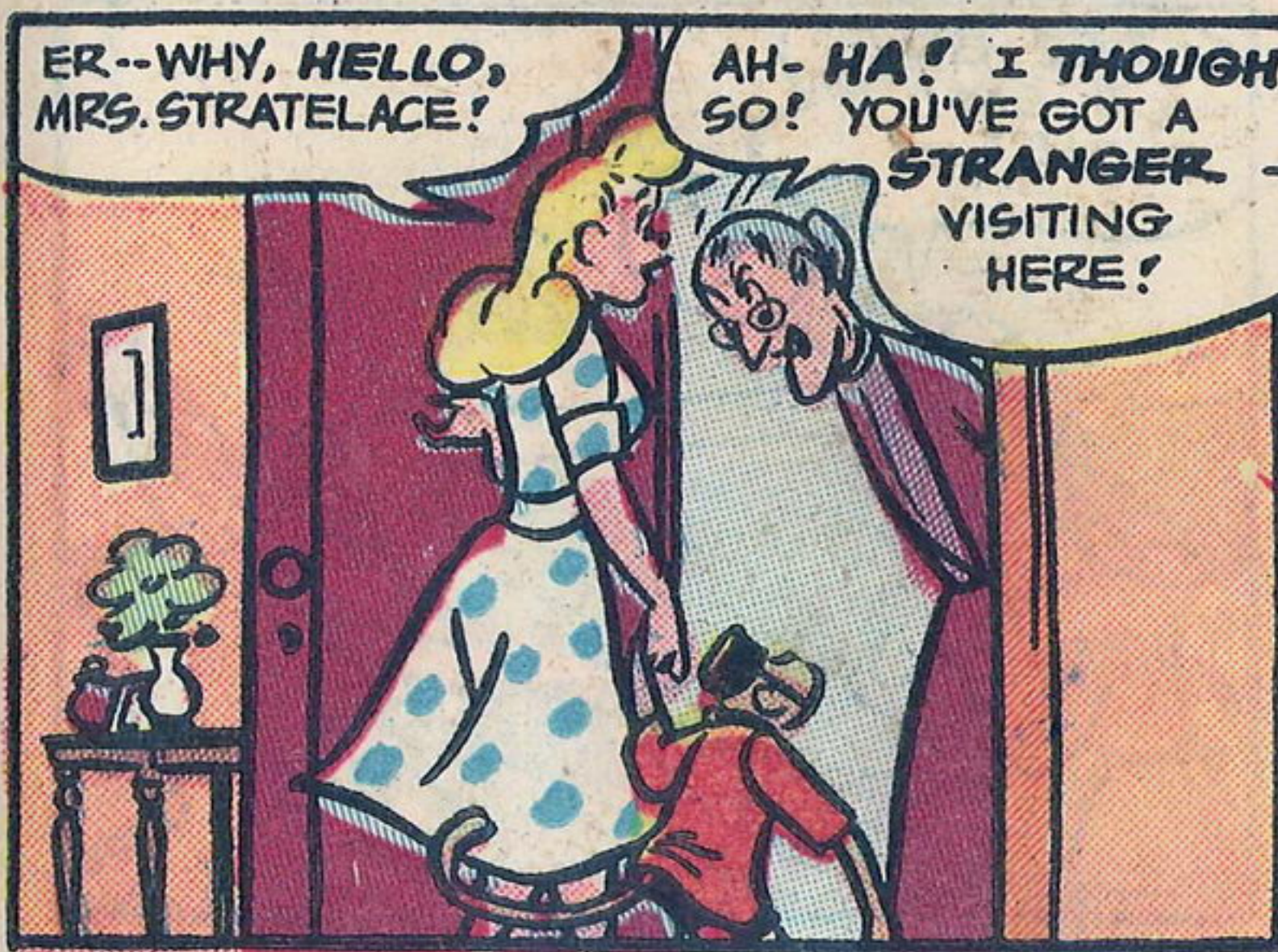
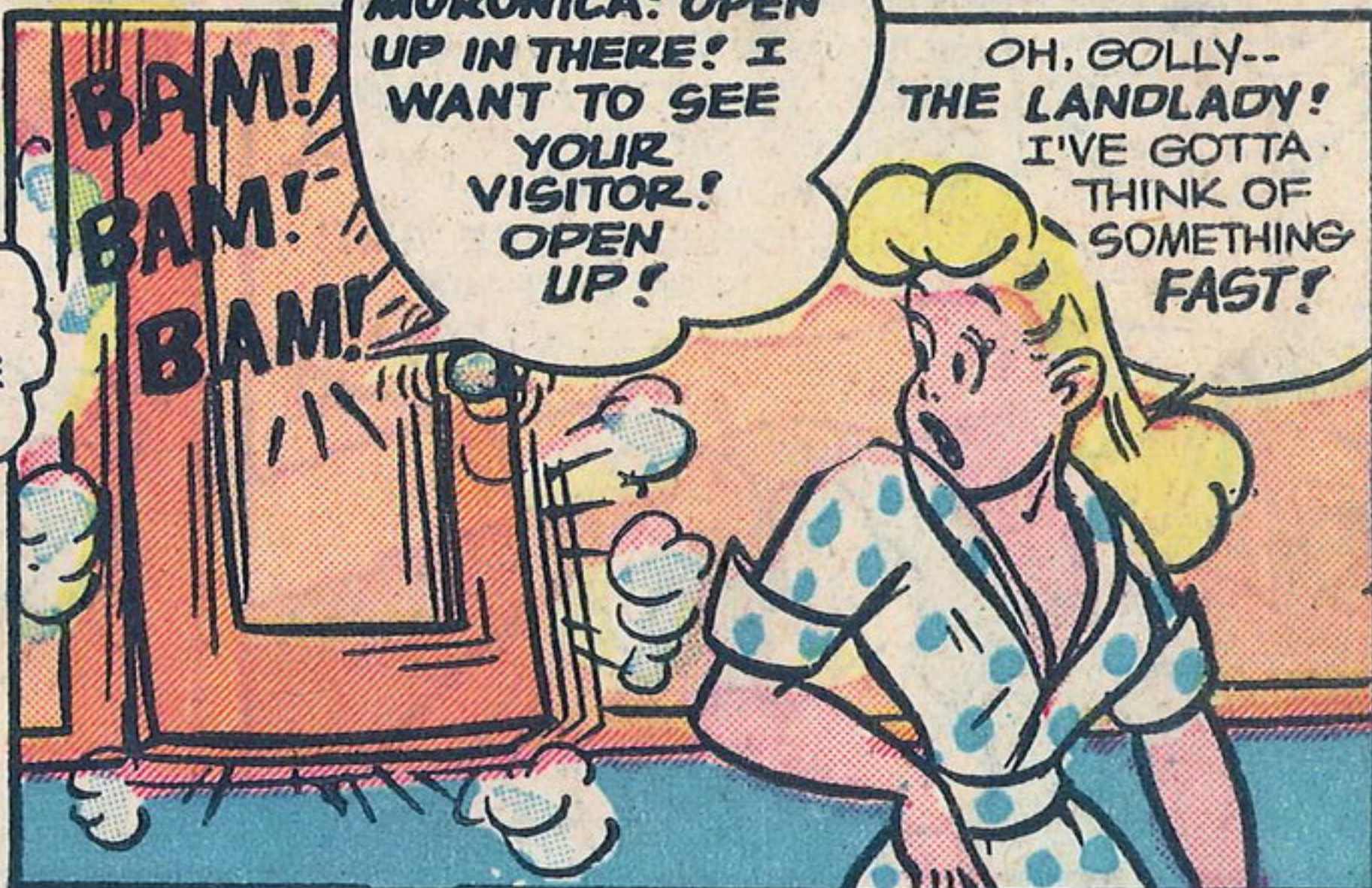
"MISS NITWIT OF 1953"

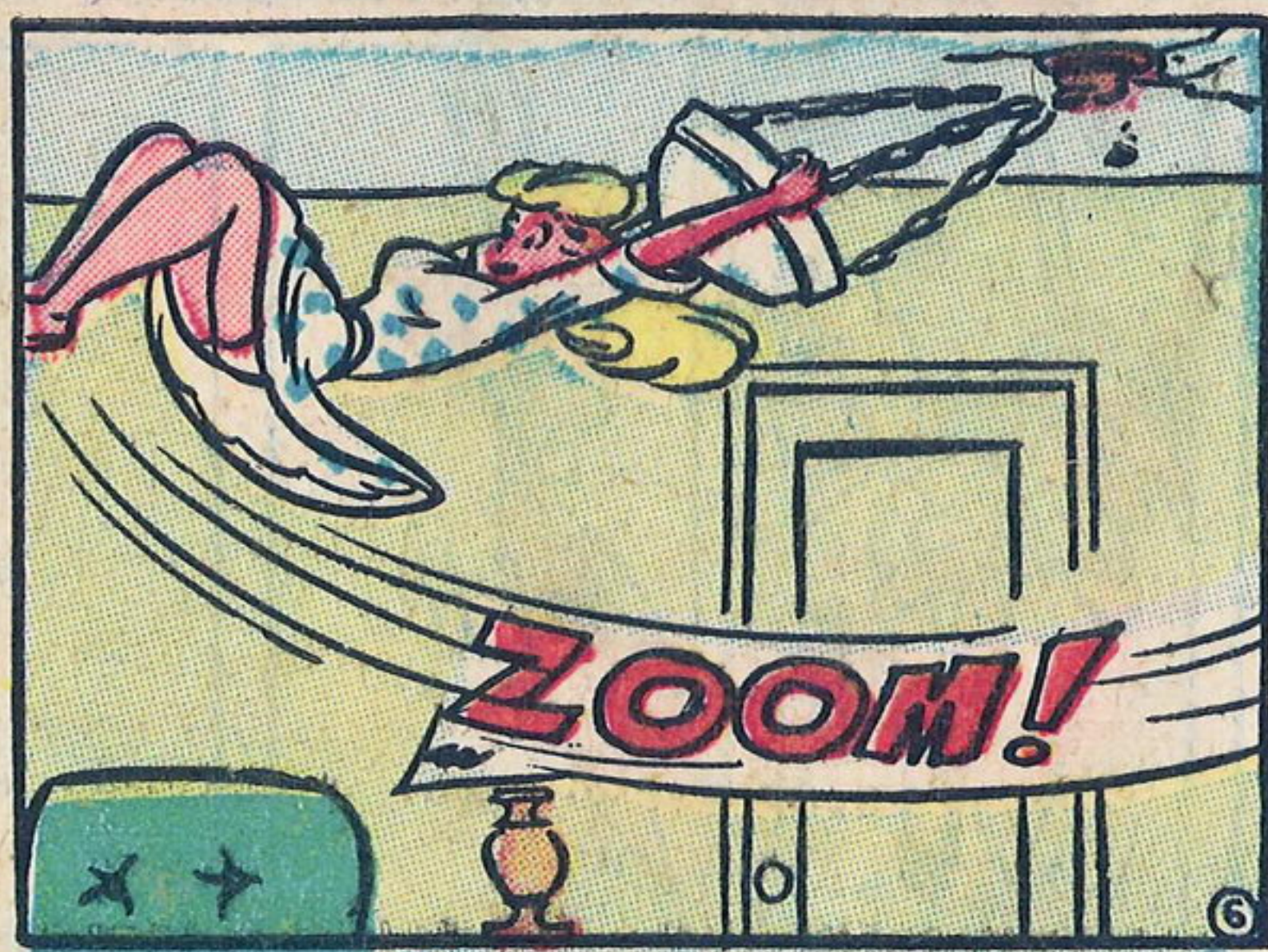
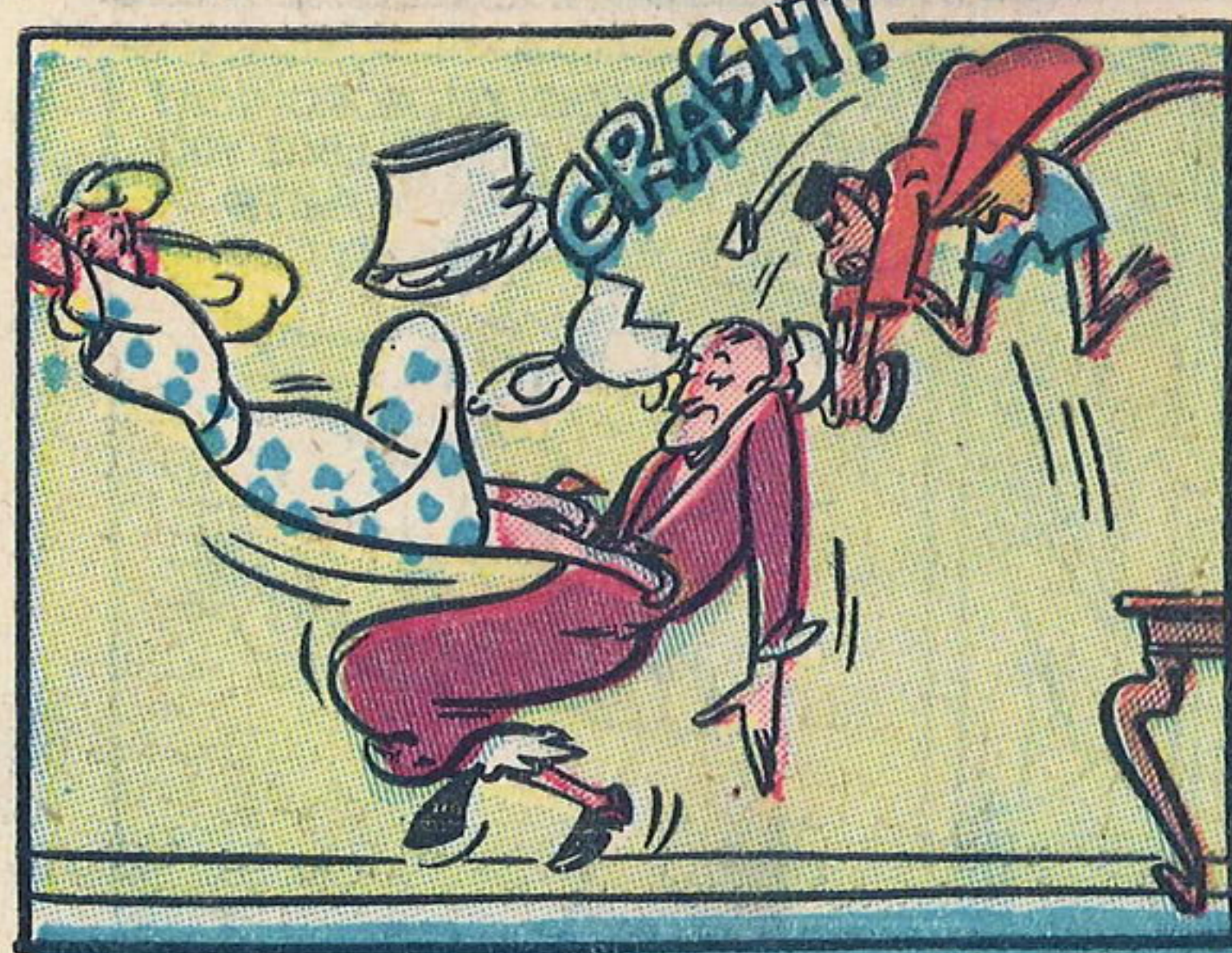
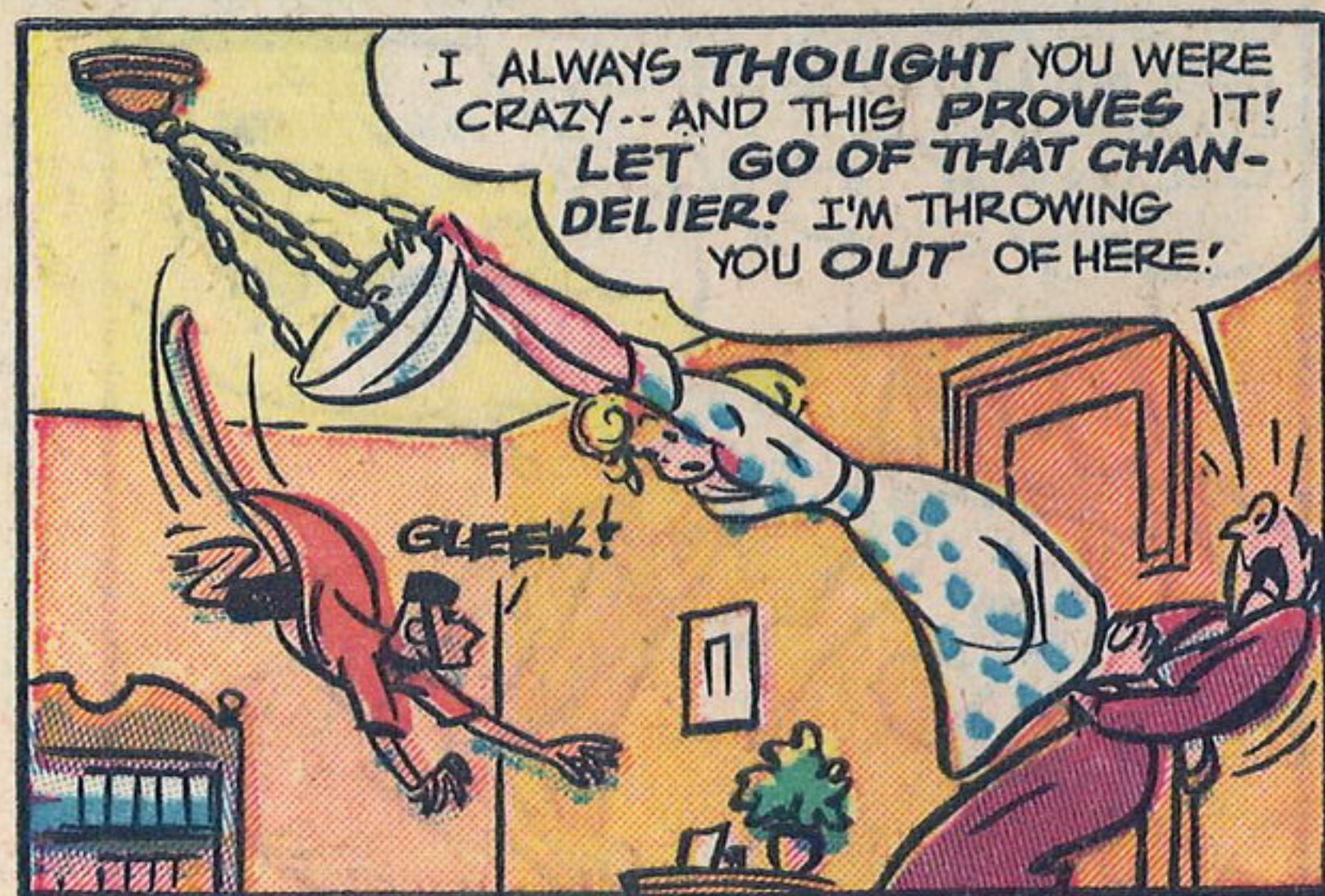
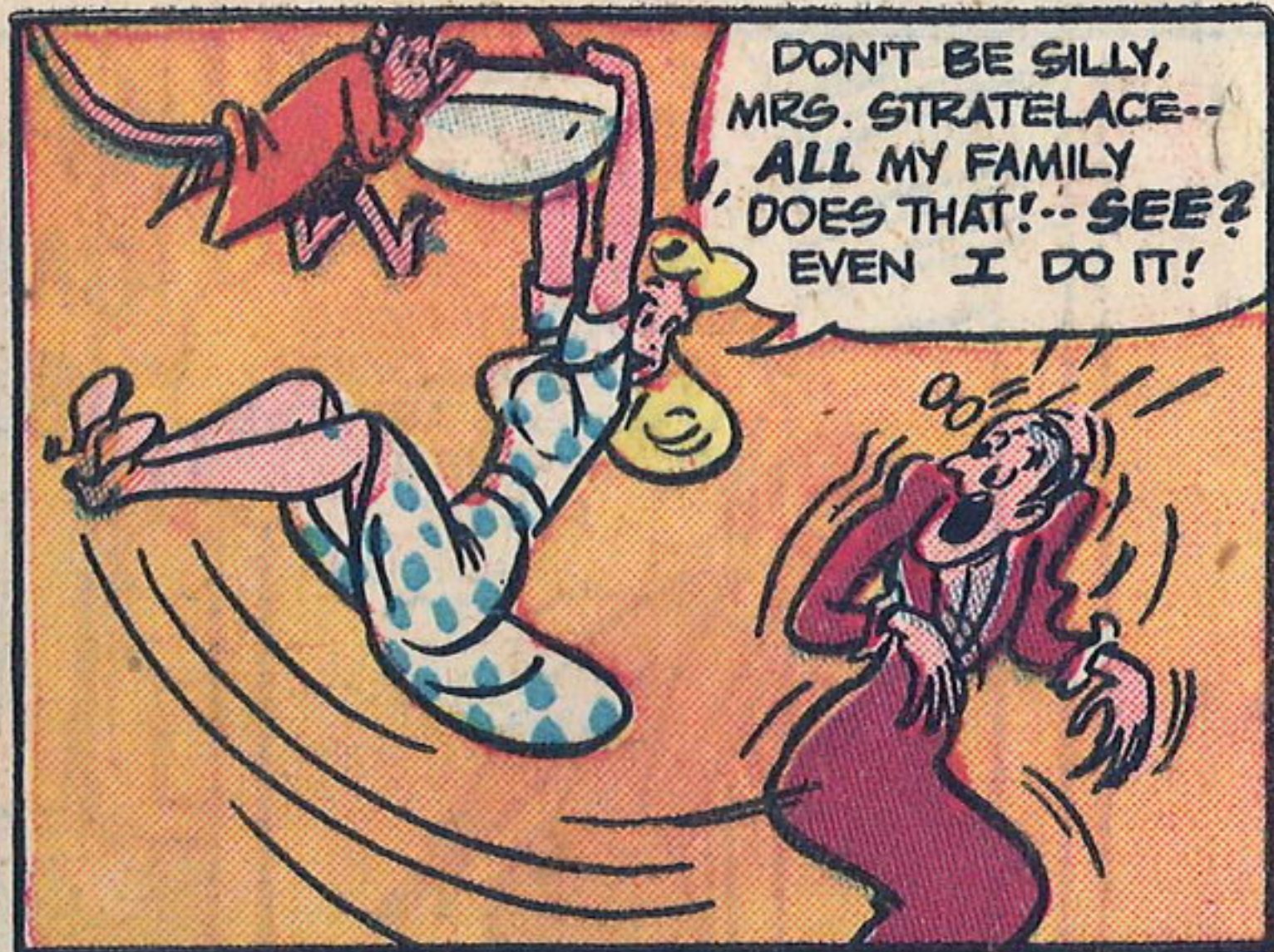
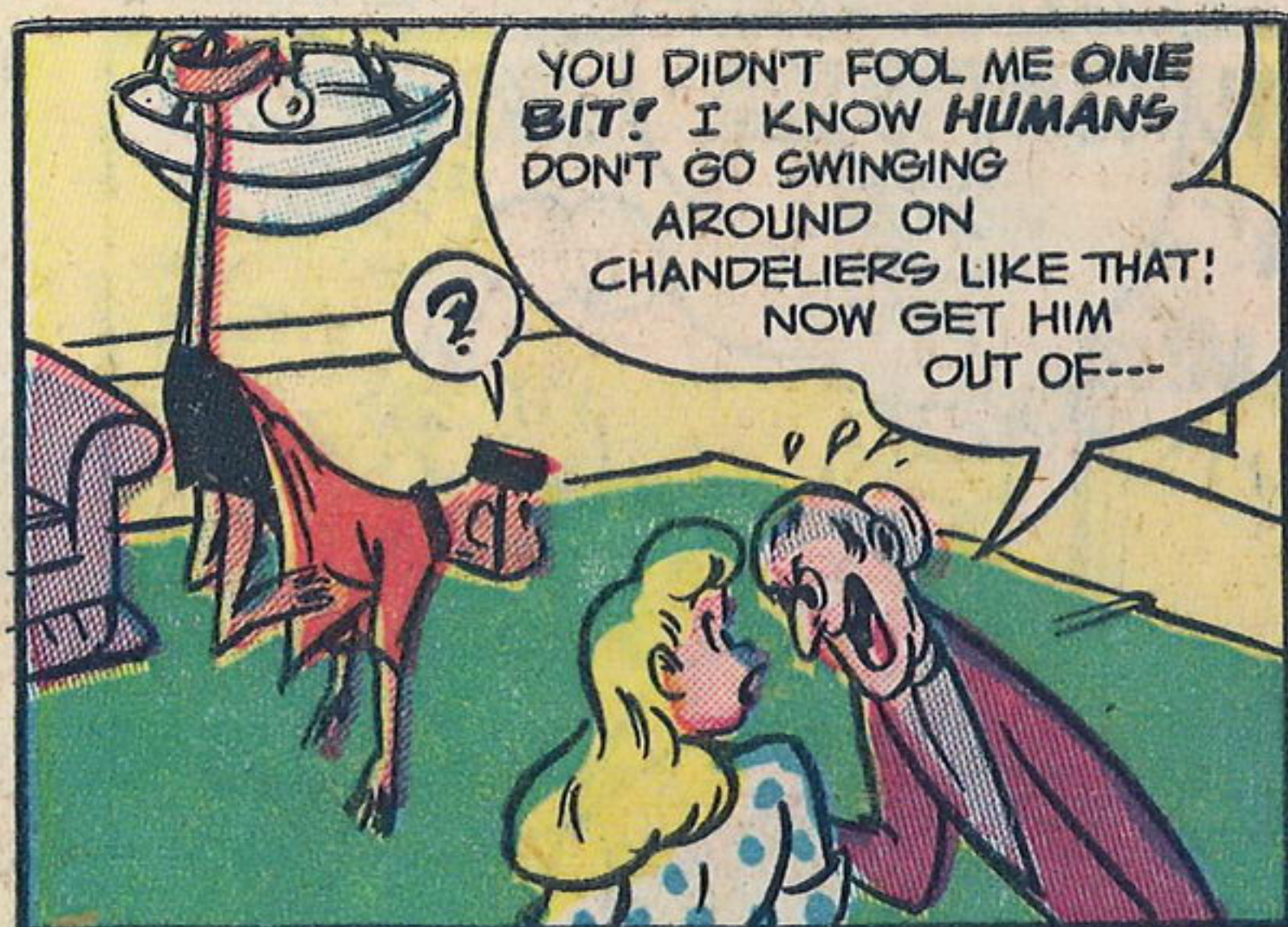


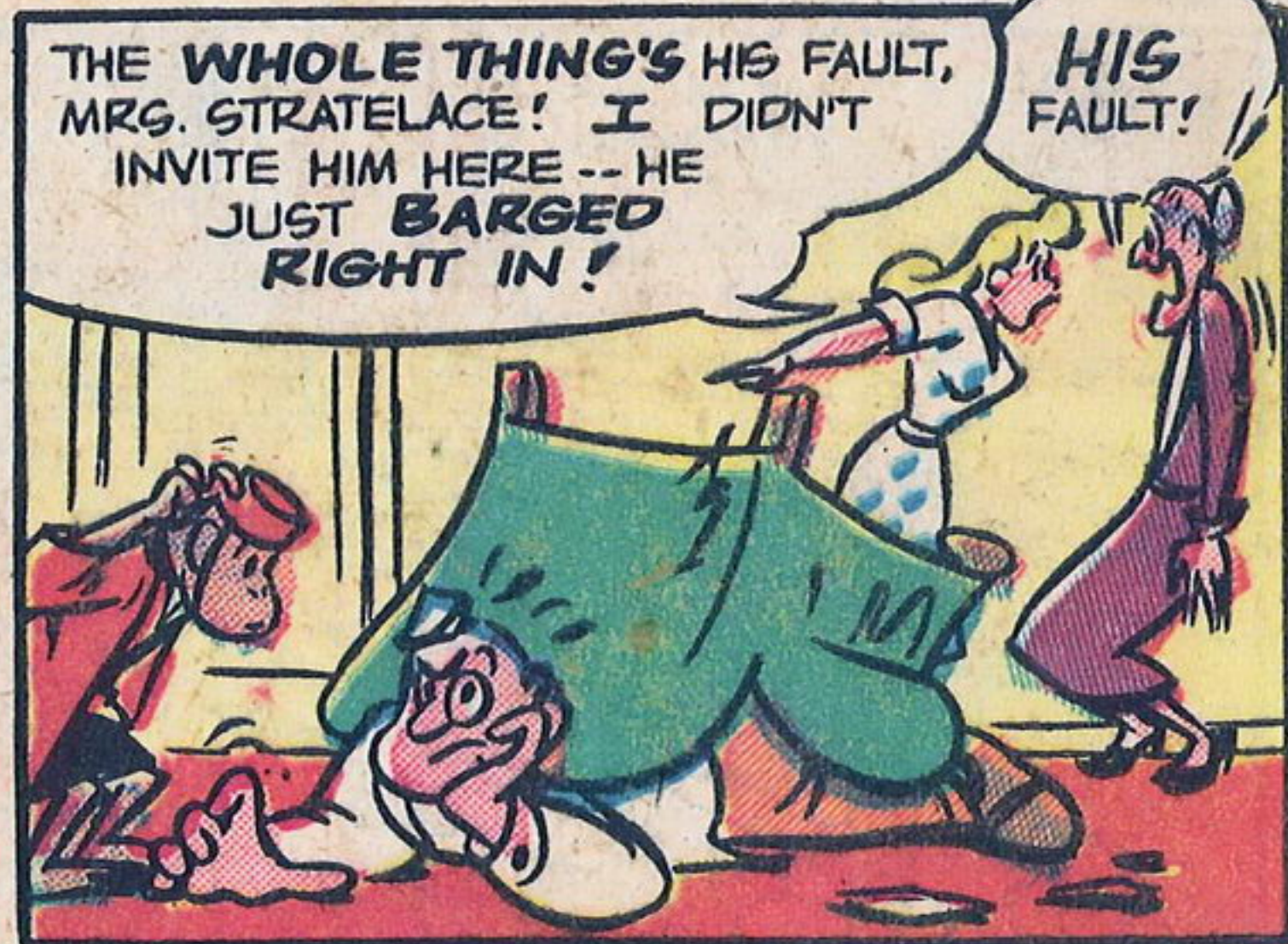
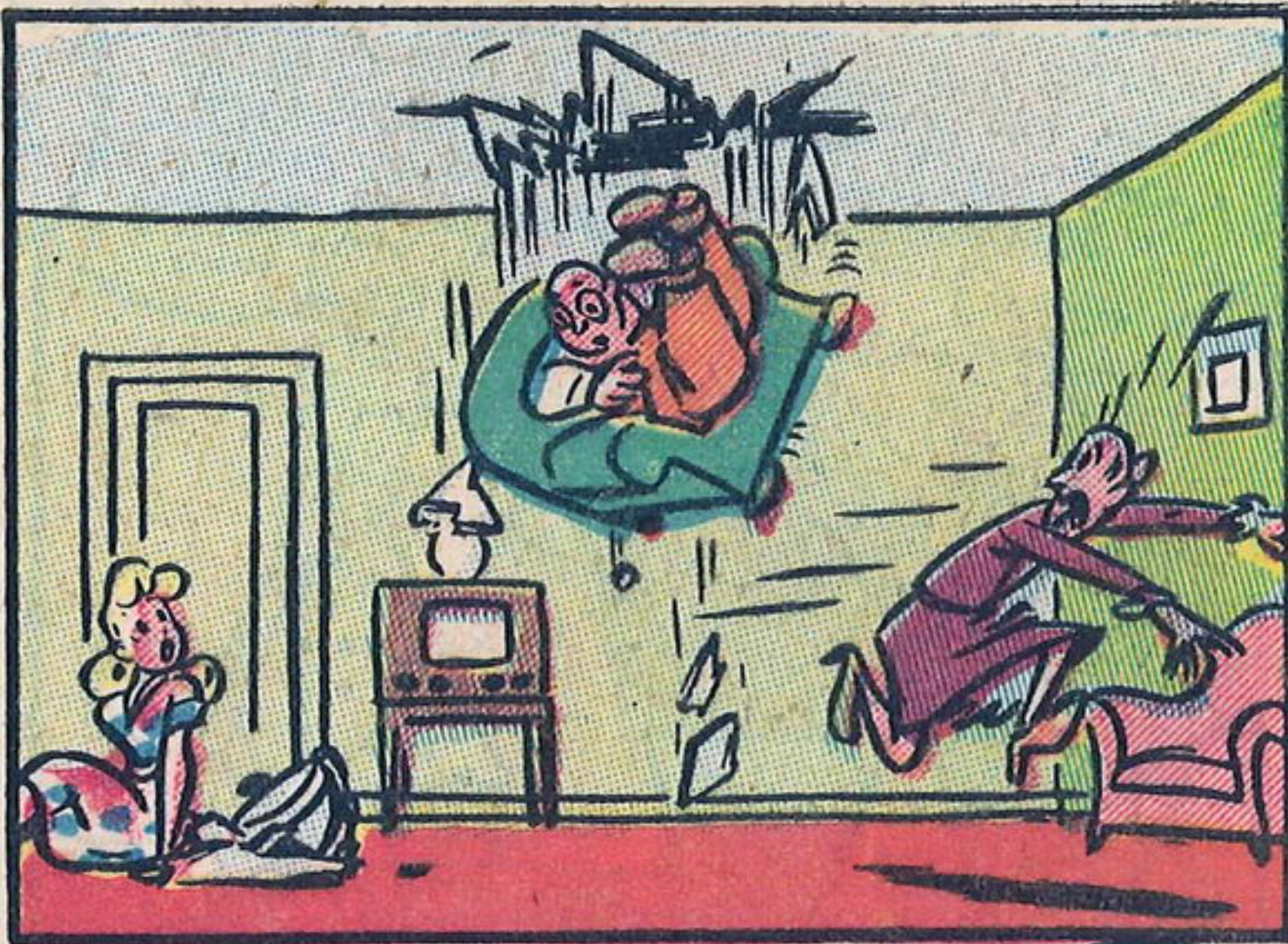
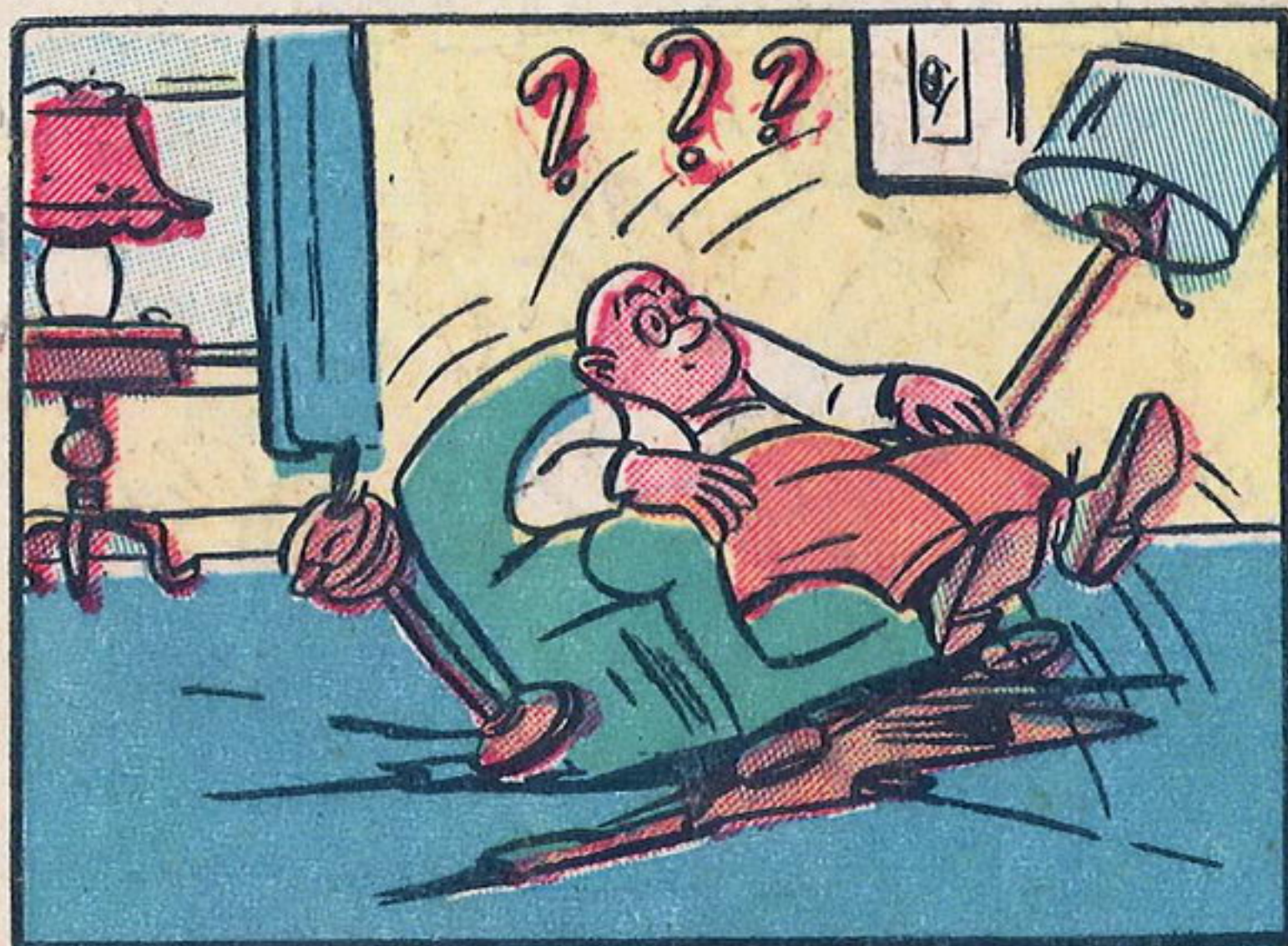
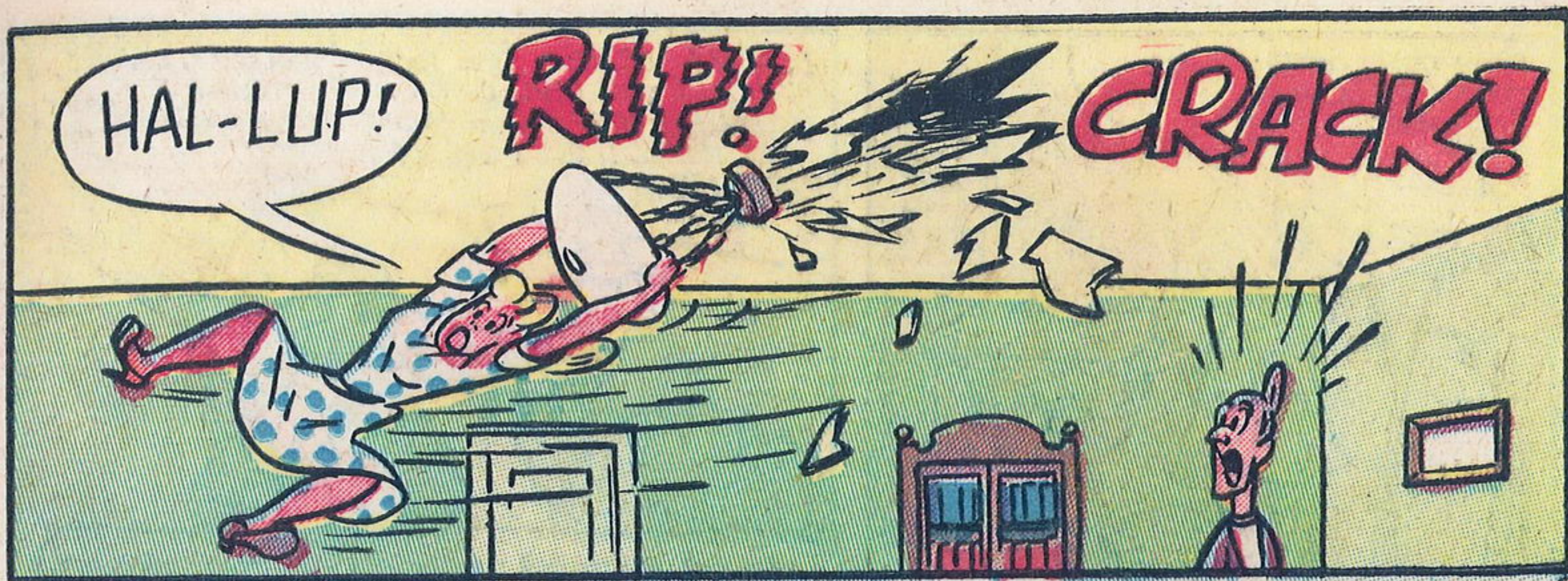


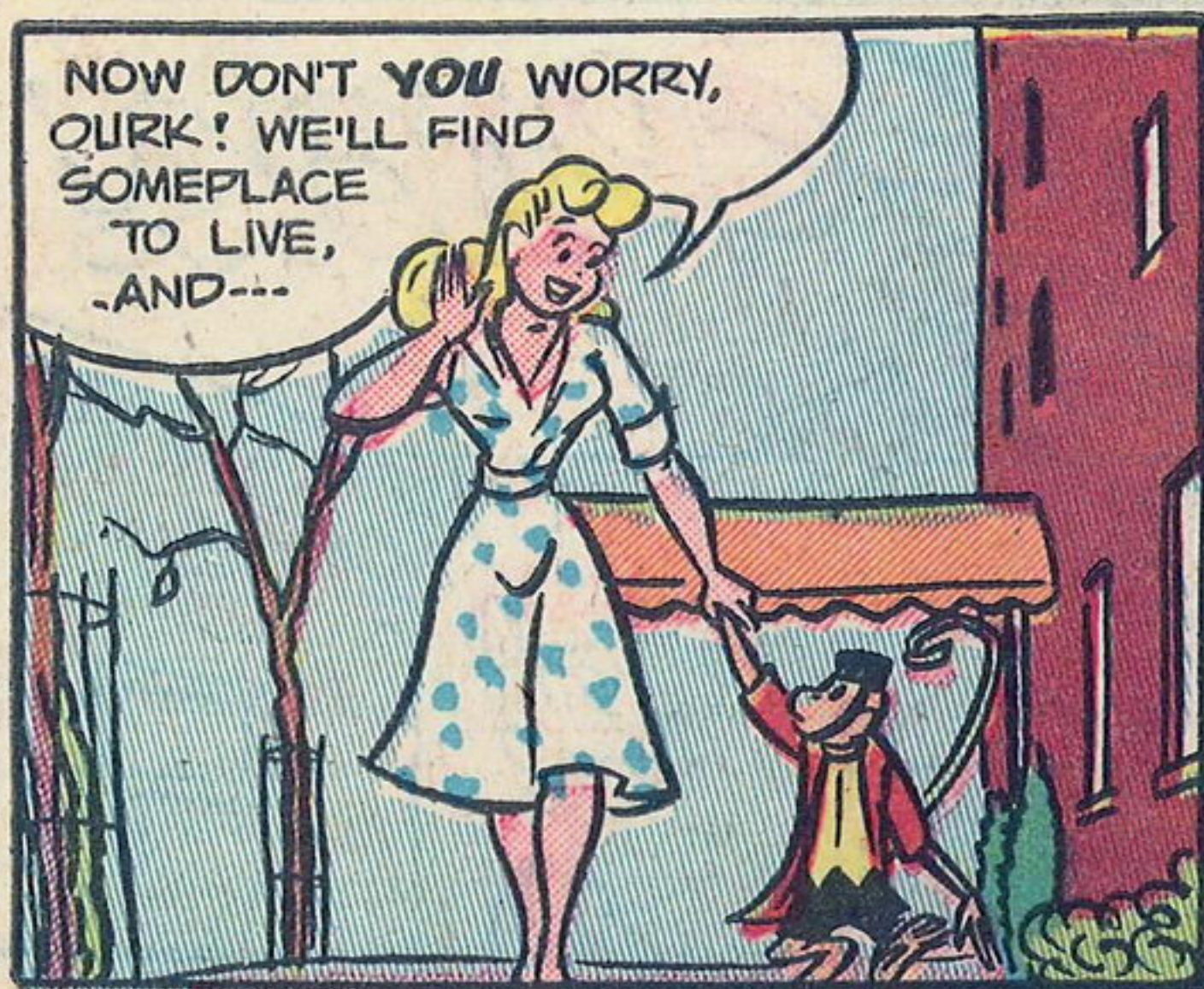










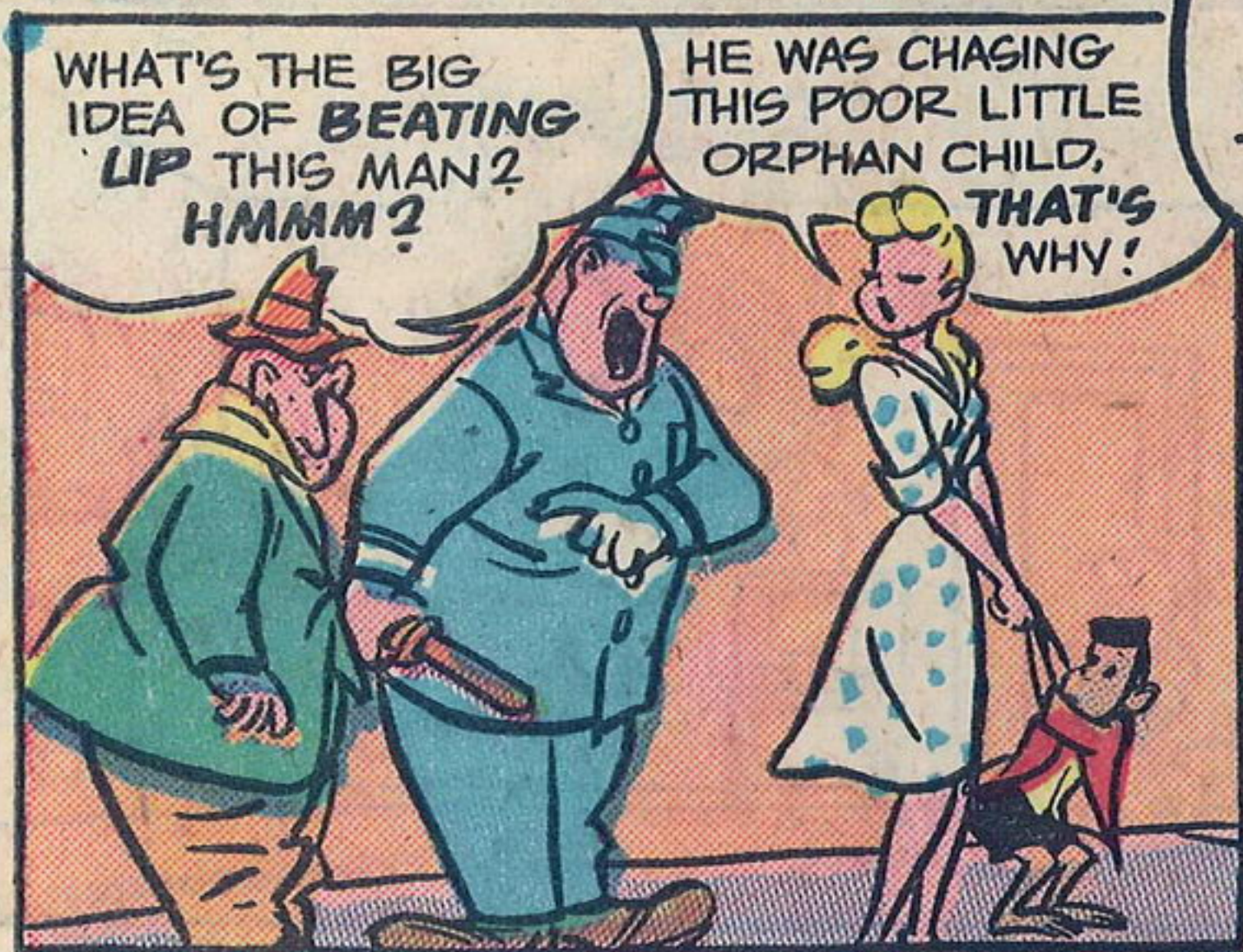


NOW DON'T **YOU** WORRY,
OURK! WE'LL FIND
SOMEPLACE
TO LIVE,
AND---



LOOK! DERE-A SHE IS!
DAT'S-A DA GIRL DAT
BEAT ME HOP AND STEAL-A
MY MONK! **GET HER!**
GET HER!

HOLD IT, LADY!
JUST A
MINUTE!

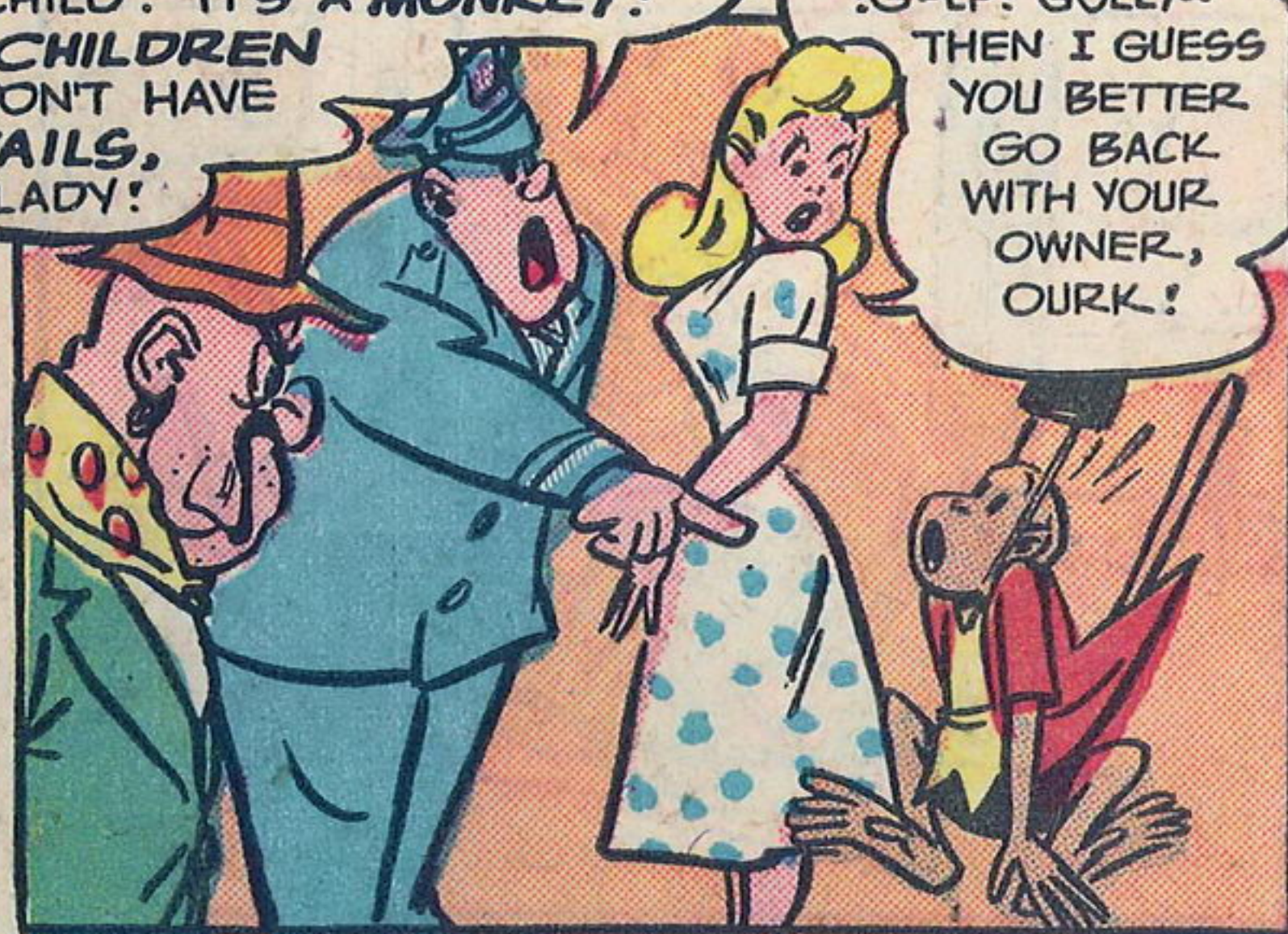


WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA OF **BEATING**
UP THIS MAN? **HMMM?**

HE WAS CHASING
THIS POOR LITTLE
ORPHAN CHILD, **THAT'S**
WHY!

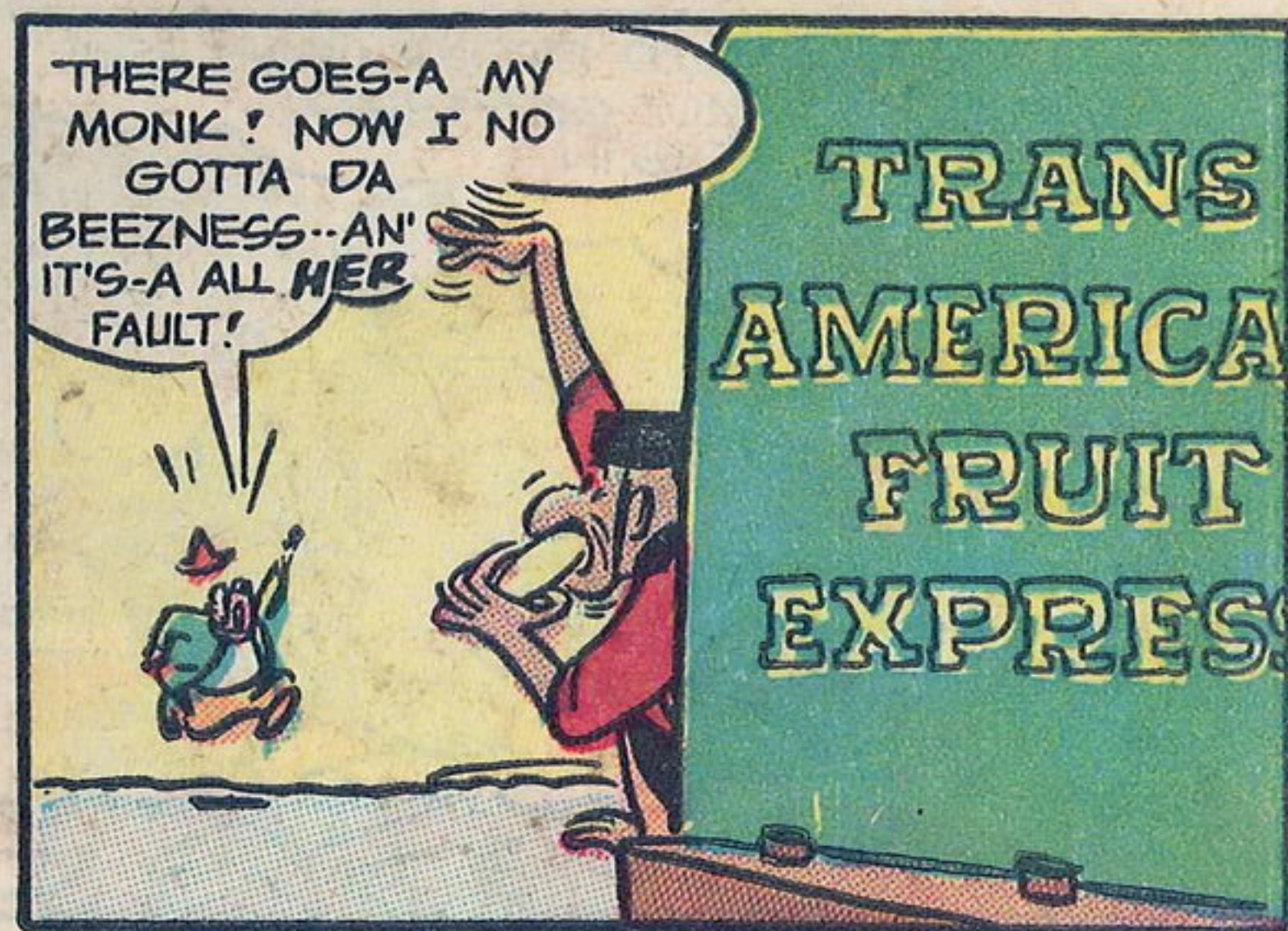
CHILD? CHILD? THAT'S NO
CHILD! IT'S A MONKEY!
CHILDREN
DON'T HAVE
TAILS,
LADY!

THEY DON'T?
:GULP: **GOLLY--**
THEN I GUESS
YOU BETTER
GO BACK
WITH YOUR
OWNER,
OURK!



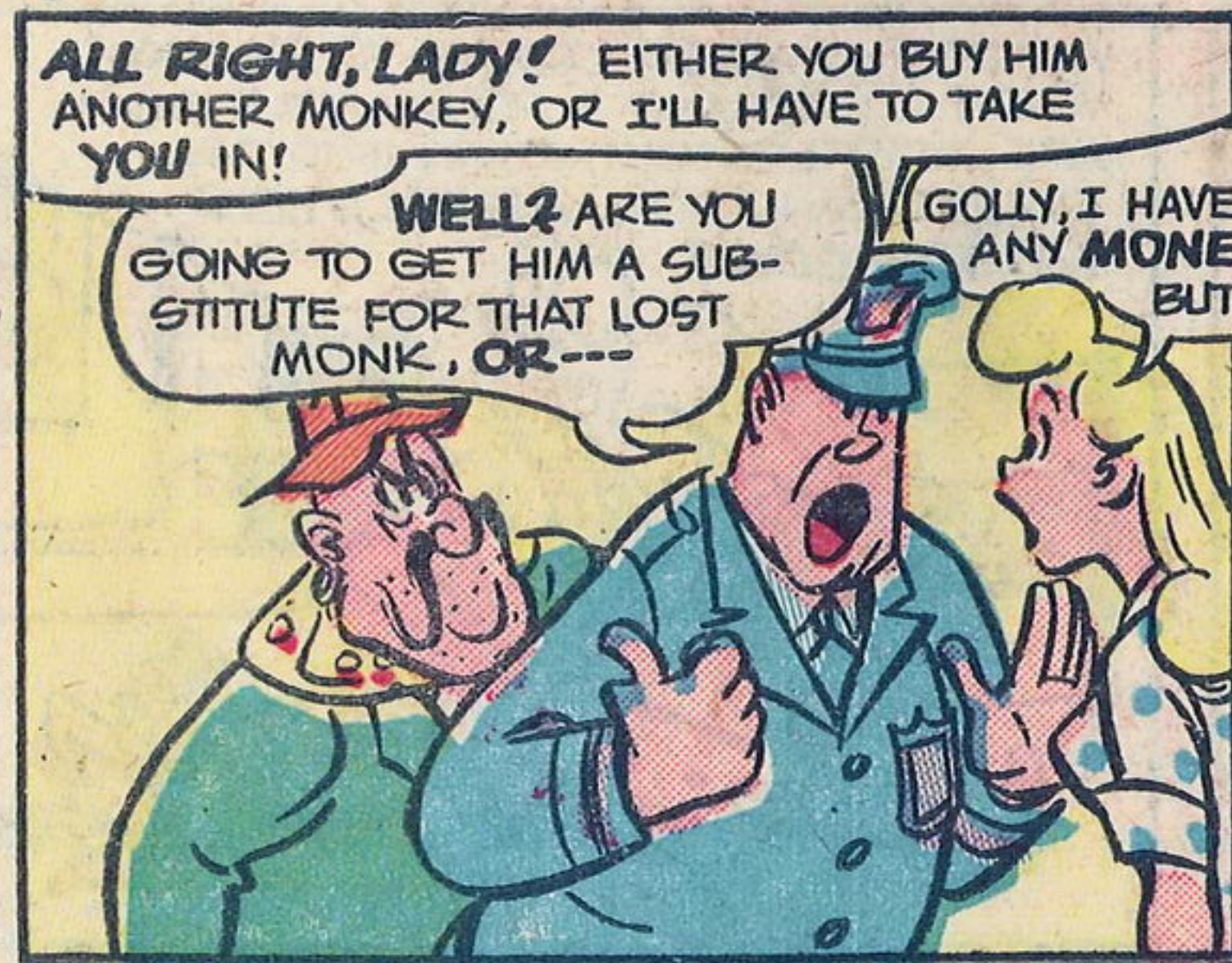
HEY! MY MONK,
HE'S-A **RUNNING**
AWAY!
COME-A BACK!
HEY!

GLEEP!
GLEEP!



THERE GOES-A MY
MONK! NOW I NO
GOTTA DA
BEEZNESS--AN'
IT'S-A ALL HER
FAULT!

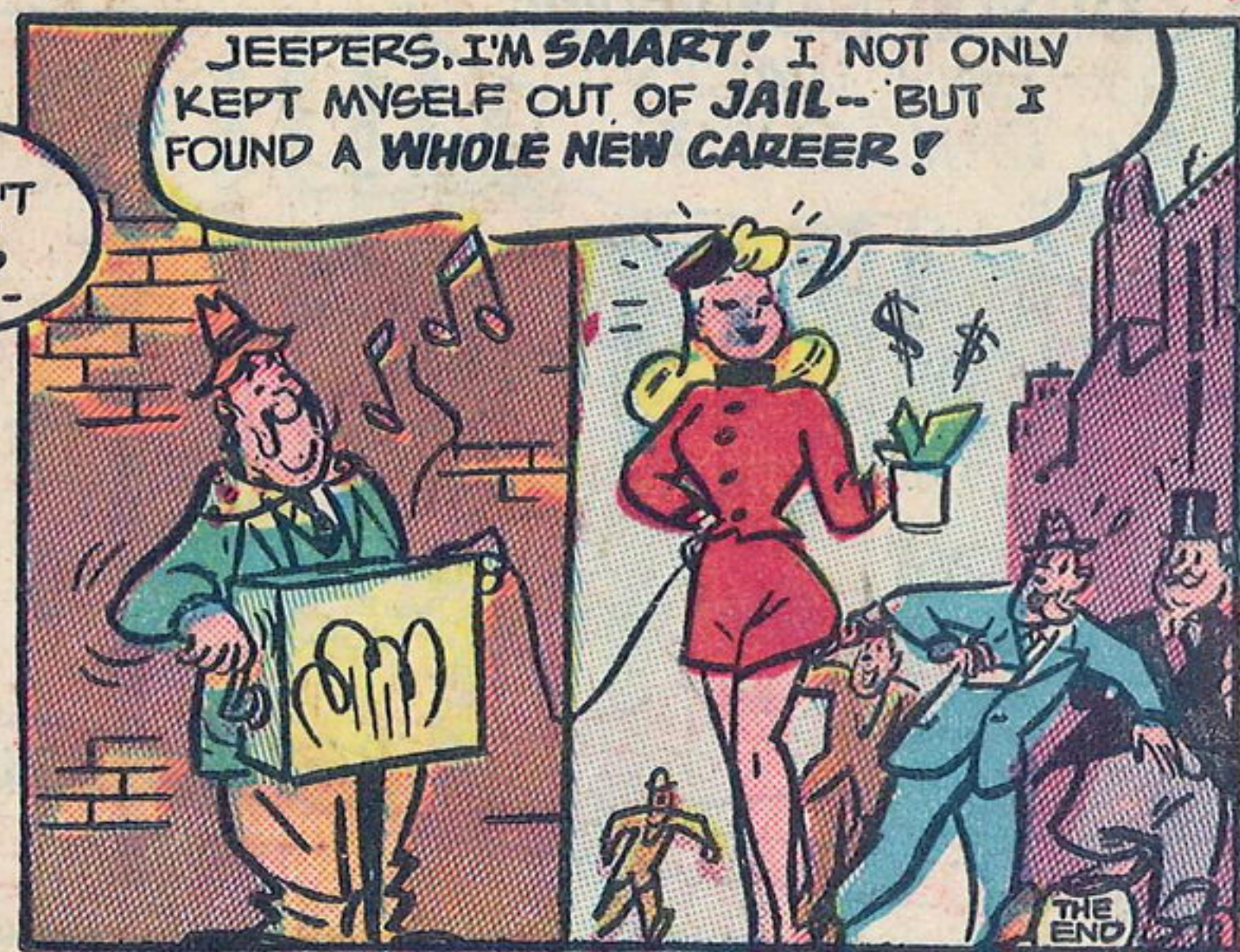
TRANS
AMERICA
FRUIT
EXPRES!



ALL RIGHT, LADY! EITHER YOU BUY HIM
ANOTHER MONKEY, OR I'LL HAVE TO TAKE
YOU IN!

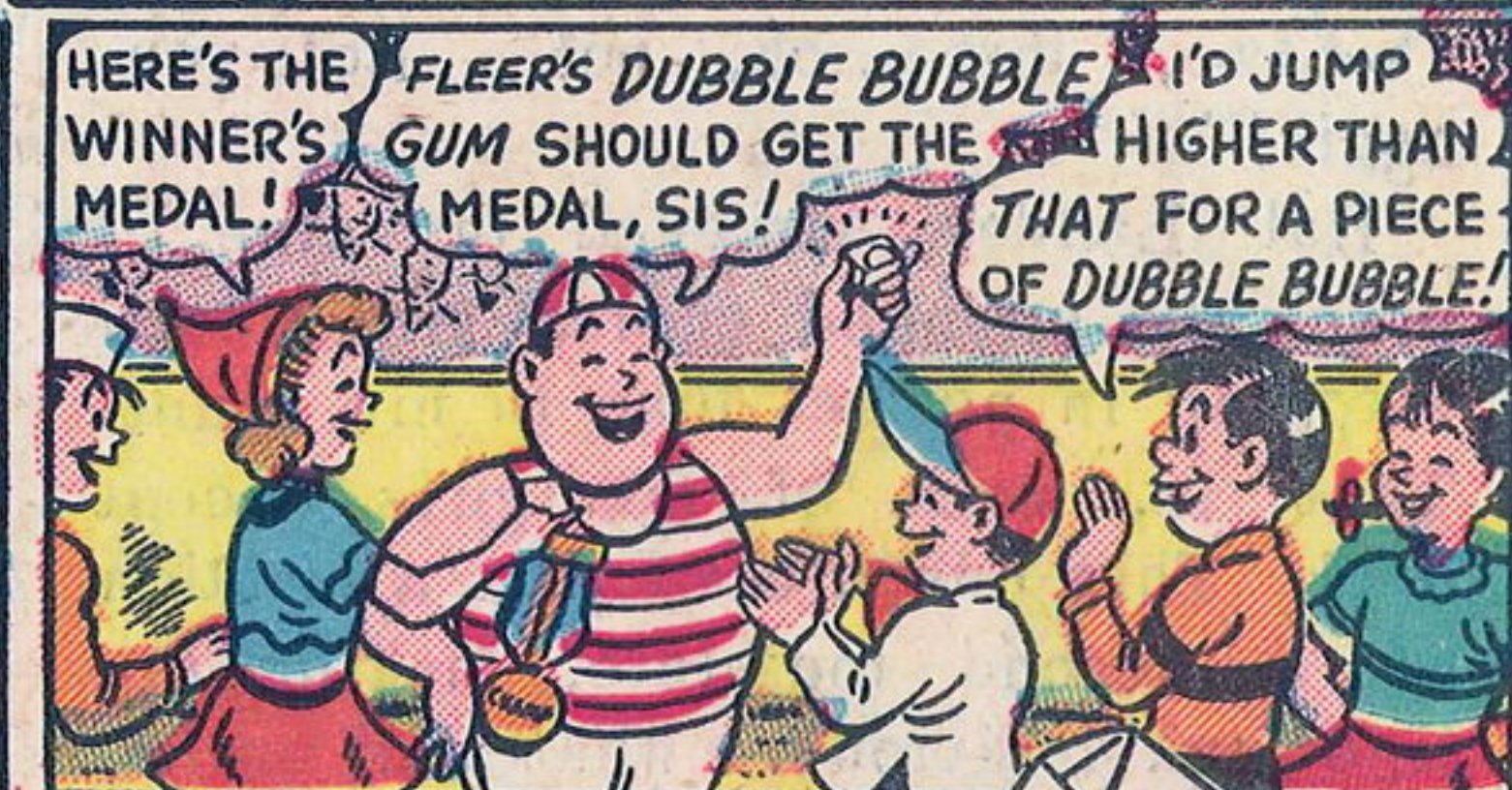
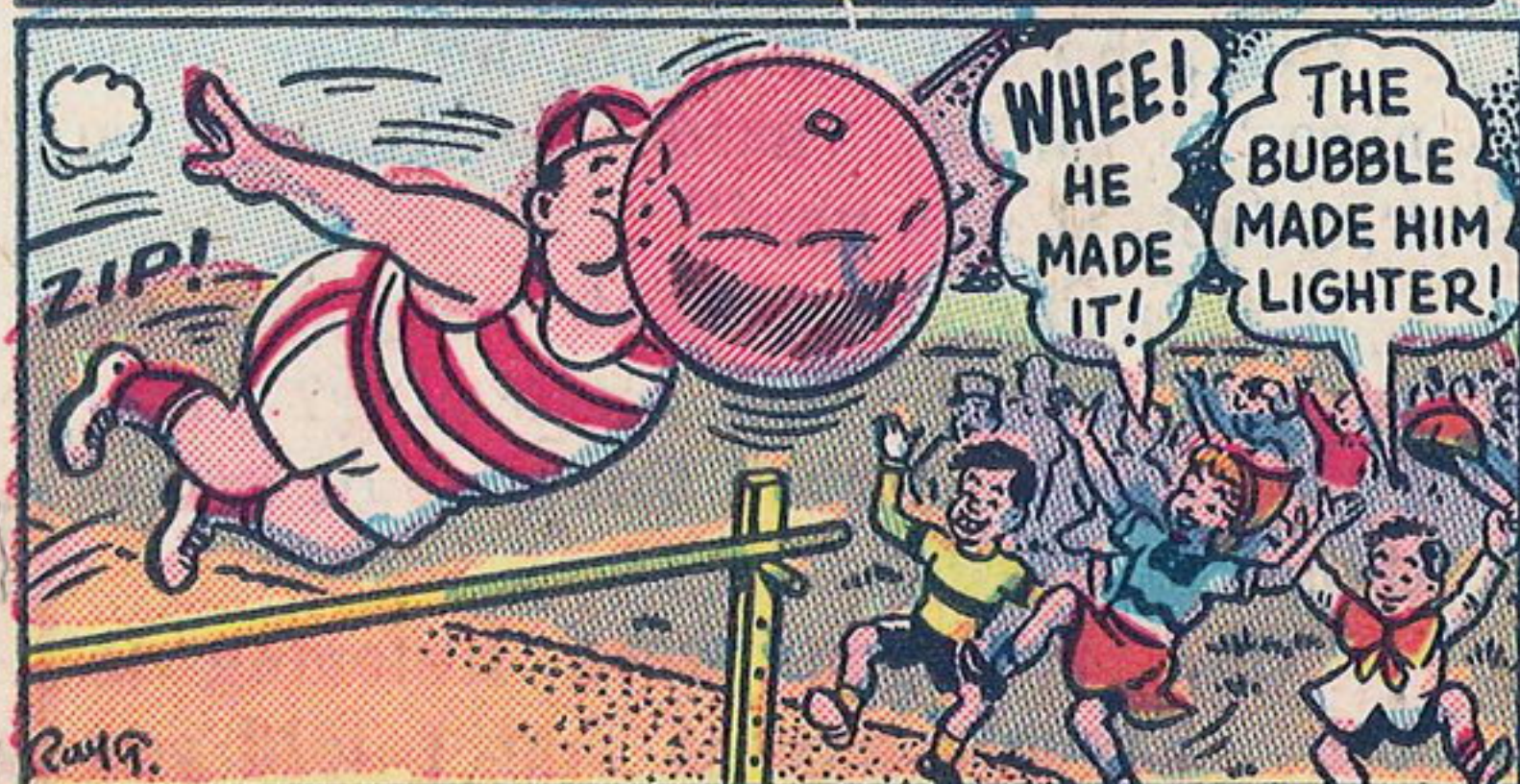
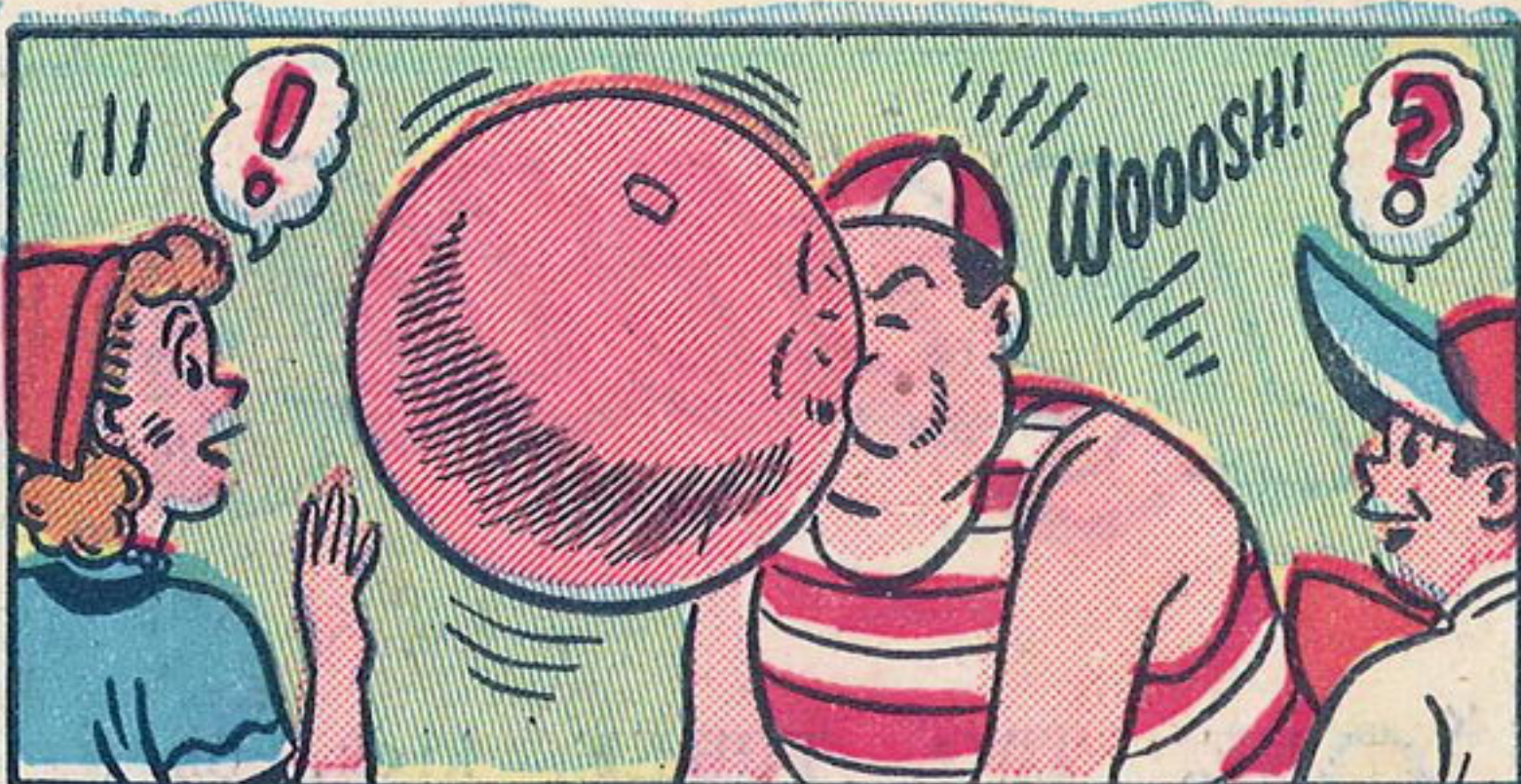
WELL? ARE YOU
GOING TO GET HIM A SUB-
STITUTE FOR THAT LOST
MONK, OR---

GOLLY, I HAVEN'T
ANY MONEY,
BUT---



JEEPERS, I'M SMART! I NOT ONLY
KEPT MYSELF OUT OF **JAIL--** BUT I
FOUND A **WHOLE NEW CAREER!**

THE
END



The **GAVEST GIDDIEST** TEEN-AGE COMIC YOU'VE EVER READ!

That's **COOKIE** the FUNNIEST KID IN TOWN!

GET TO KNOW COOKIE FOR GRINS GALORE! ROAR WITH JITTERBUCK AND ANGELPUSS...AND GAIN YOUR JOLLIES FROM THE MERRIEST, GROOVIEST GANG OF GUYS AND DOLLS EVER!

They're all in **COOKIE**

10¢ ON ALL STANDS

Little DOPE

"ONE, TWO, THREE, kick, one, two, three...oh, no! Not you, again!"

Hal Landey surveyed the line of precisely arranged chorus girls, each stepping in perfect time to his count. That is, each of the girls except one! This one kicked just a fraction of a second too late, making the line look ludicrous. What was worse, if possible, than her timing was the fact that when all the other girls kicked their right legs, she kicked her left. Now, that was impossible!

"You! Step out! Come over here!" Hal ordered the chorine at the end of the line to come forward, motioning the pianist to stop playing. "What's your name?"

"Marian, but my friends call me Mitzi!"

"Well, sister, I am not your friend, so spare me the details! For two solid weeks of rehearsal, you have been the one stand-out, the one noticeable girl in the line!"

"Oh, thank you!" Mitzi dimpled.

"Thank...thank you?" Hal almost shrieked. "This is supposed to be a precision chorus, with everyone working together! Everyone doing the same thing at the same time! But not you! Everybody faces front... you face the back! Everybody dances off right...you dance off left!"

Mitzi giggled, her dimples deepening in her full cheeks. "I never did know my right from my left!" she said. "Even in school!"

Hal looked at her as though he couldn't believe his ears. "You what? Why, you little dope, how'd you ever get this job in the first place? Who was dumb enough to

hire you?"

"Oh, he wasn't dumb, he was very nice," Mitzi said confidentially.

"In fact, it was you!"

Hal gulped. "What made me do such a thing? Was I sleeping? Was I dreaming? Was I thinking of something else?"

"Oh, no, you were listening to me. Except...except that I told you a lot of lies about myself."

This frankness was so astonishing that Hal could only gasp helplessly, "Lies? Why?"

"Because I wanted the job...naturally!" Mitzi explained. "You see, I'm really a dramatic actress, but you didn't have a part for me and I needed the job, so I lied...naturally!"

"Oh, naturally!" Hal's voice was sarcastic, but he looked at Mitzi with sudden interest. "Well, you can't dance, so you're fired! You're off the chorus line!"

Tears came to Mitzi's eyes. "But, please..."

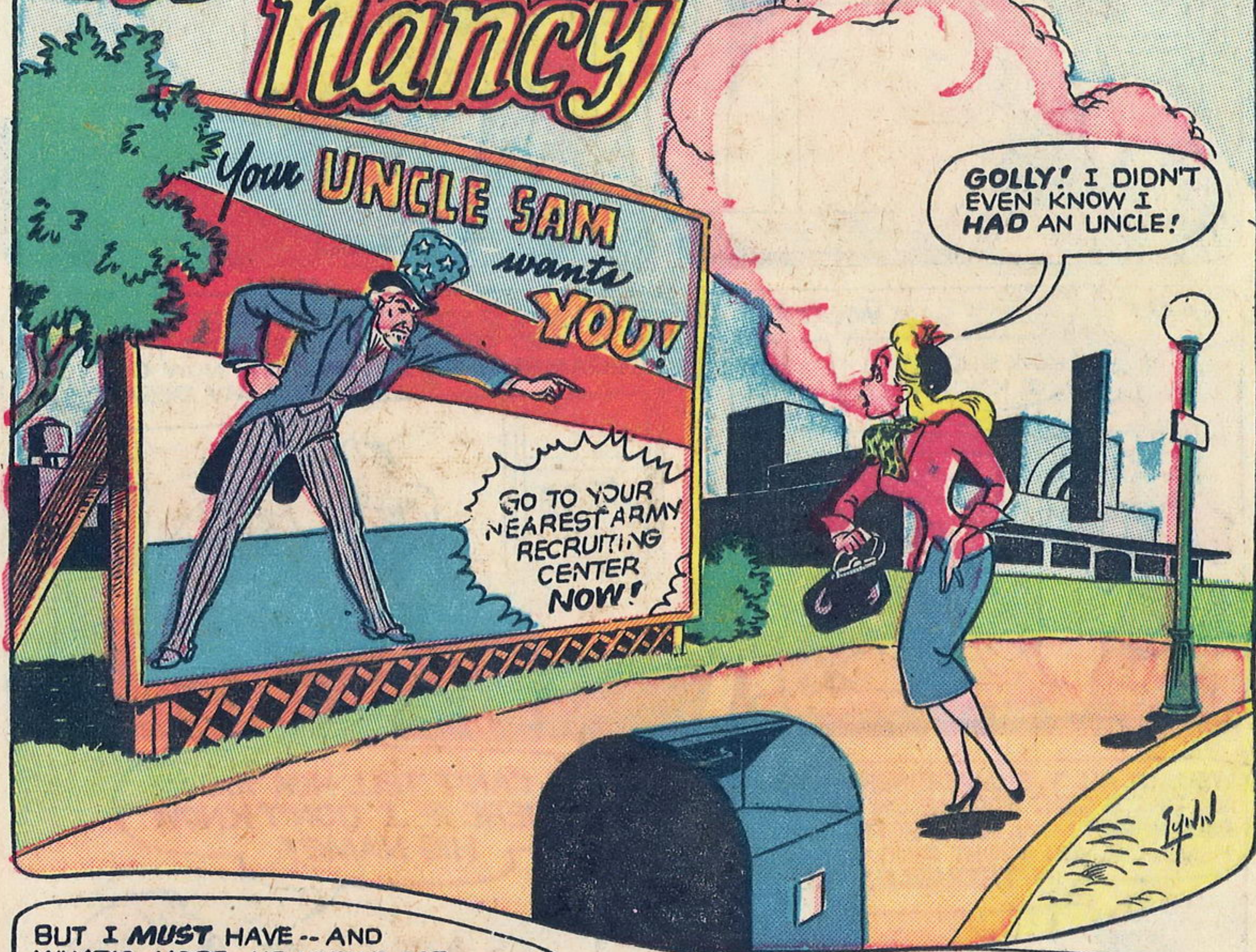
"And don't interrupt me! We could use an understudy for the female lead, and if you're as good an actress as you are a liar...turn up for an audition tomorrow morning!"

The dimples came back to Mitzi's cheeks. "Oh!" she said. "You couldn't...I mean you wouldn't...I mean if you're free tonight and if you'd care to rehearse me..."

"Meet you here at eight o'clock," Hal agreed brusquely. He watched her petite figure leaving the stage, her curls bouncing happily. "Did I call her a little dope?" he asked himself. "Something tells me I'll be changing my mind!"

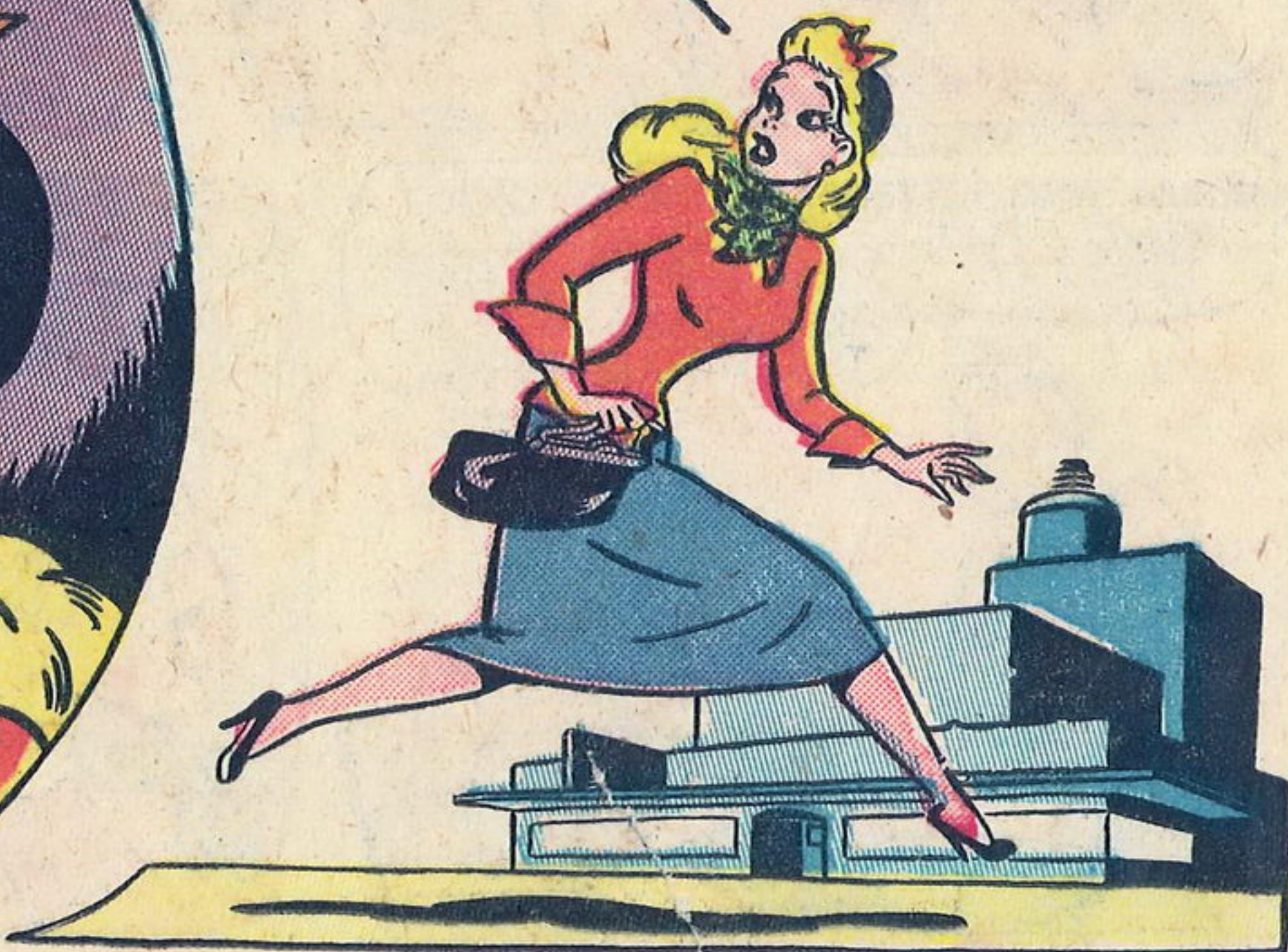
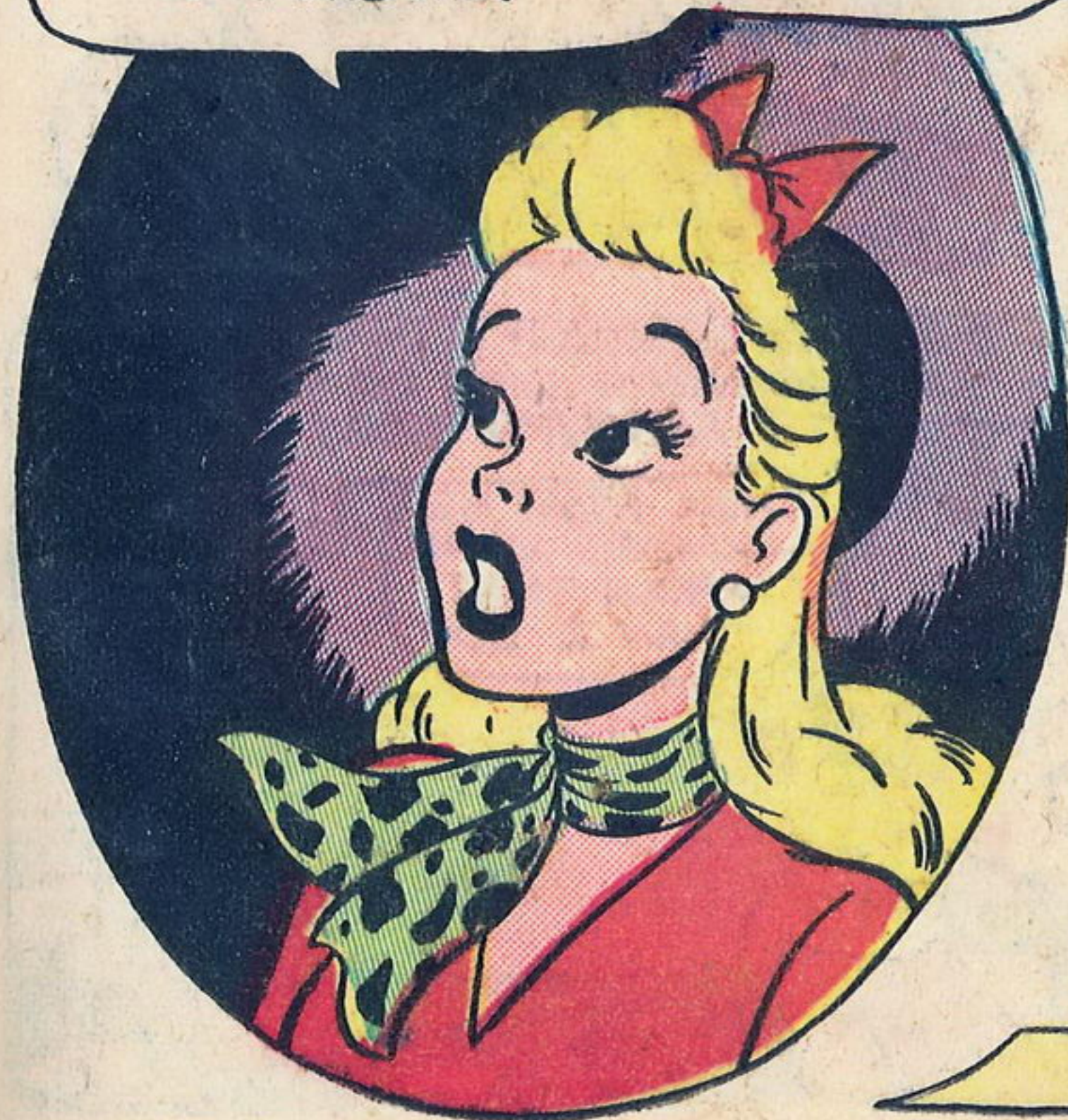
KNOTHEAD

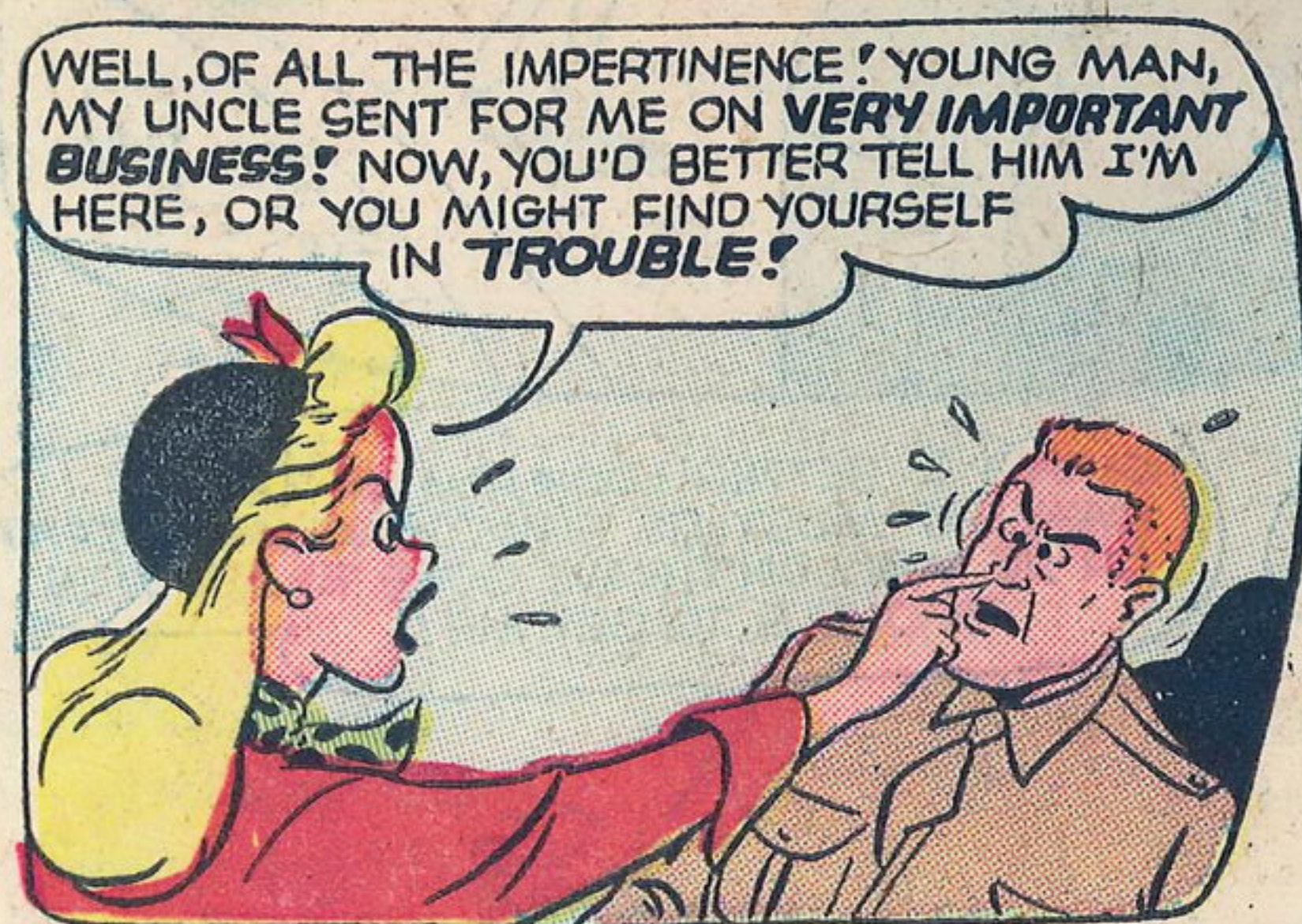
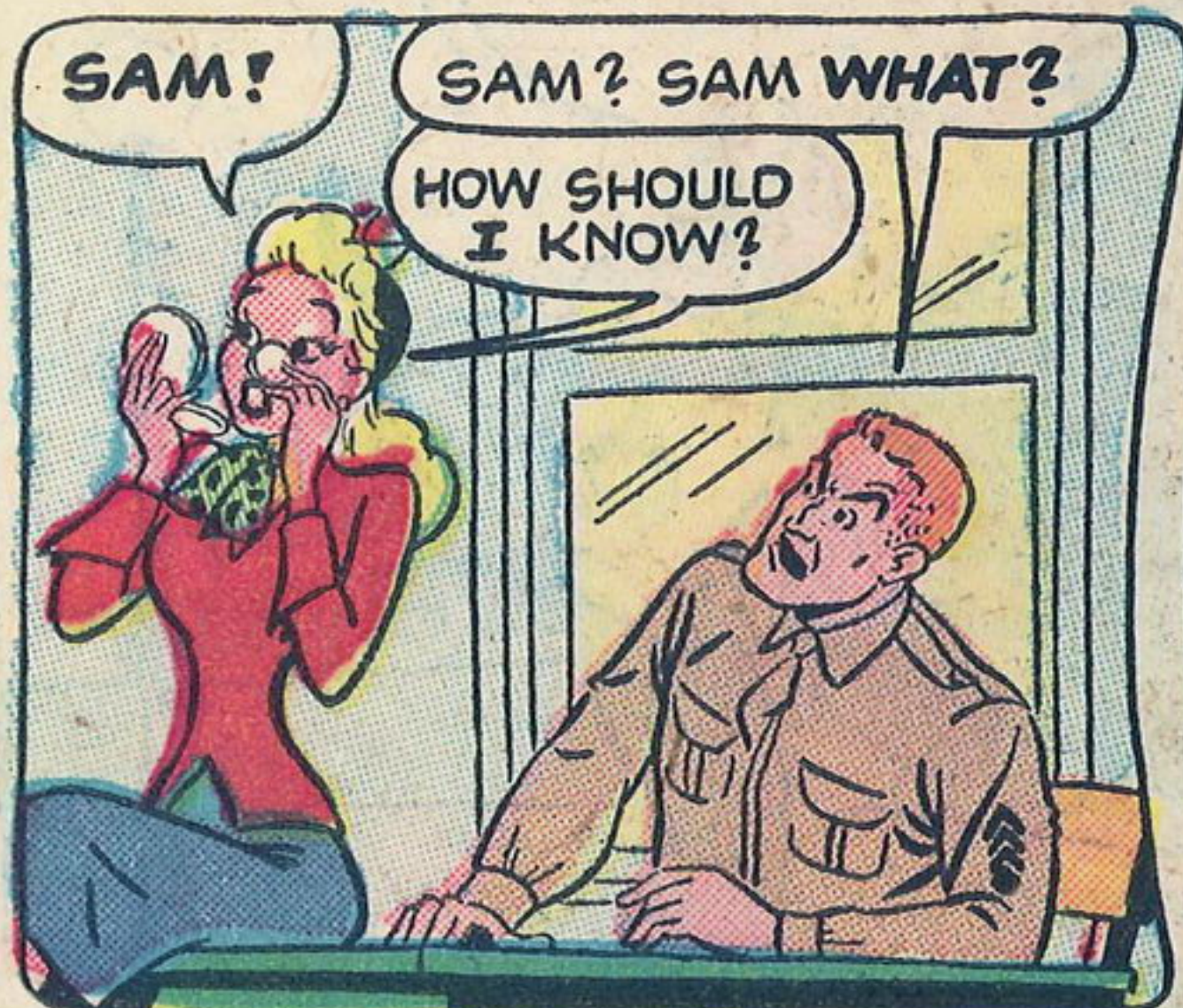
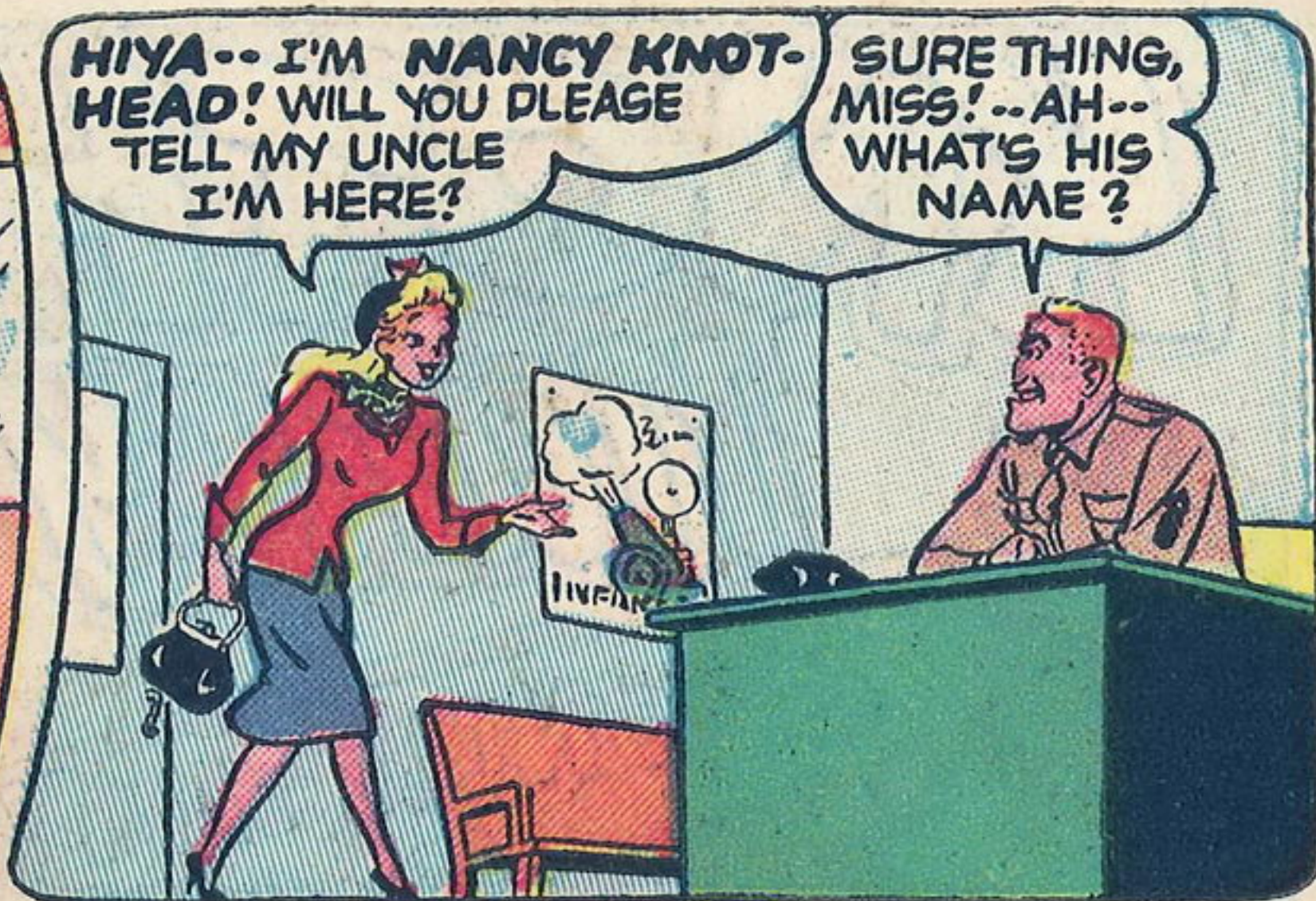
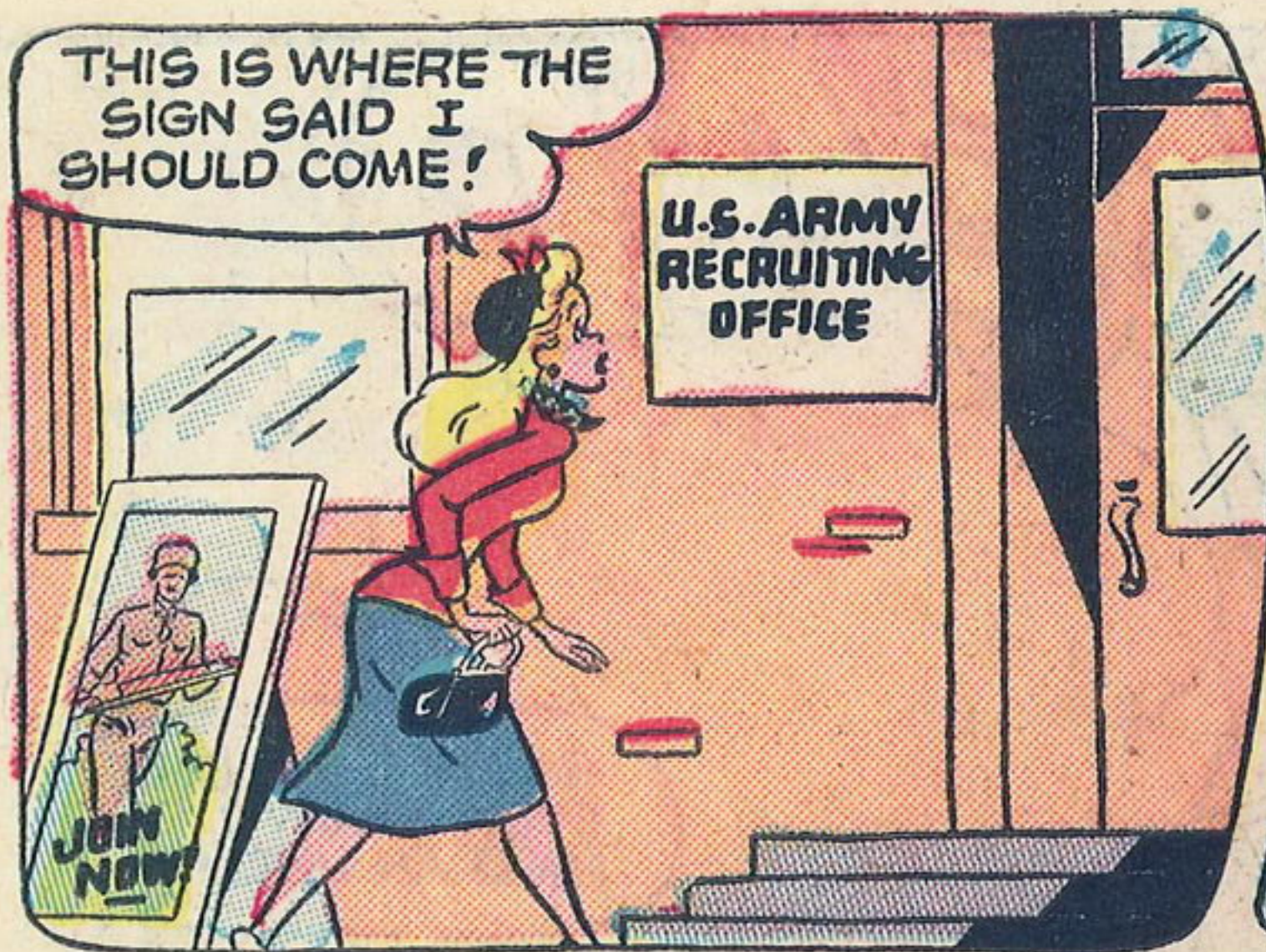
Nancy



BUT I **MUST** HAVE -- AND WHAT'S MORE, HE KNOWS **ME**, EVEN IF I DON'T KNOW **HIM**! OTHERWISE, HE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD ALL THOSE SIGNS PUT UP SAYING HE WANTS ME!

GUESS I BETTER LOOK HIM UP RIGHT AWAY! IT MUST BE SOMETHING **IMPORTANT** OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO ALL **THIS** TROUBLE TO GET ME!



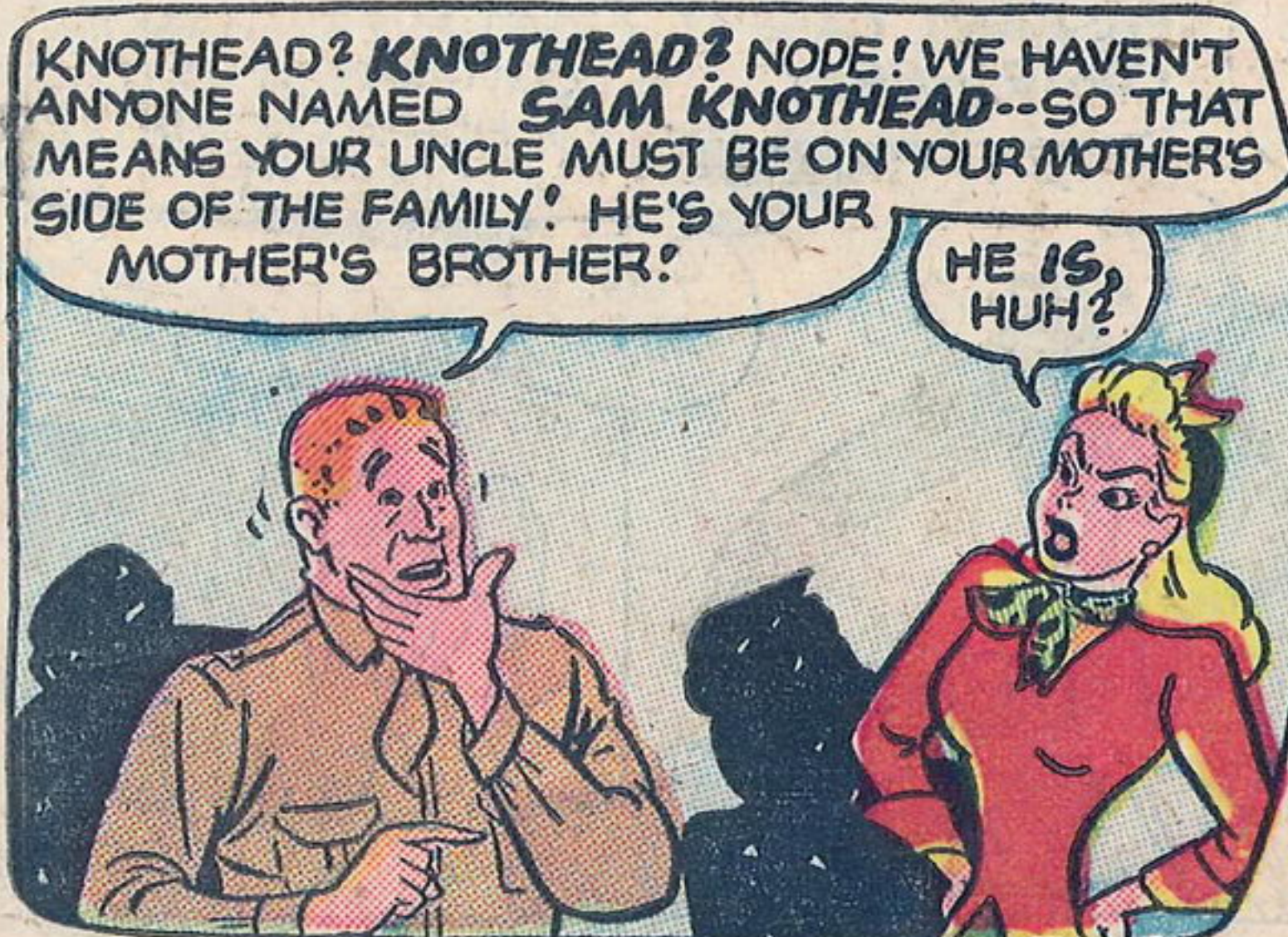




I CAN'T ASK HIM IF I DON'T KNOW
-- OH, WHAT'S THE
USE?



LOOK! LOOK, MISS! DO **THIS!** JUST TELL ME **YOUR**
NAME! YOUR **FULL** NAME! **THAT** MIGHT HELP ME!
ALL RIGHT! MY NAME'S **NANCY**
KNITHEAD!



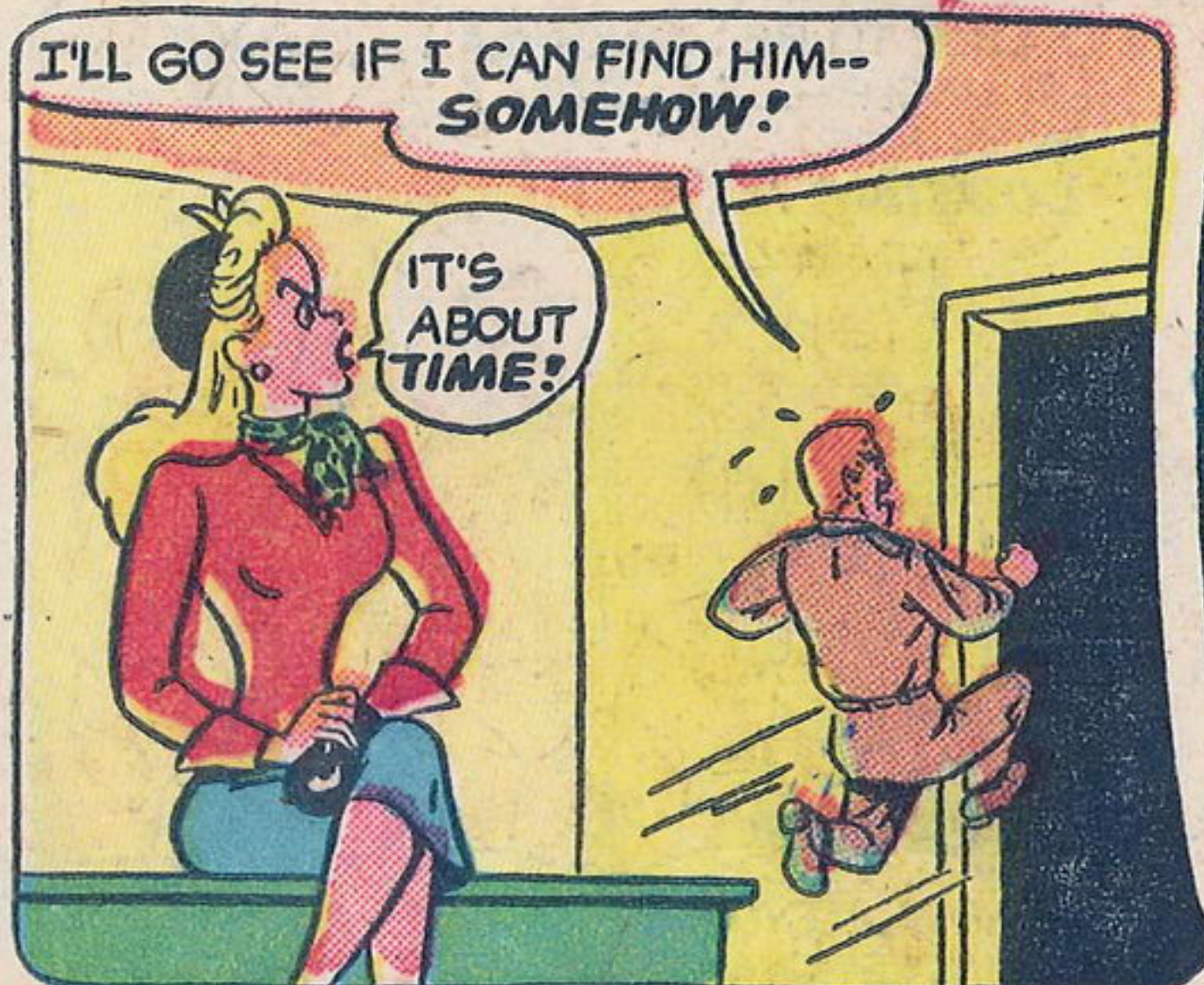
KNOTHEAD? **KNOTHEAD?** NOPE! WE HAVEN'T
ANYONE NAMED **SAM KNOTHEAD**--SO THAT
MEANS YOUR UNCLE MUST BE ON YOUR MOTHER'S
SIDE OF THE FAMILY! HE'S YOUR
MOTHER'S BROTHER?

HE IS,
HUH?



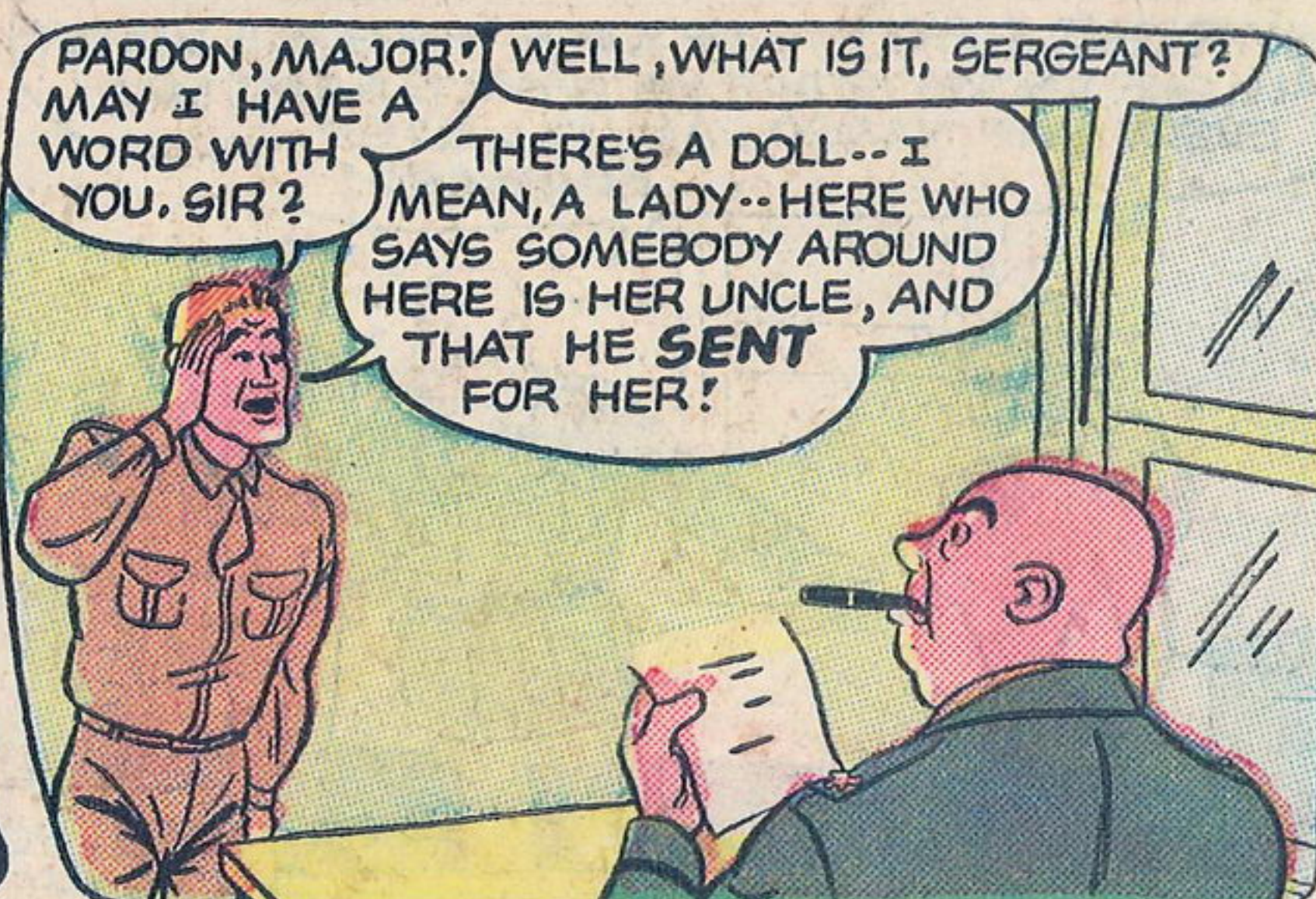
WELL, IF YOU KNOW SO
MUCH ABOUT MY FAMILY,
WHY DON'T YOU **GO**
GET MY UNCLE?

BECAUSE **HIS** NAME
ISN'T THE SAME AS
YOURS, AND-- OH,
SKIP IT! **SKIP IT!**



I'LL GO SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM--
SOMEHOW!

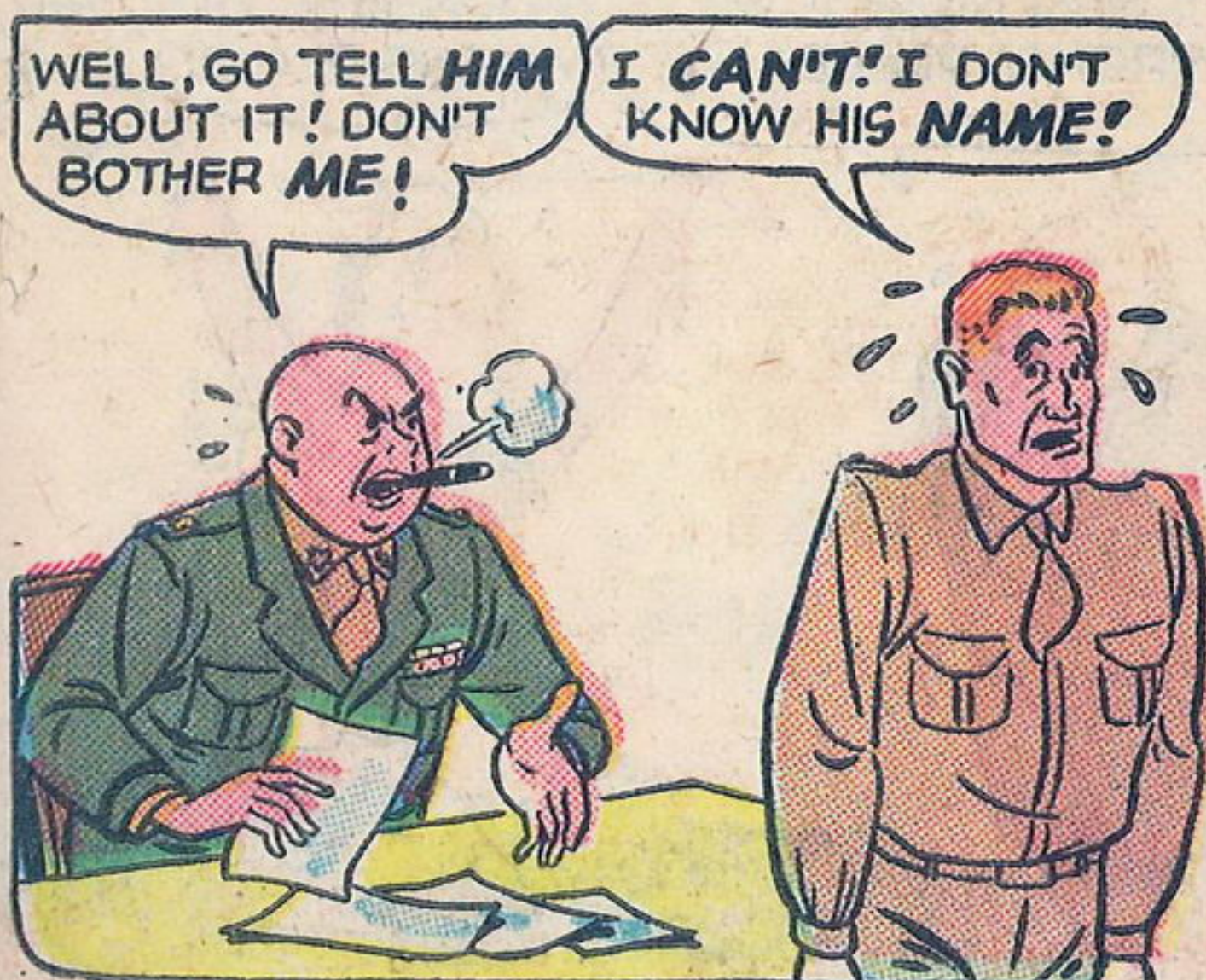
IT'S
ABOUT
TIME!



PARDON, MAJOR! MAY I HAVE A
WORD WITH YOU, SIR?

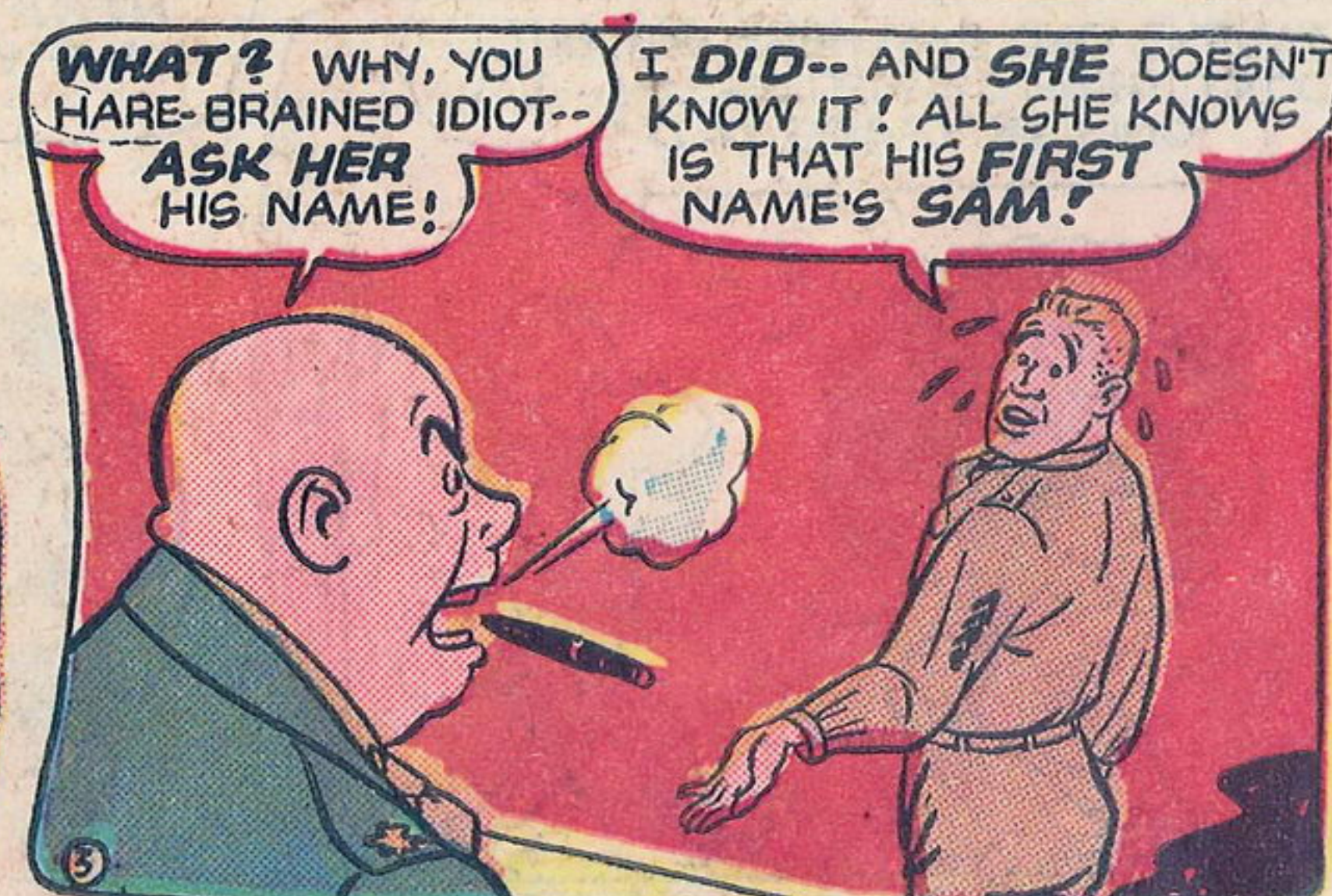
WELL, WHAT IS IT, SERGEANT?

THERE'S A DOLL-- I
MEAN, A LADY-- HERE WHO
SAYS SOMEBODY AROUND
HERE IS HER UNCLE, AND
THAT HE **SENT**
FOR HER!



WELL, GO TELL **HIM**
ABOUT IT! DON'T
BOTHER **ME!**

I **CAN'T!** I DON'T
KNOW HIS **NAME!**



WHAT? WHY, YOU
HARE-BRAINED IDIOT--
ASK HER
HIS NAME!

I **DID**-- AND **SHE** DOESN'T
KNOW IT! ALL SHE KNOWS
IS THAT HIS **FIRST**
NAME'S **SAM!**

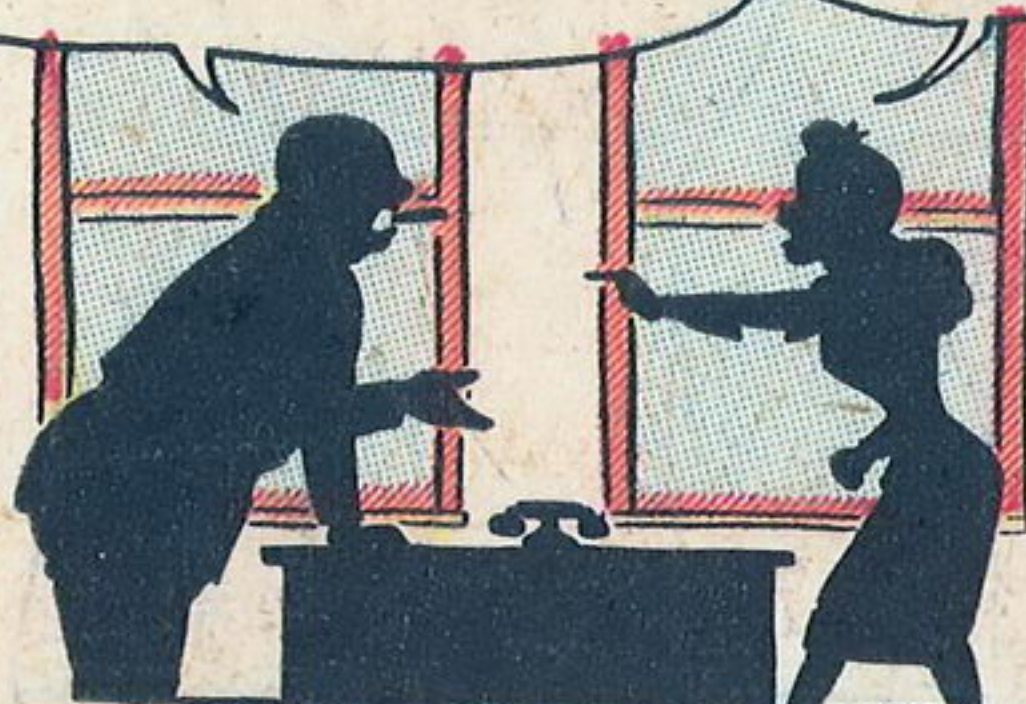
I'LL HANDLE THIS! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE OFFICERS OF THIS MAN'S ARMY GET THINGS DONE!

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR!



YOUNG LADY, UNLESS YOU CAN TELL US YOUR UNCLE'S **FULL NAME**, WE CAN'T NOTIFY HIM THAT YOU'RE HERE! SO UNTIL YOU DO, DON'T BOTHER US FURTHER!

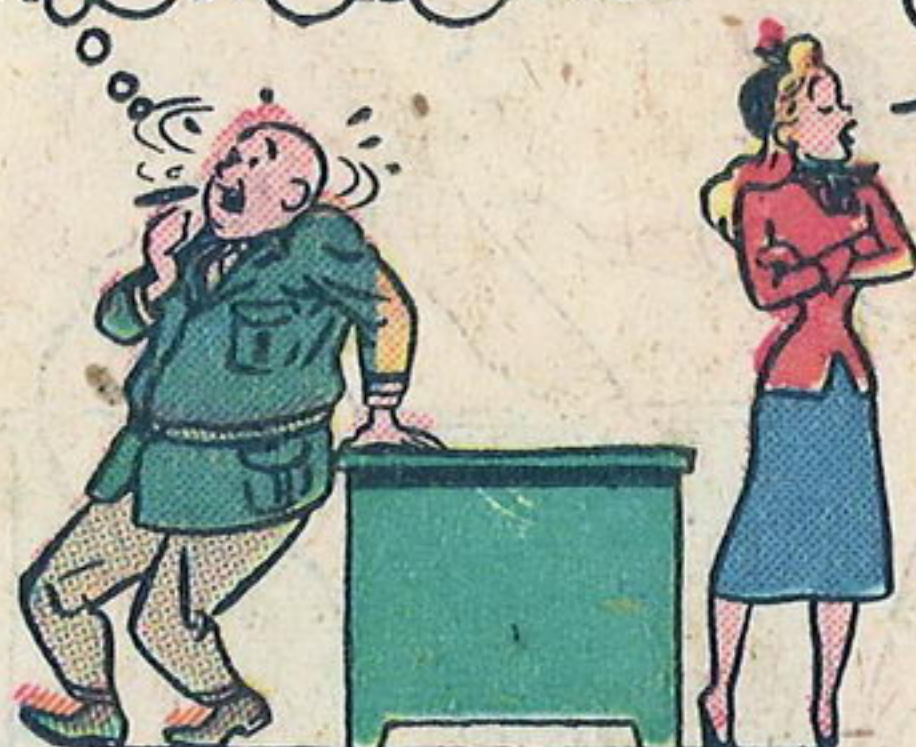
NOW LISTEN TO ME, YOU OLD CODGER! IF YOU DON'T GET MY UNCLE FOR ME, I'LL NOTIFY **WASHINGTON!**



NOTIFY **WASHINGTON?**

GULP! THIS MUST BE SOMETHING **BIG!** I DON'T WANT TO GET **BUSTED** FOR ANYTHING!

WELL?



I'VE GOT IT!

SERGEANT CASEY! COME HERE!

GET EVERY MAN IN COMPANY "A" OUT HERE ON THE DOUBLE!

YES, SIR!

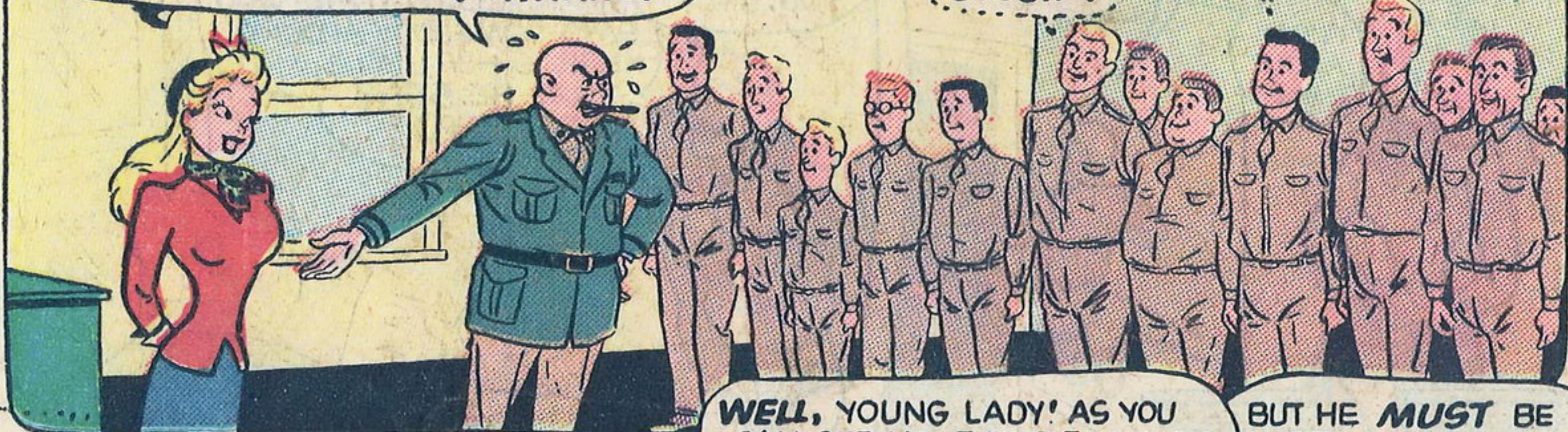


AWRIGHT, MEN! ONE OF YOU IS THIS GIRL'S UNCLE! ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT HIS NAME IS **SAM**! SO EVERY MAN NAMED SAM WILL **STEP FORWARD!**

I'D LIKE TO BE HER UNCLE-- EVEN HER **COUSIN!**

WODDA DOLL!

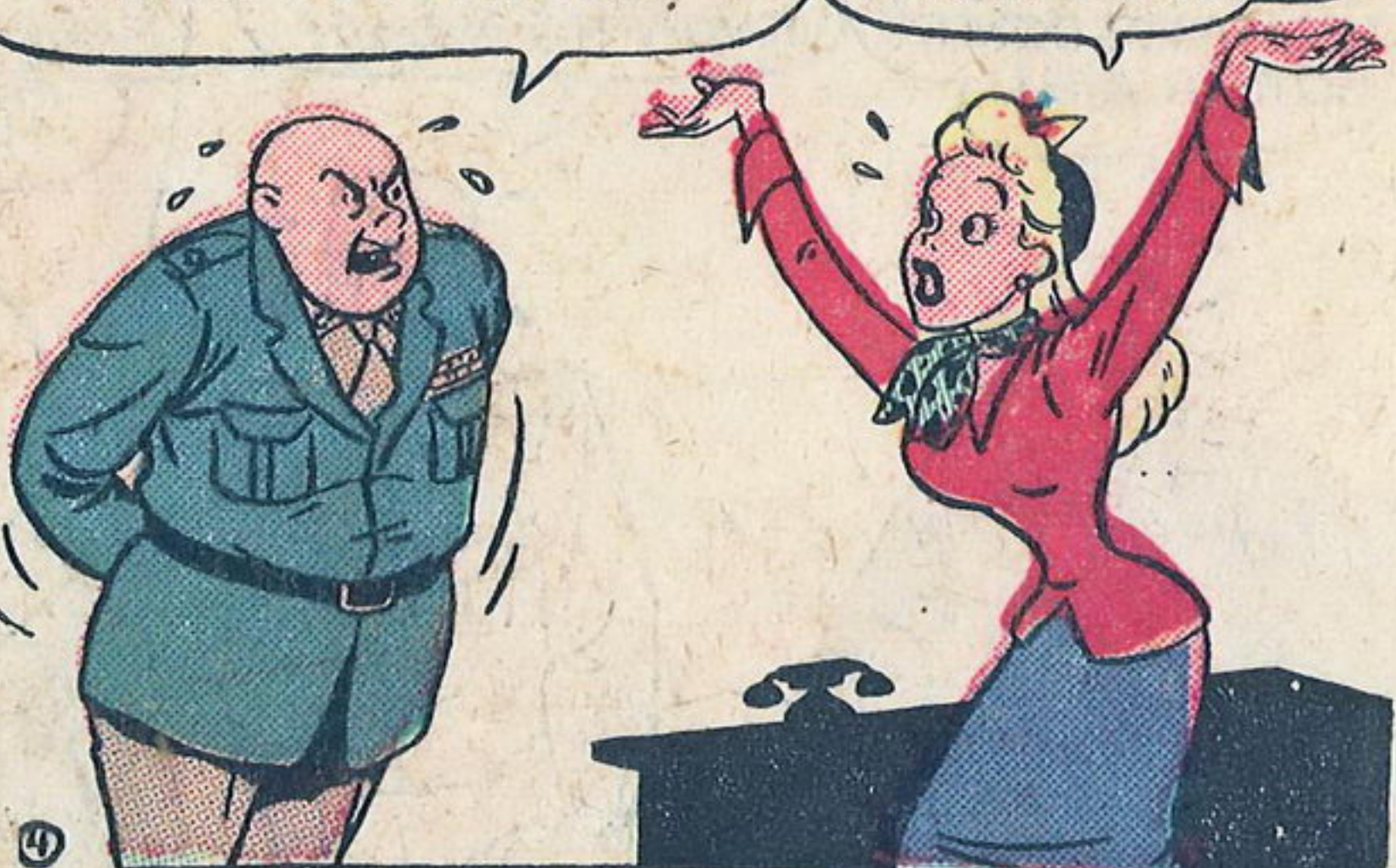
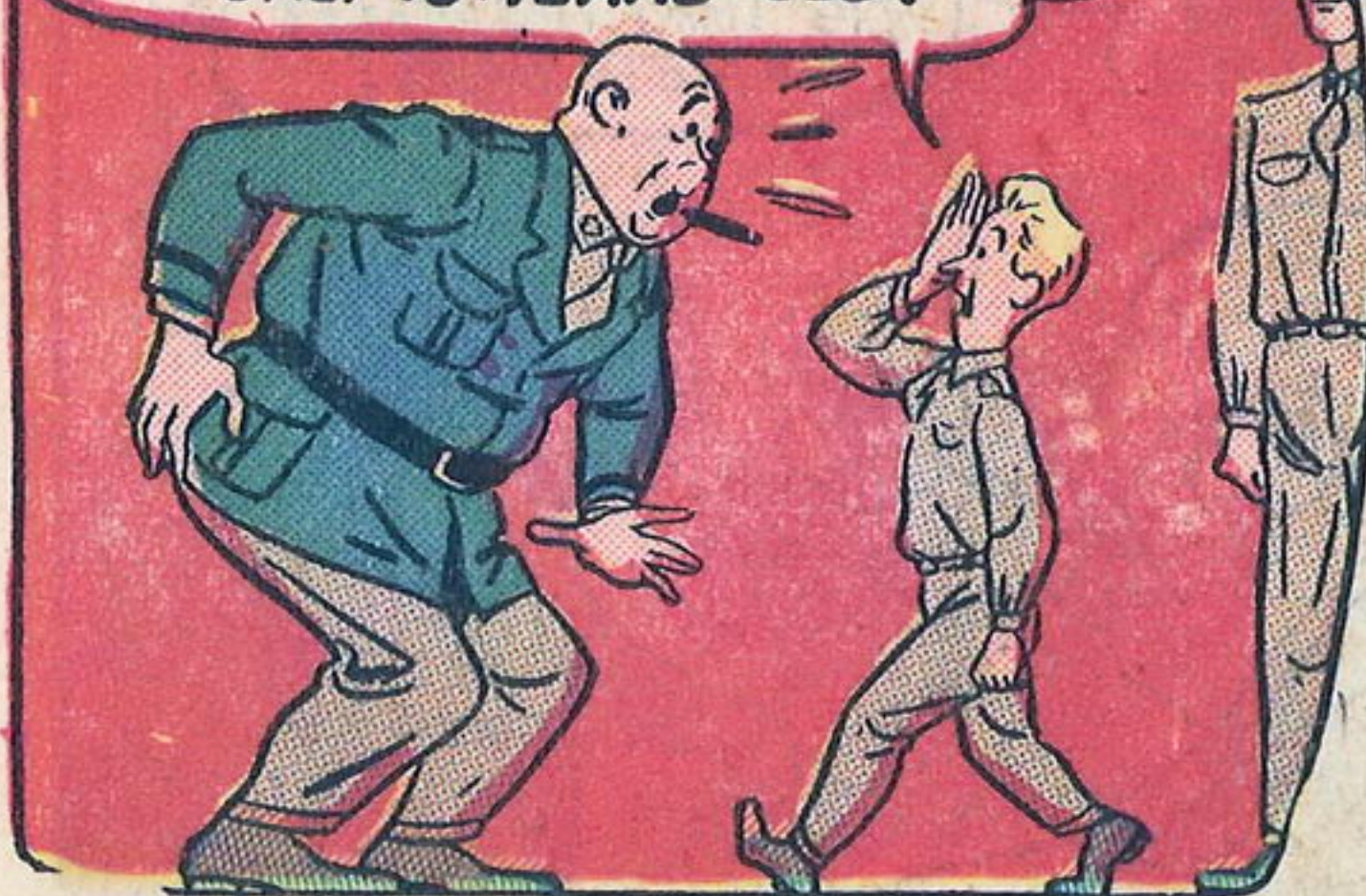
SOME DISH!



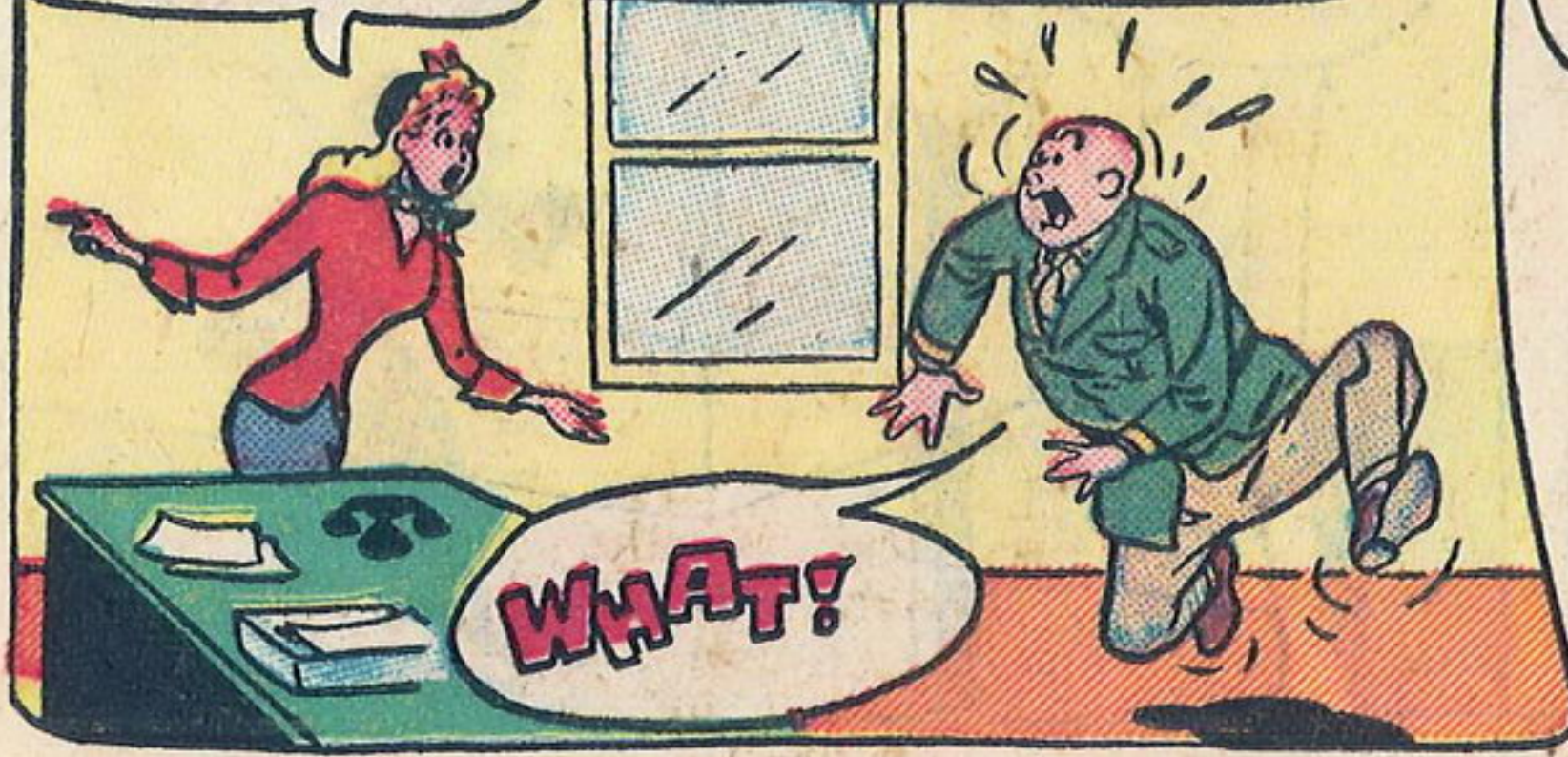
WELL, YOUNG LADY! AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUR UNCLE IS **NOT HERE!** YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG PLACE!

BUT HE **MUST** BE HERE-- AND I **HAVEN'T** GOT THE WRONG PLACE!

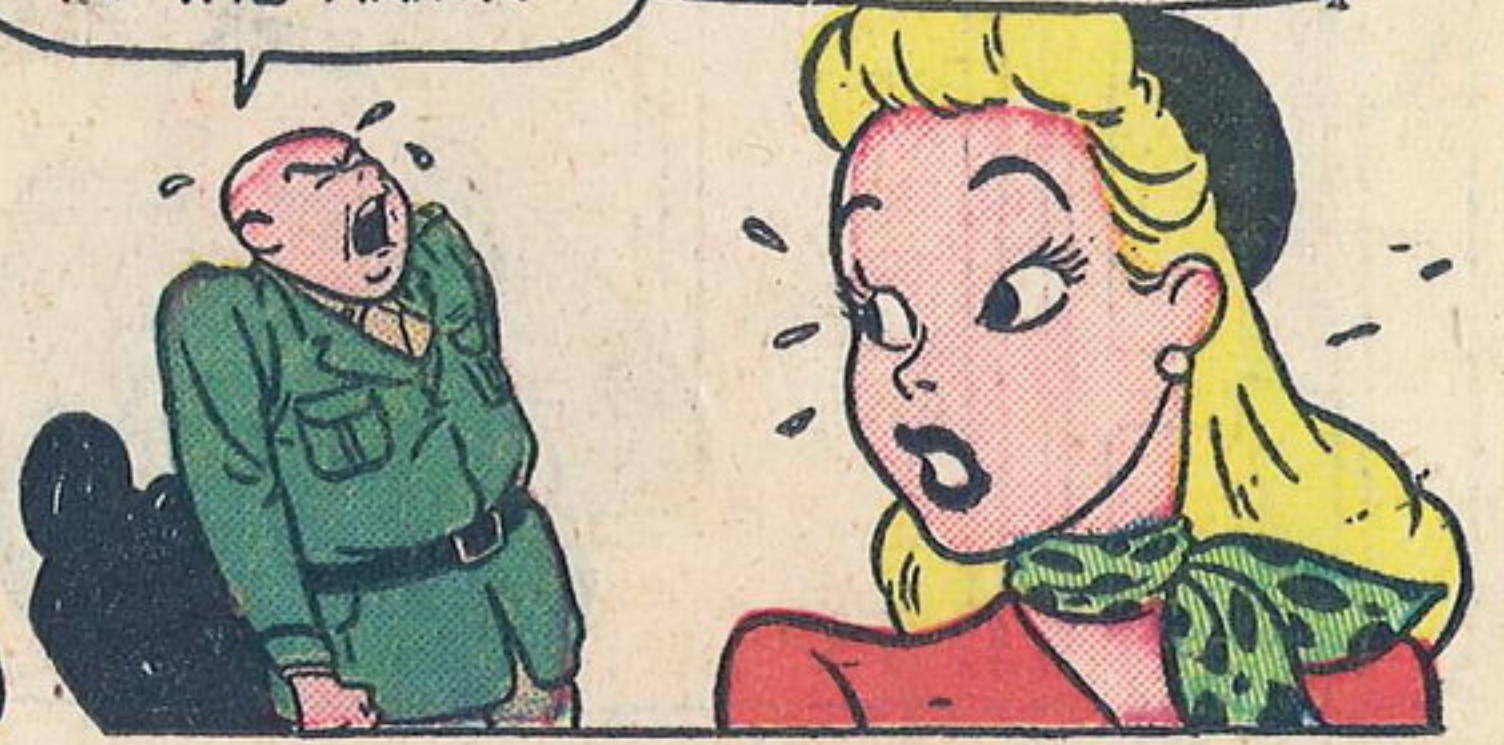
I'M THE ONLY SAM HERE, SIR, BUT I DON'T THINK I'M HER UNCLE!-- I'M ONLY **18 YEARS OLD!**



WHY, EVERY SIGN IN TOWN SAYS "YOUR UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU TO GO TO THE NEAREST ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE!" AND THIS ONE WAS THE NEAREST, SO I **MUST** BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE!



YOUNG LADY, THIS WILL UNDOUBTEDLY COME AS A BIG SURPRISE TO YOU, BUT **UNCLE SAM** IS ONLY A **SYMBOL**! IT MEANS THE **UNITED STATES**! AND THOSE SIGNS MEAN THE UNITED STATES WANTS MEN TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY!



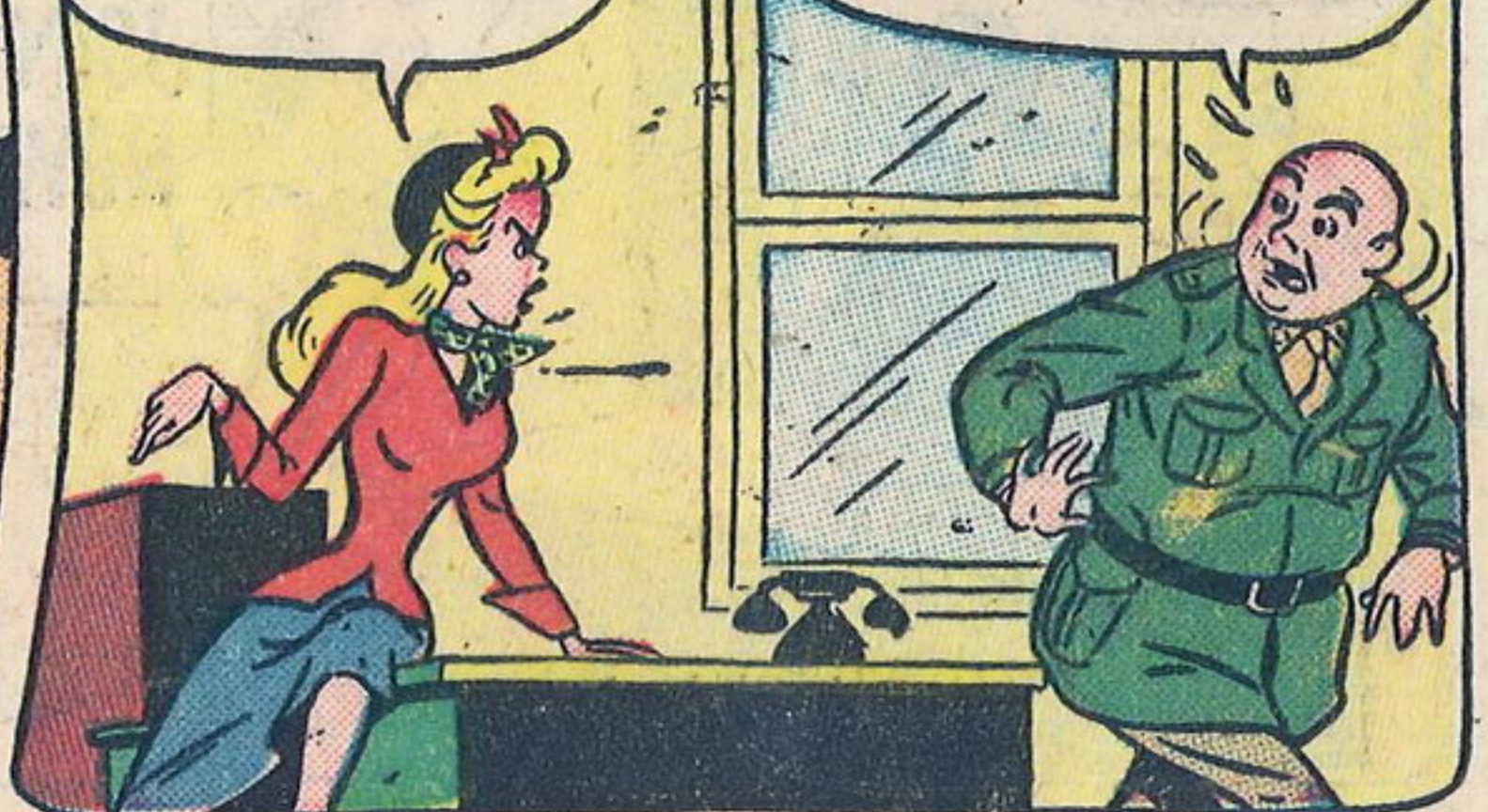
NOW **GET OUT OF HERE!** YOU'VE DISRUPTED THIS WHOLE OFFICE AND MADE ME A LAUGHINGSTOCK!

I DON'T HAVE TO GO! IF THE SIGN SAYS THE GOVERNMENT WANTS PEOPLE TO JOIN THE ARMY, I'M GOING TO JOIN!



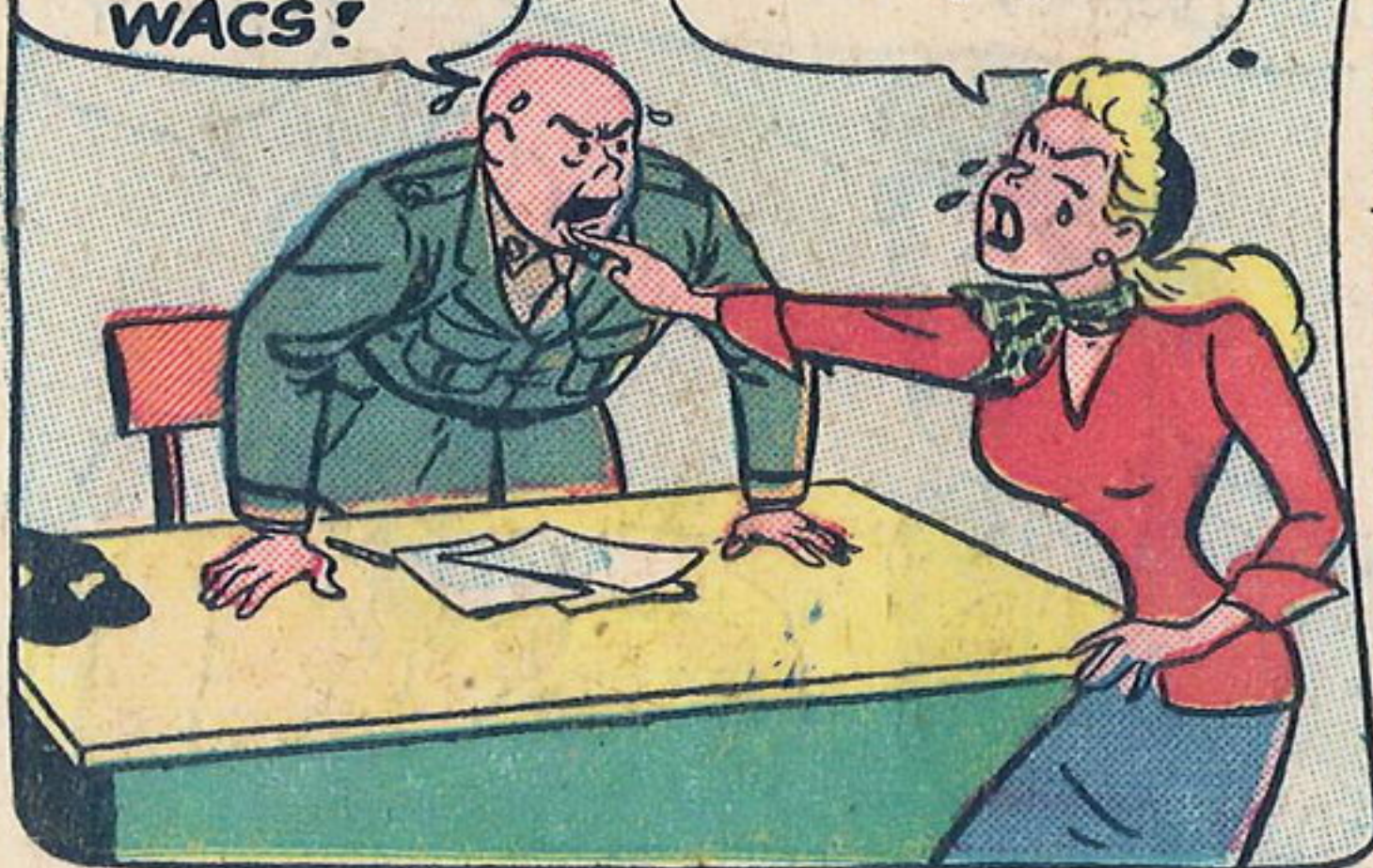
NOW GET ME A UNIFORM AND A GUN! I'M JOINING THE ARMY HERE!

GO GET YOU A-- **YOU IDIOT!** YOU CAN'T JOIN THIS ARMY! IT'S ONLY FOR **MEN**!



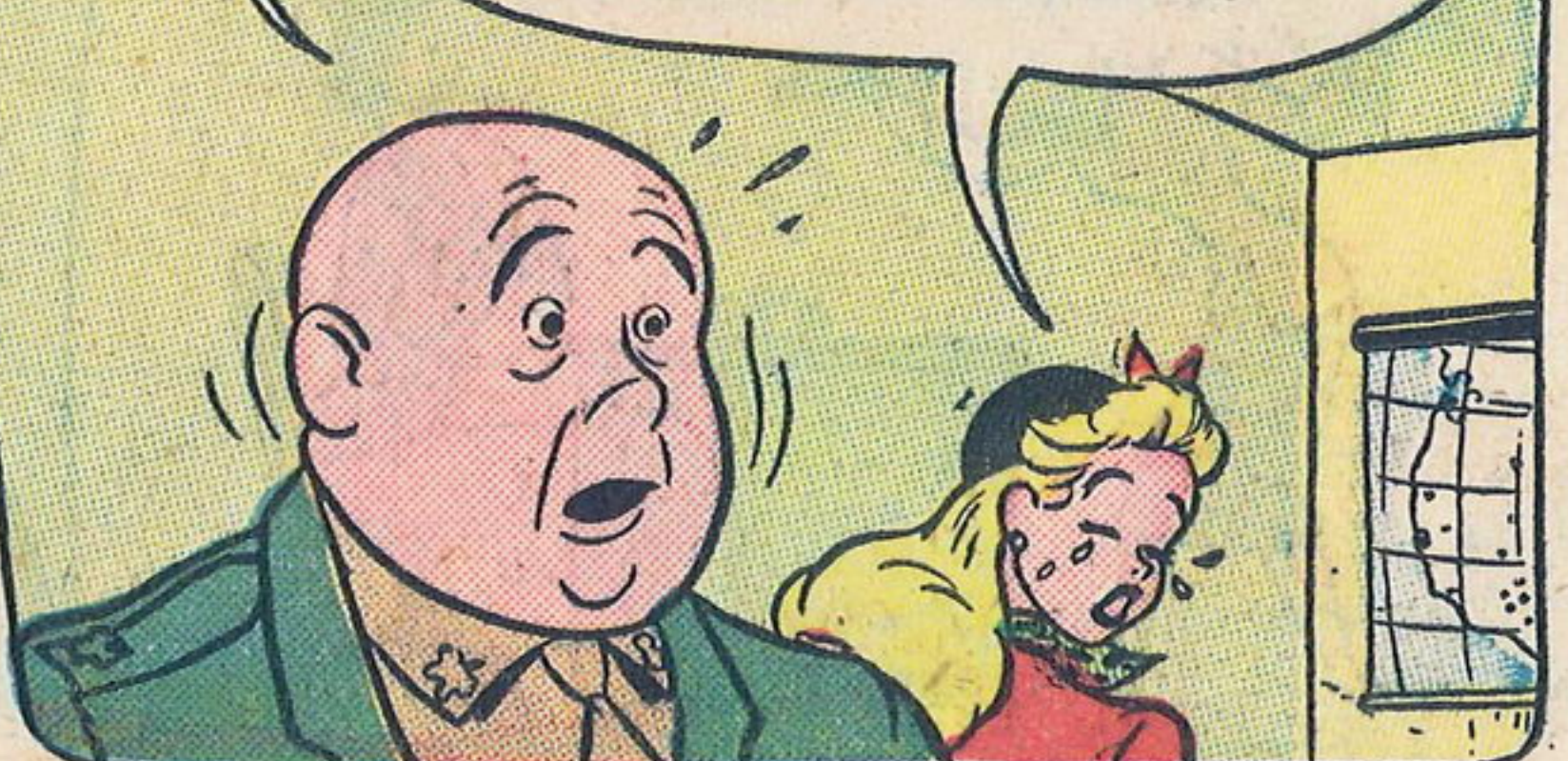
IF YOU WANT TO JOIN **SOMETHING**, GO JOIN THE **WACS**!

OH! YOU--YOU **BRUTE!** YOU'VE **INSULTED** ME! : BAW:



I **IN-SULTED** YOU?

YES! : BAW: YOU--YOU SAID I SHOULD JOIN THE **WACS**--AND I KNOW **WACS** ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE **WACKY!** : WAH: YOU WANT ME TO JOIN AN **INSANE ASYLUM!**



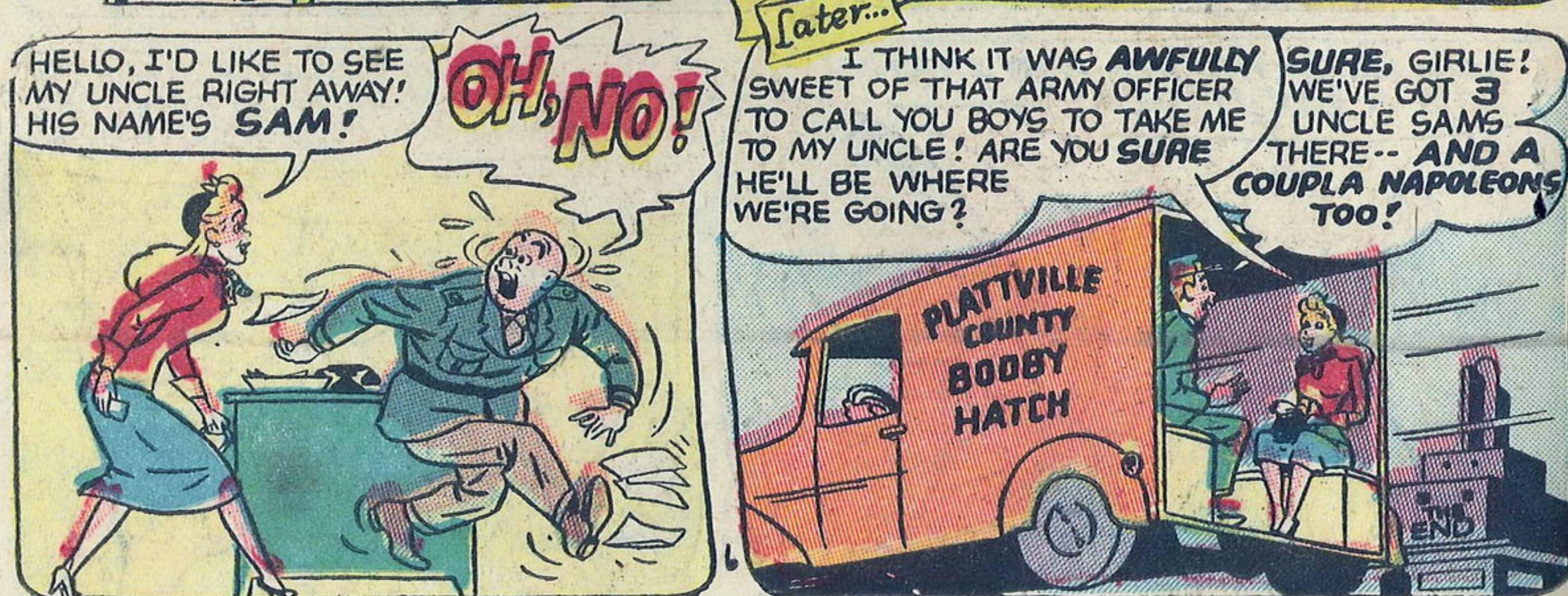
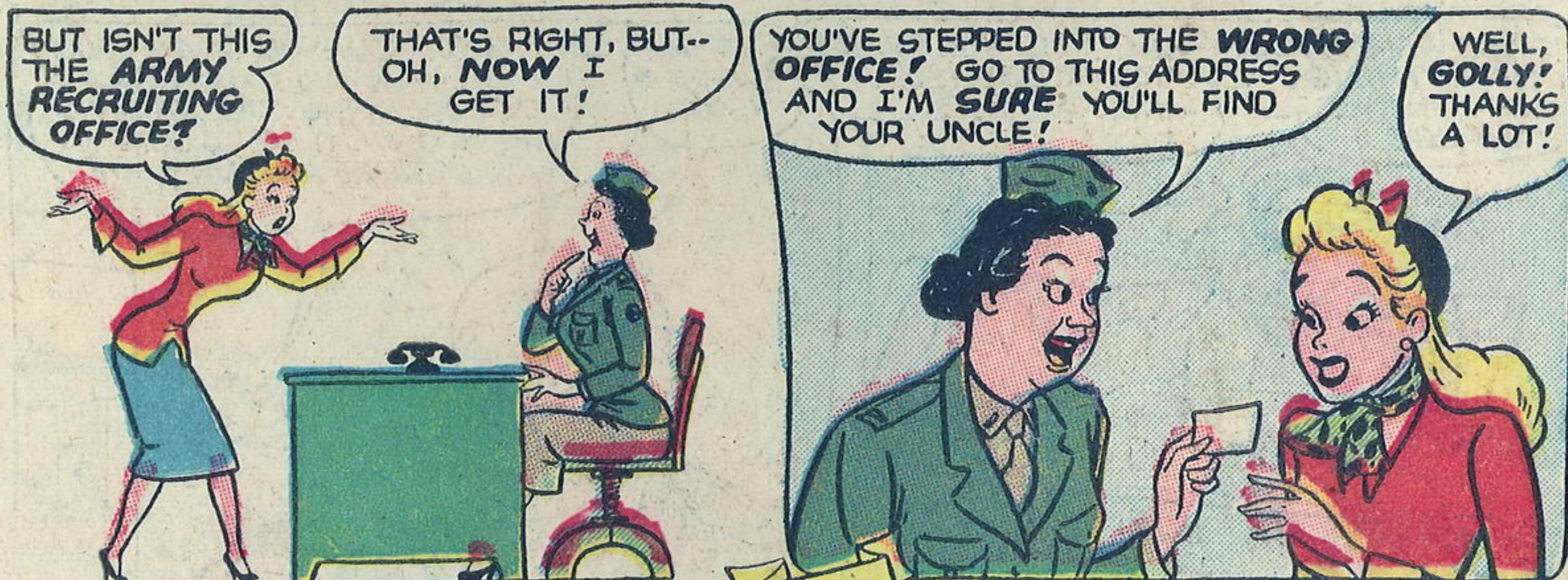
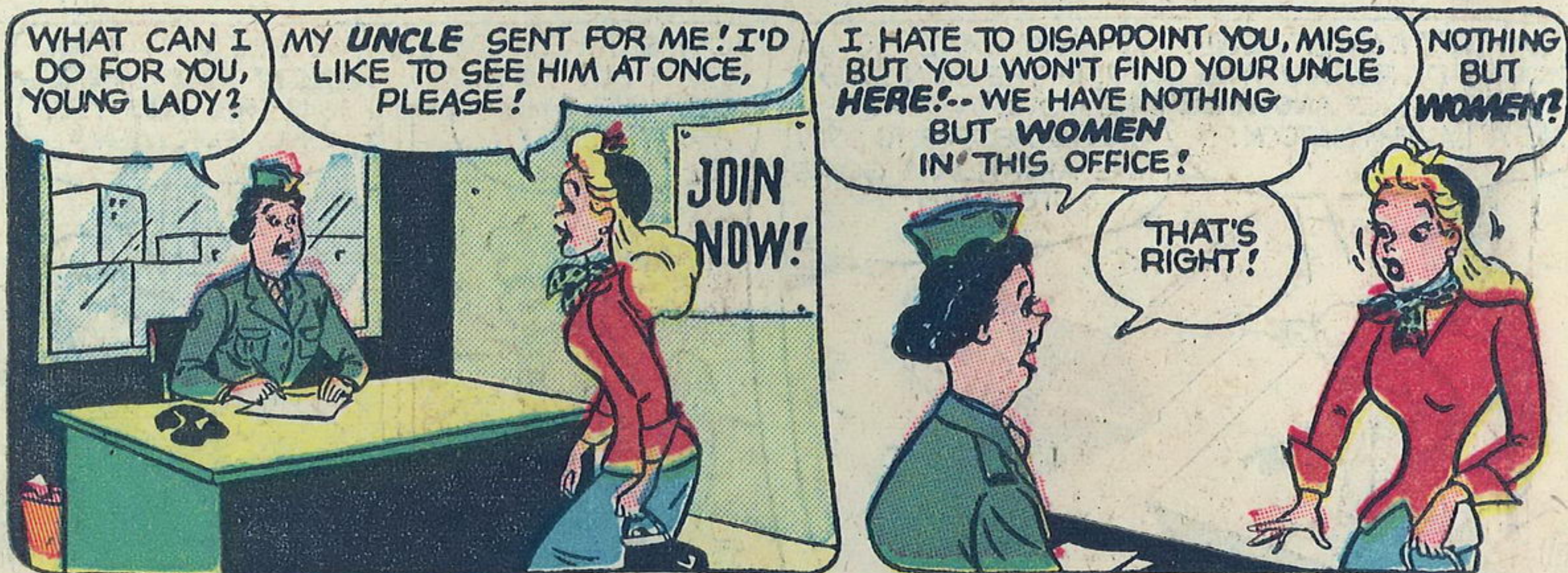
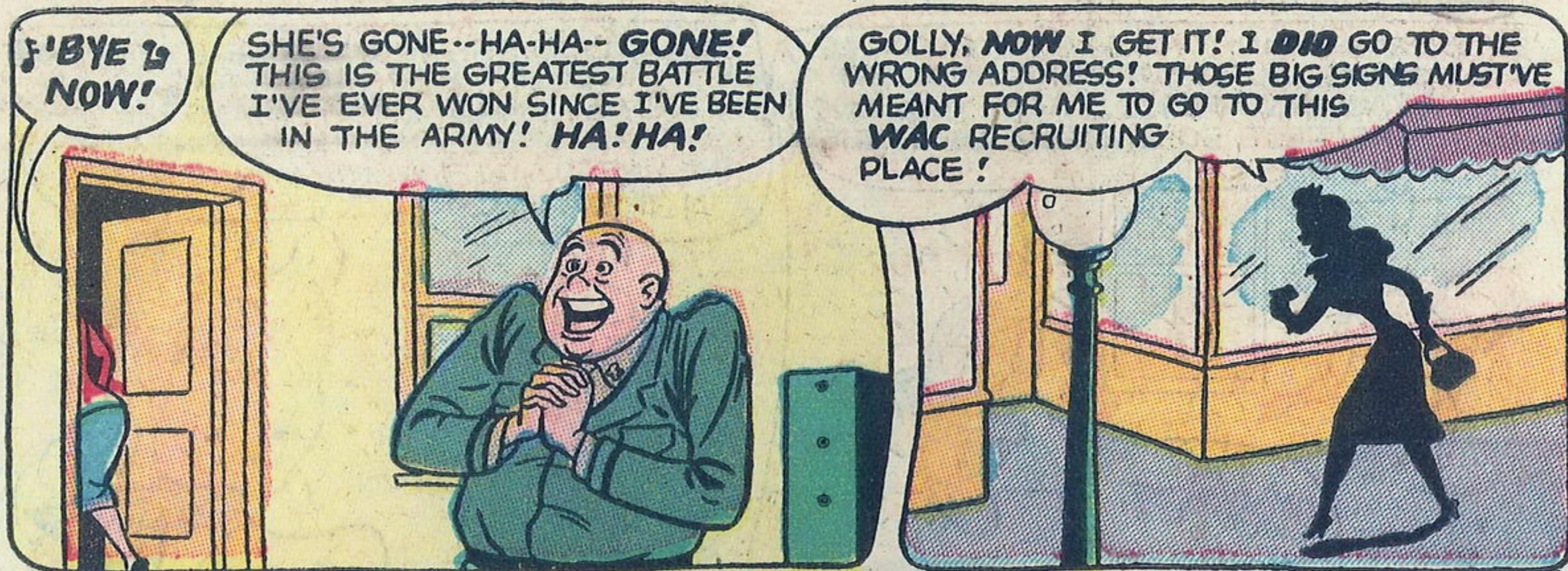
I SAID NO SUCH THING--BUT I THINK IT'S A **GOOD IDEA!**



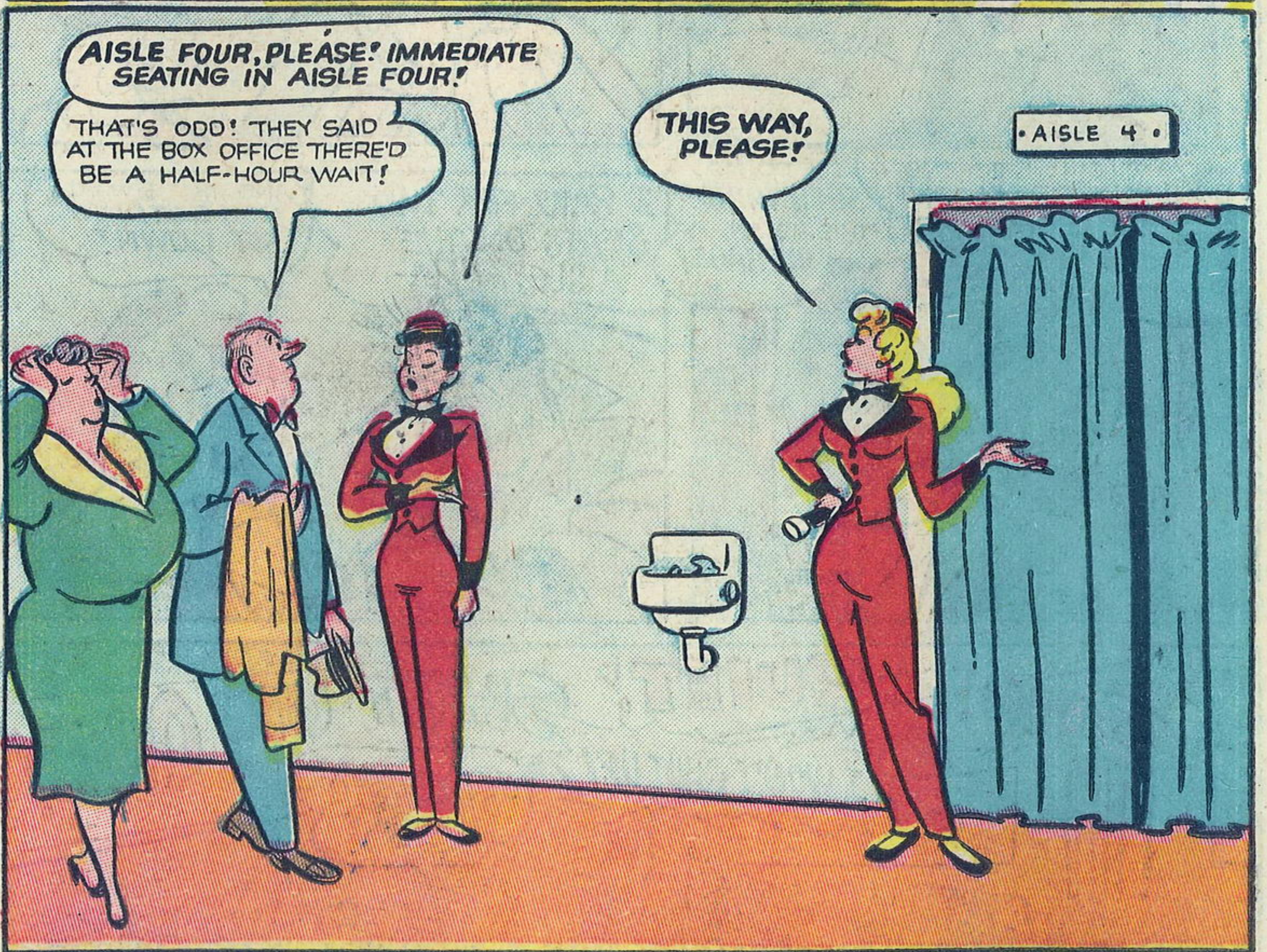
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THE **WACS** ARE THE **WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS!** THE **WOMEN'S** BRANCH OF THE ARMY! SO IF YOU WANT TO JOIN, GO TO THIS ADDRESS!

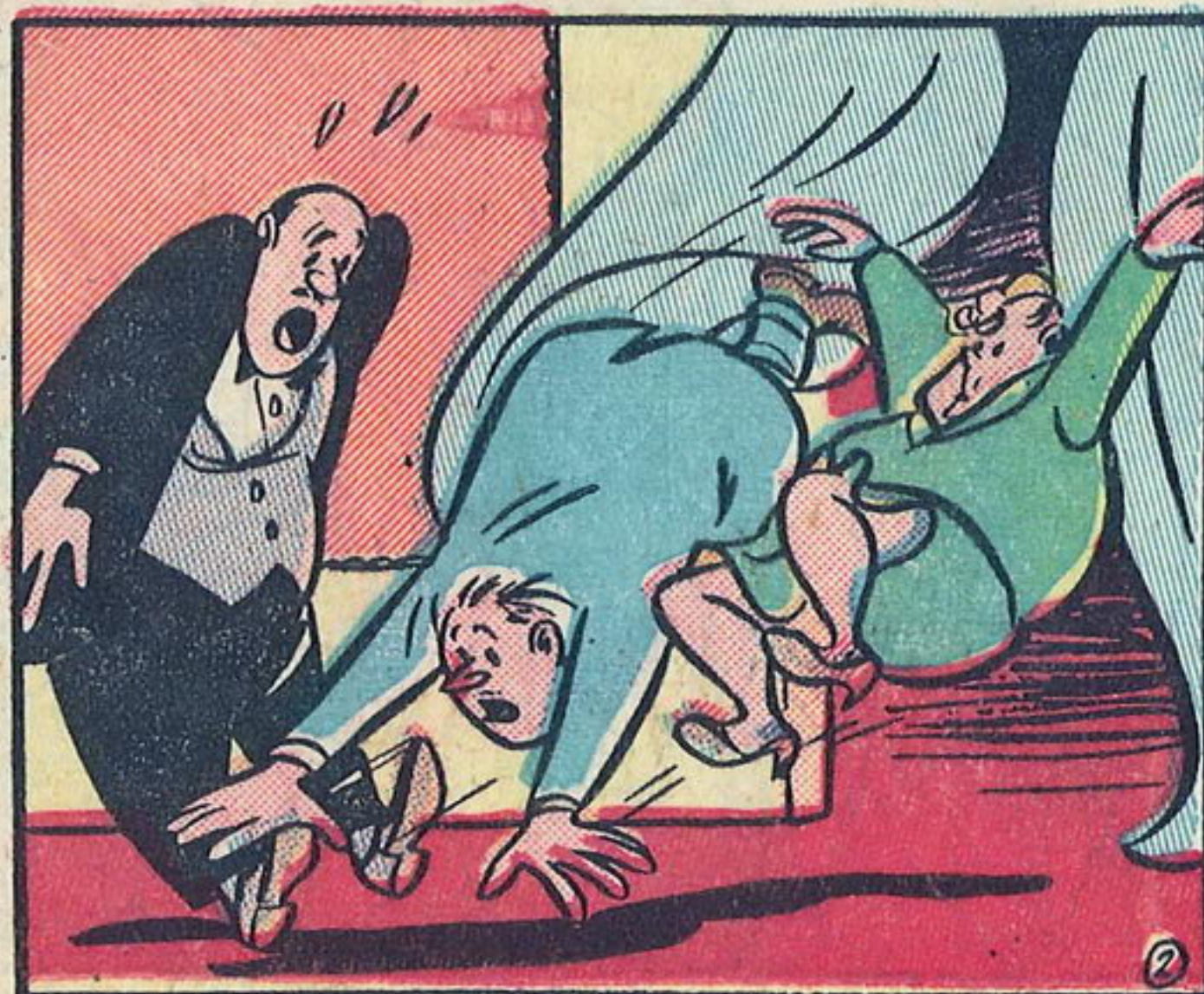
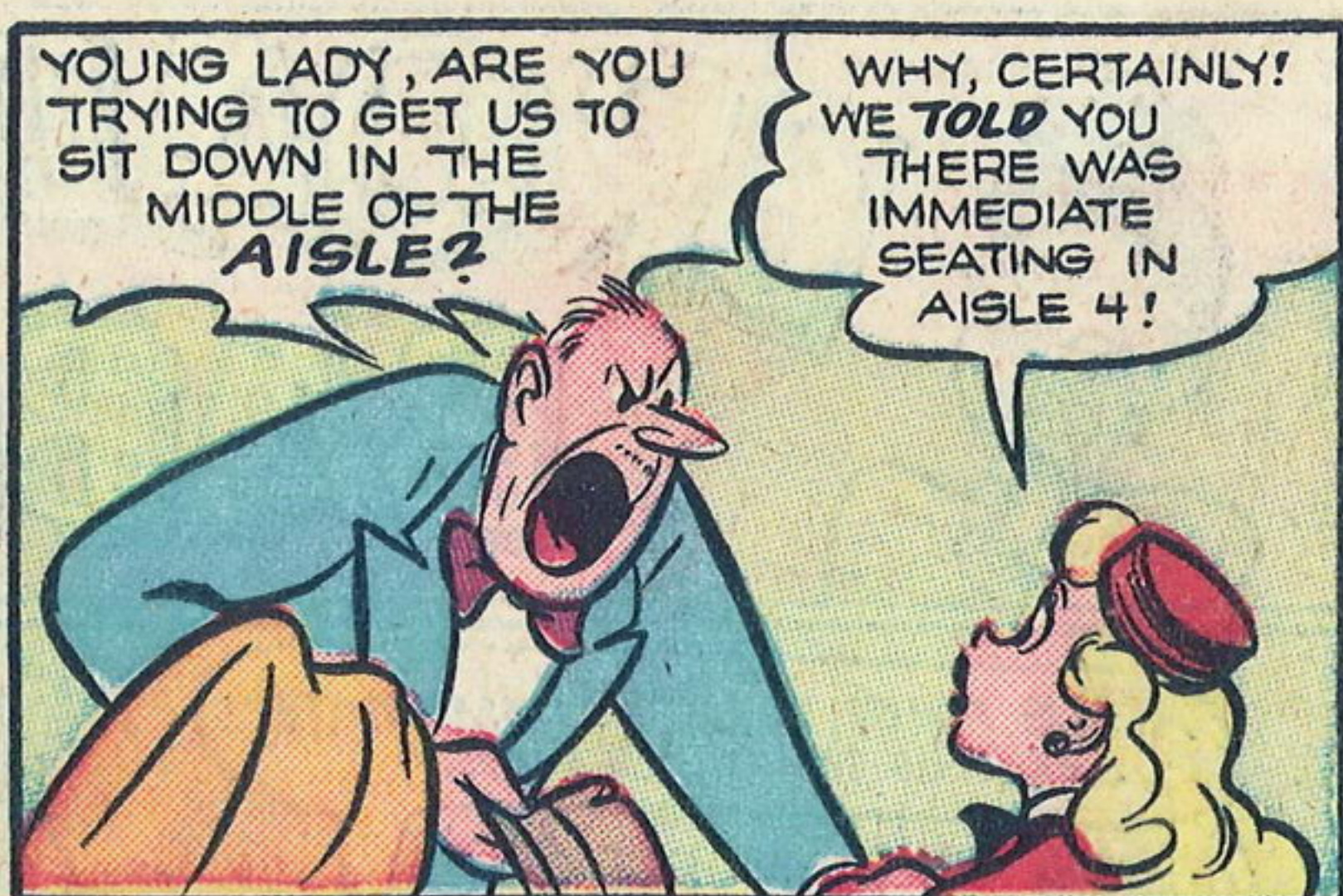
OH! WELL, ALL RIGHT!

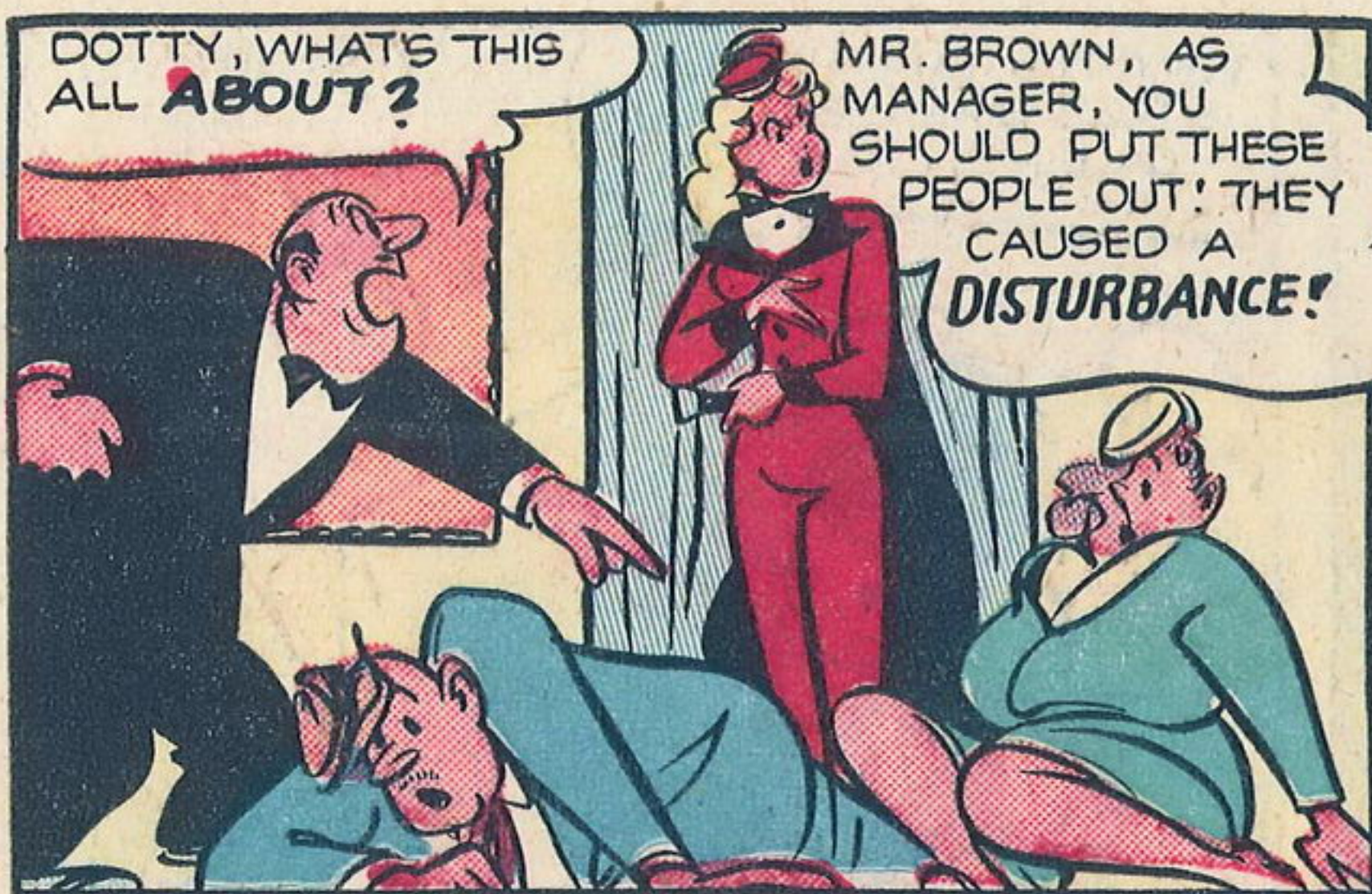




BROADWAY BABES





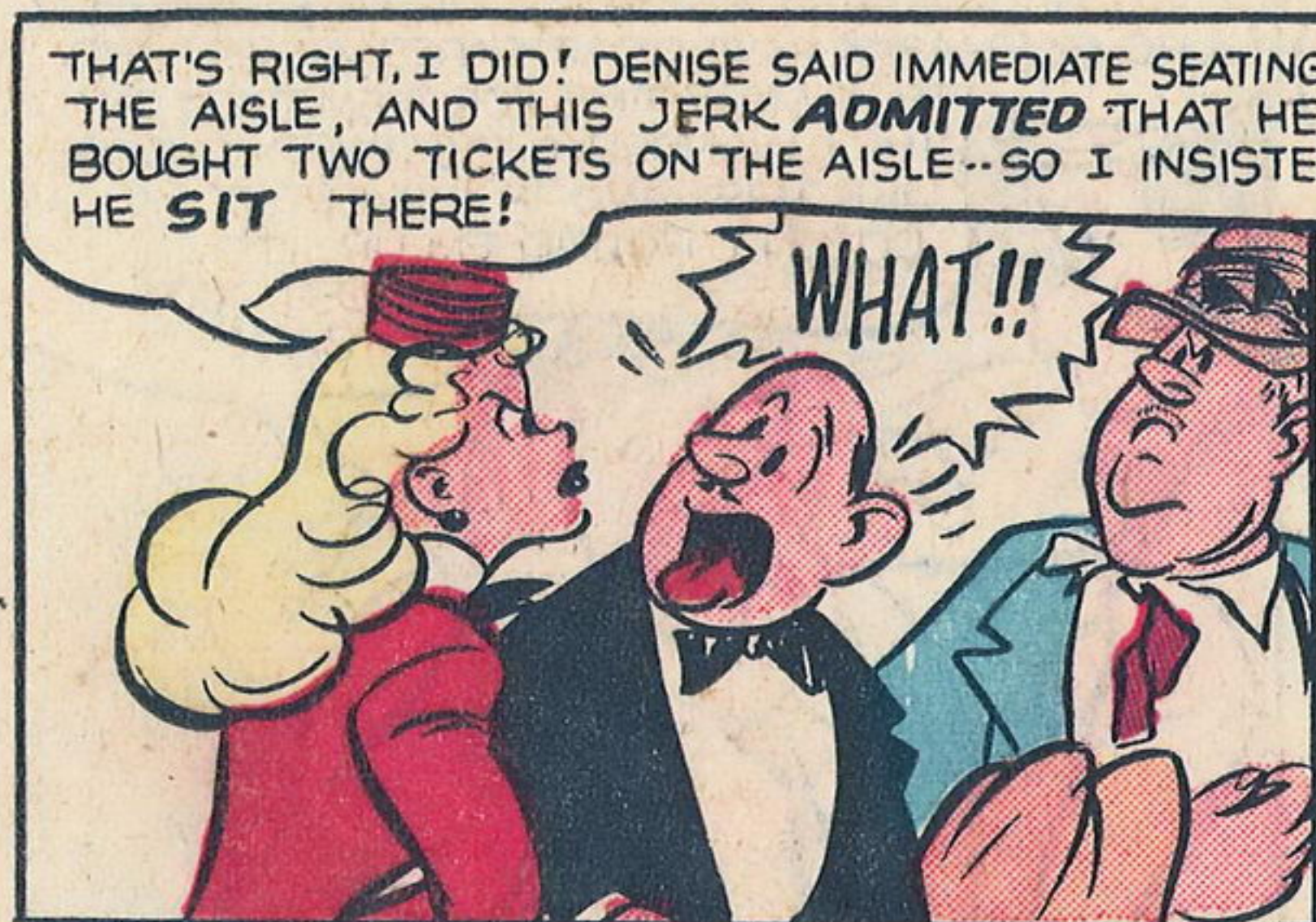


DOTTY, WHAT'S THIS ALL **ABOUT?**

MR. BROWN, AS MANAGER, YOU SHOULD PUT THESE PEOPLE OUT! THEY CAUSED A **DISTURBANCE!**

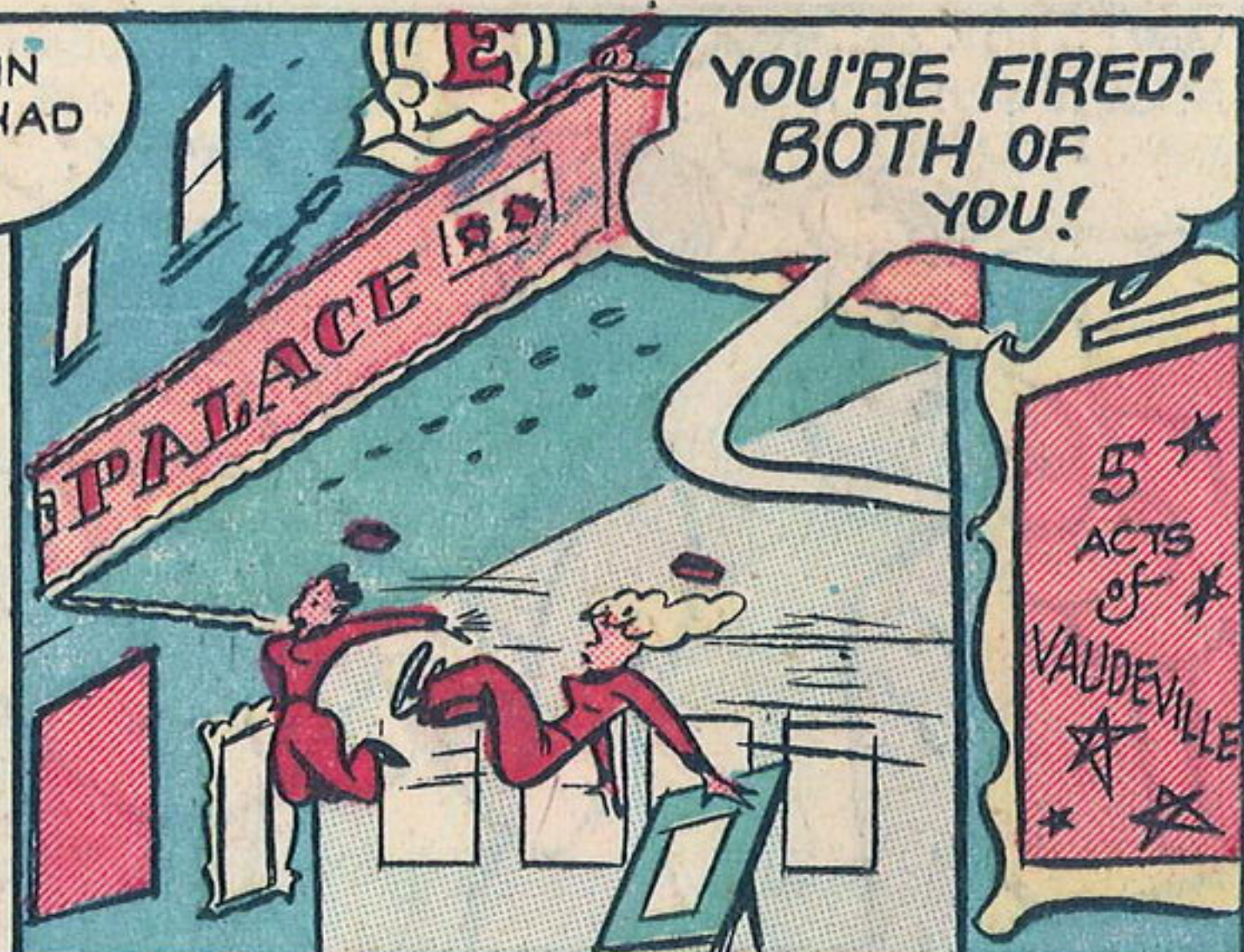


THAT'S A **LIE!** THIS NIT-WIT USHERETTE TRIED TO MAKE US SIT IN THE AISLE! **THAT'S** WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE!



THAT'S RIGHT, I DID! DENISE SAID IMMEDIATE SEATING IN THE AISLE, AND THIS JERK **ADMITTED** THAT HE HAD BOUGHT TWO TICKETS ON THE AISLE--SO I INSISTED HE **SIT** THERE!

WHAT!!

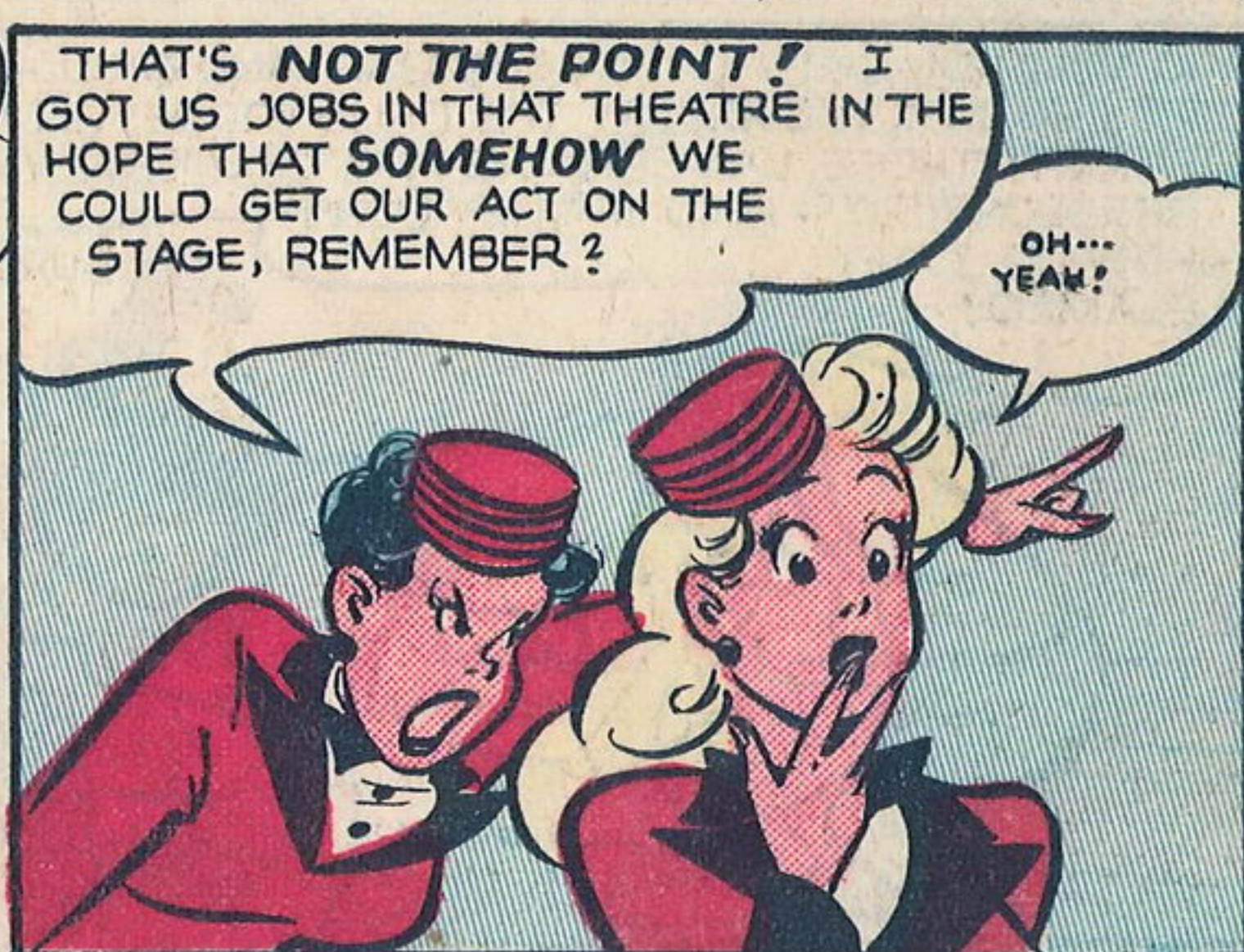


YOU'RE FIRED! BOTH OF YOU!



WELL, YOU'VE DONE IT **AGAIN!**

I'M SORRY, DENNY-- BUT MAYBE WE CAN GET JOBS SOMEPLACE **ELSE!**



THAT'S **NOT THE POINT!** I GOT US JOBS IN THAT THEATRE IN THE HOPE THAT **SOMEHOW** WE COULD GET OUR ACT ON THE STAGE, REMEMBER?

OH... YEAH!



WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET IN SHOW BUSINESS AND HAVE OUR NAMES ON BROADWAY FOR YEARS, AND THOSE USHERETTE JOBS MIGHT HAVE LED TO SOMETHING SOONER OR LATER-- BUT **NOT NOW**-- THANKS TO **YOU!**

YOU'RE WELCOME!

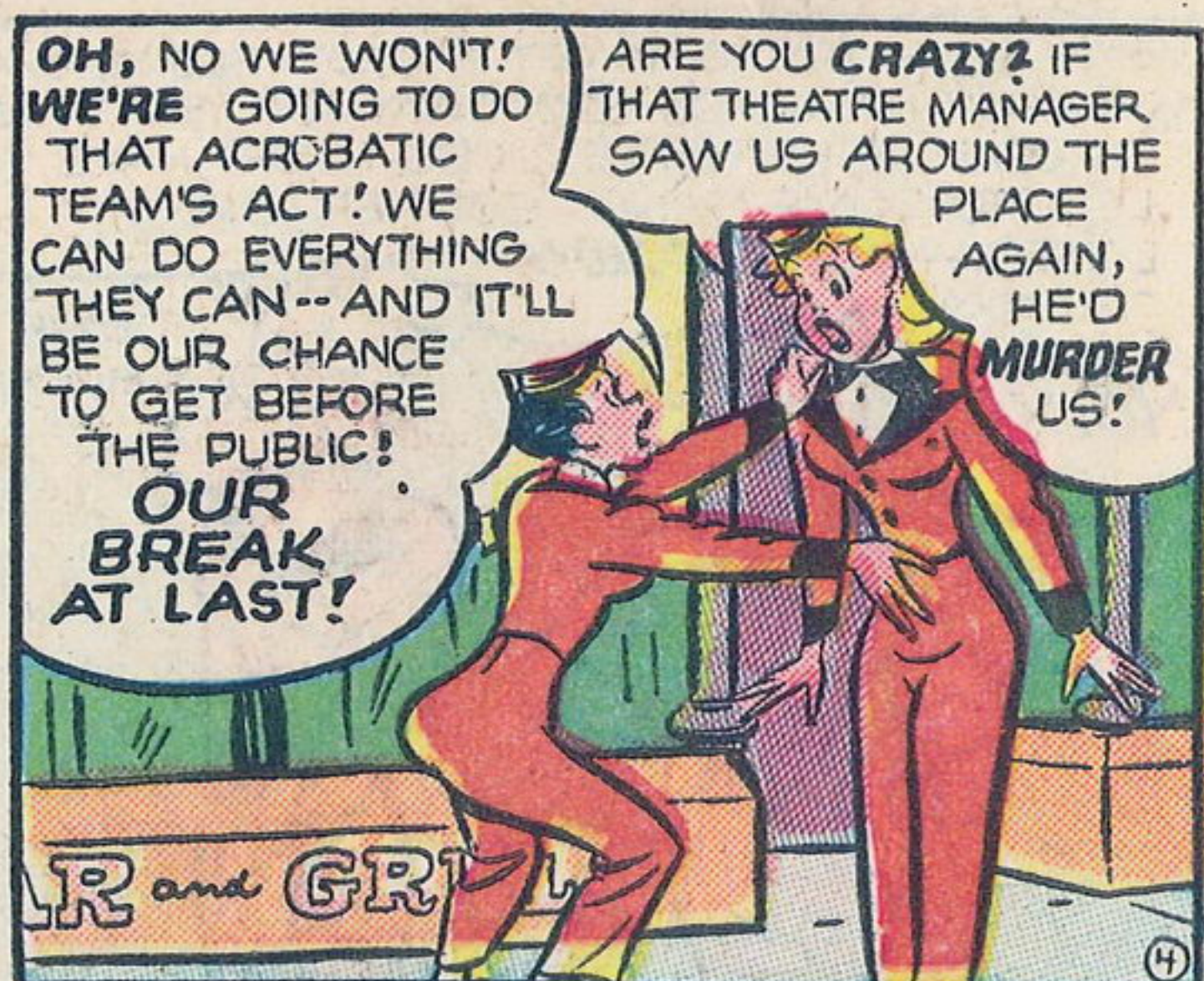
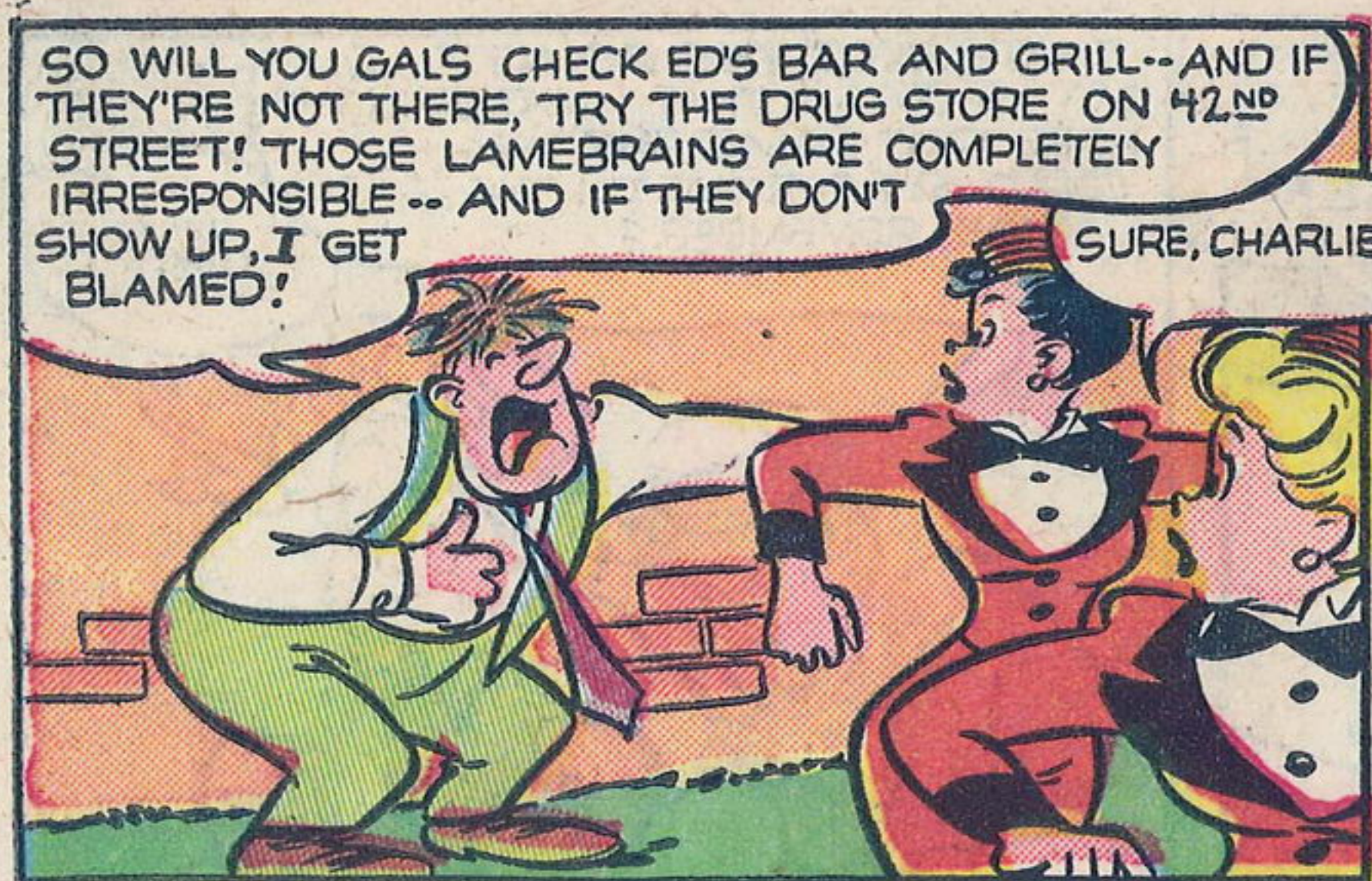
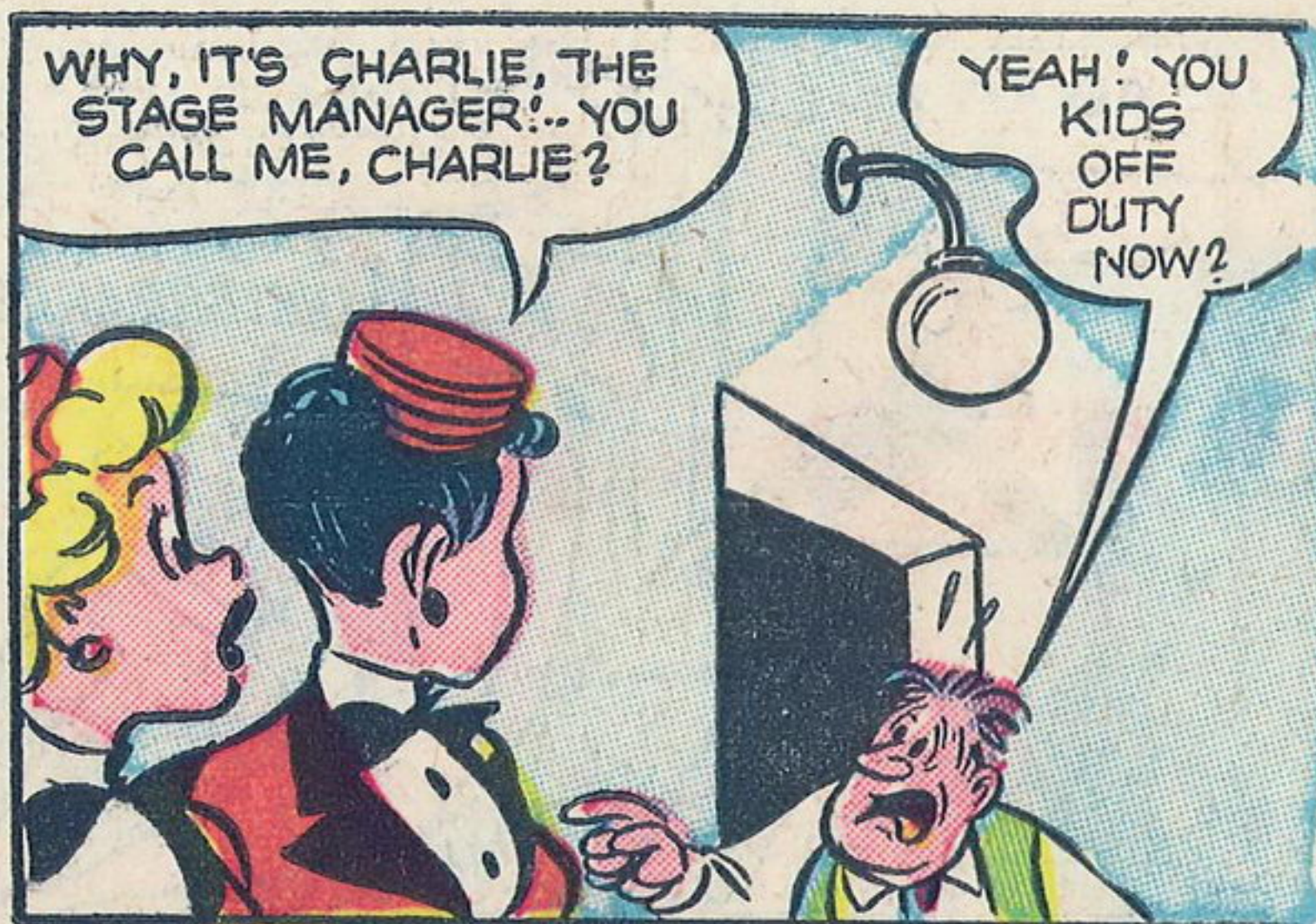
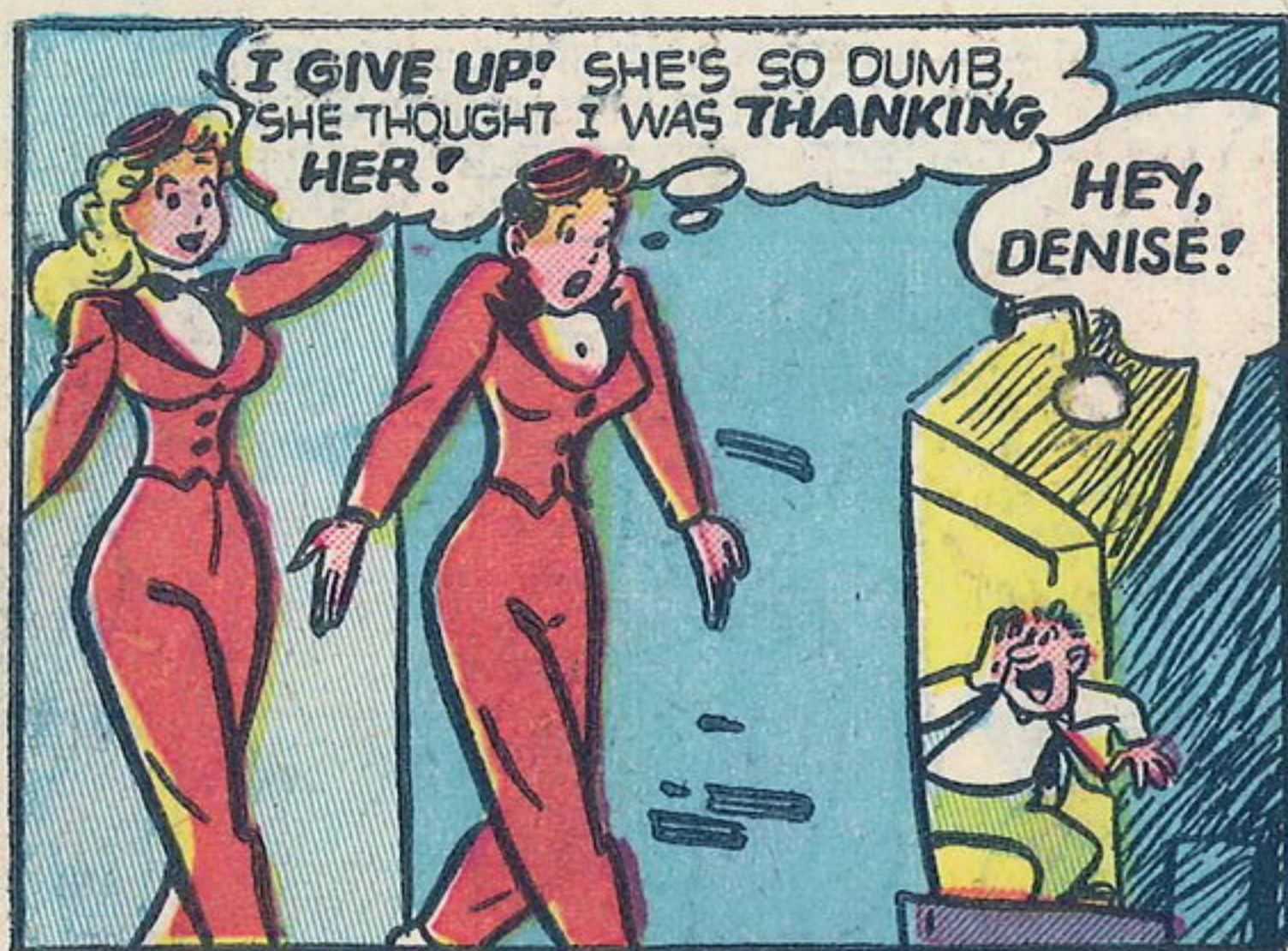


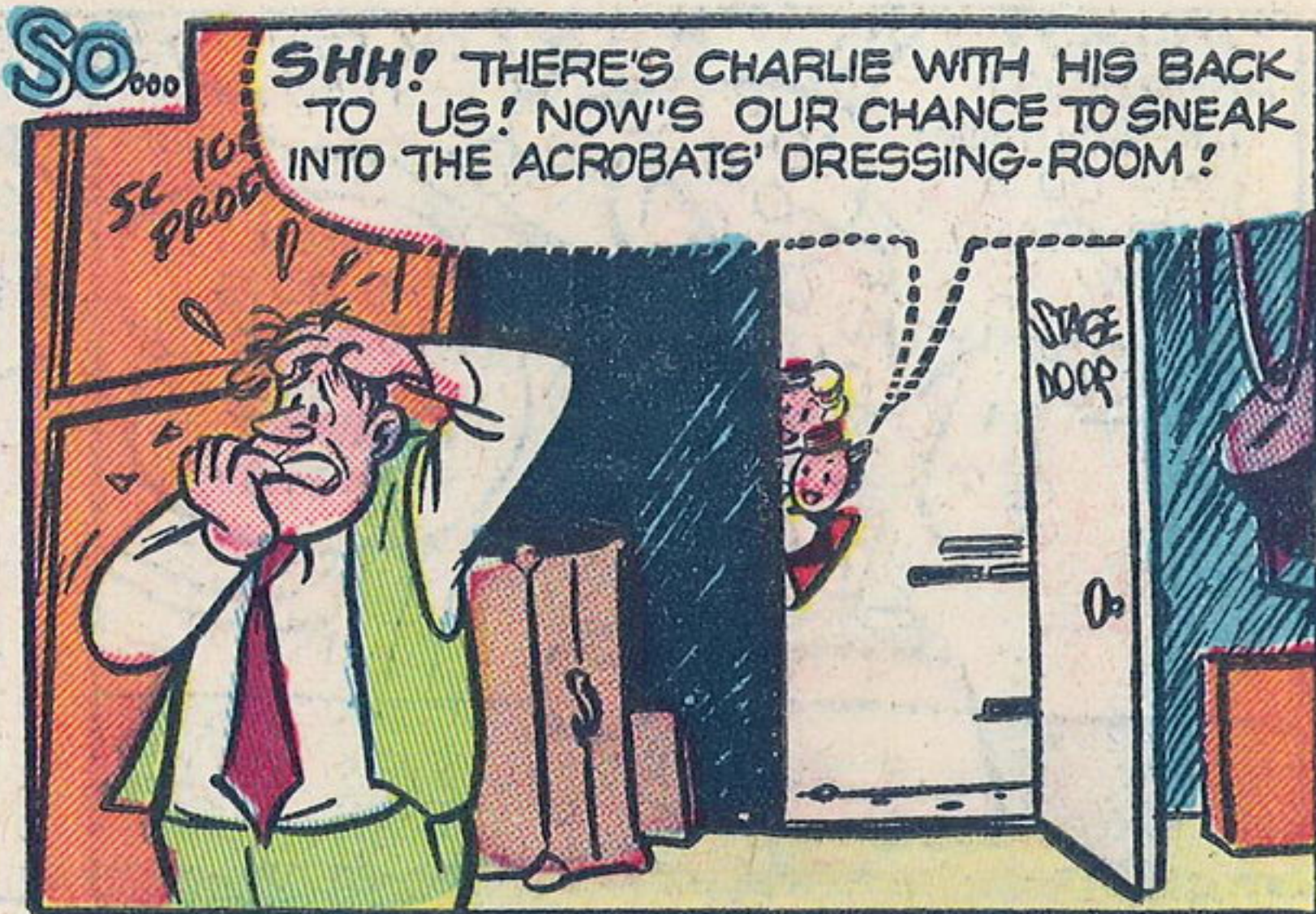
WHAT'D YOU SAY?

I SAID **YOU'RE WELCOME!**

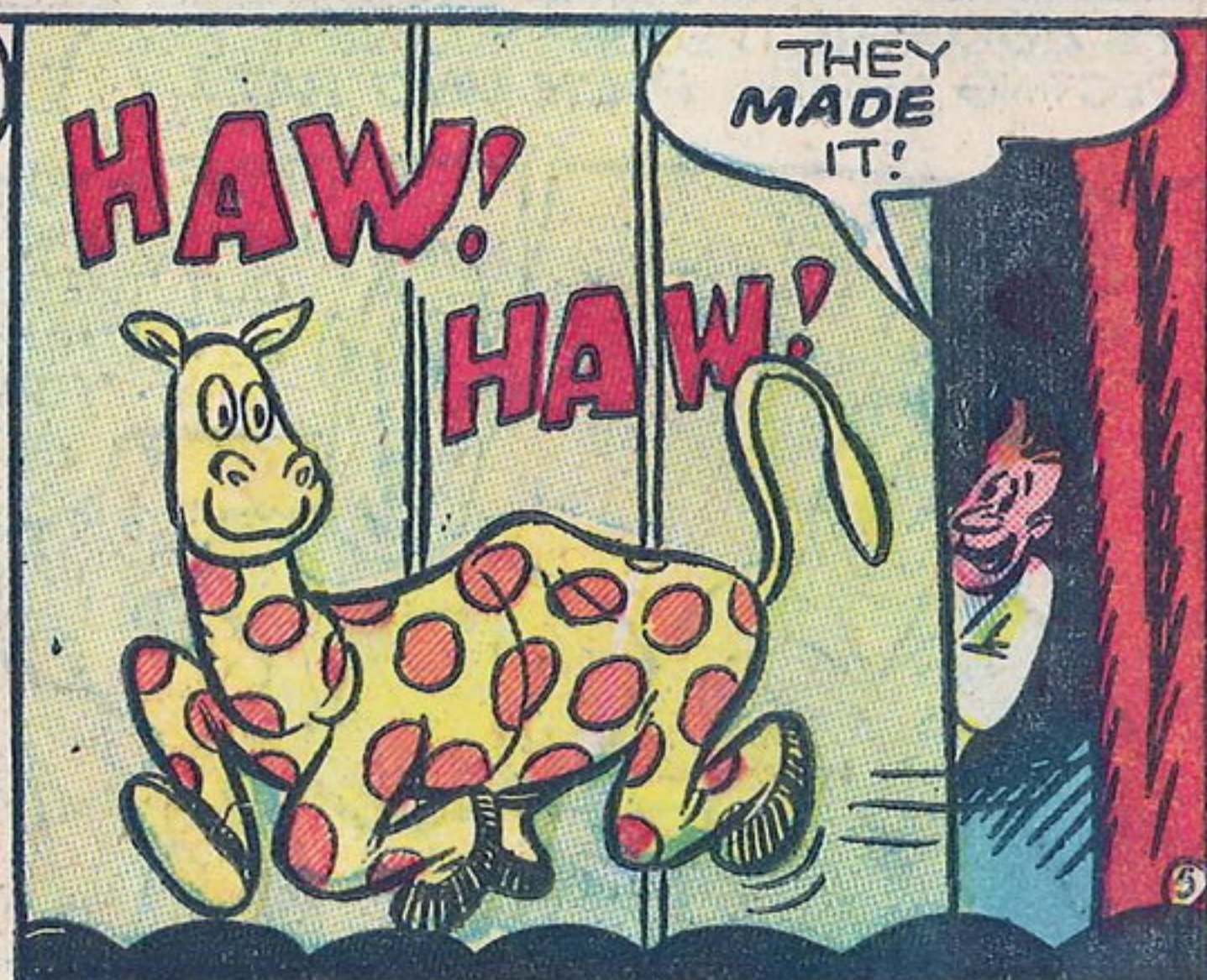
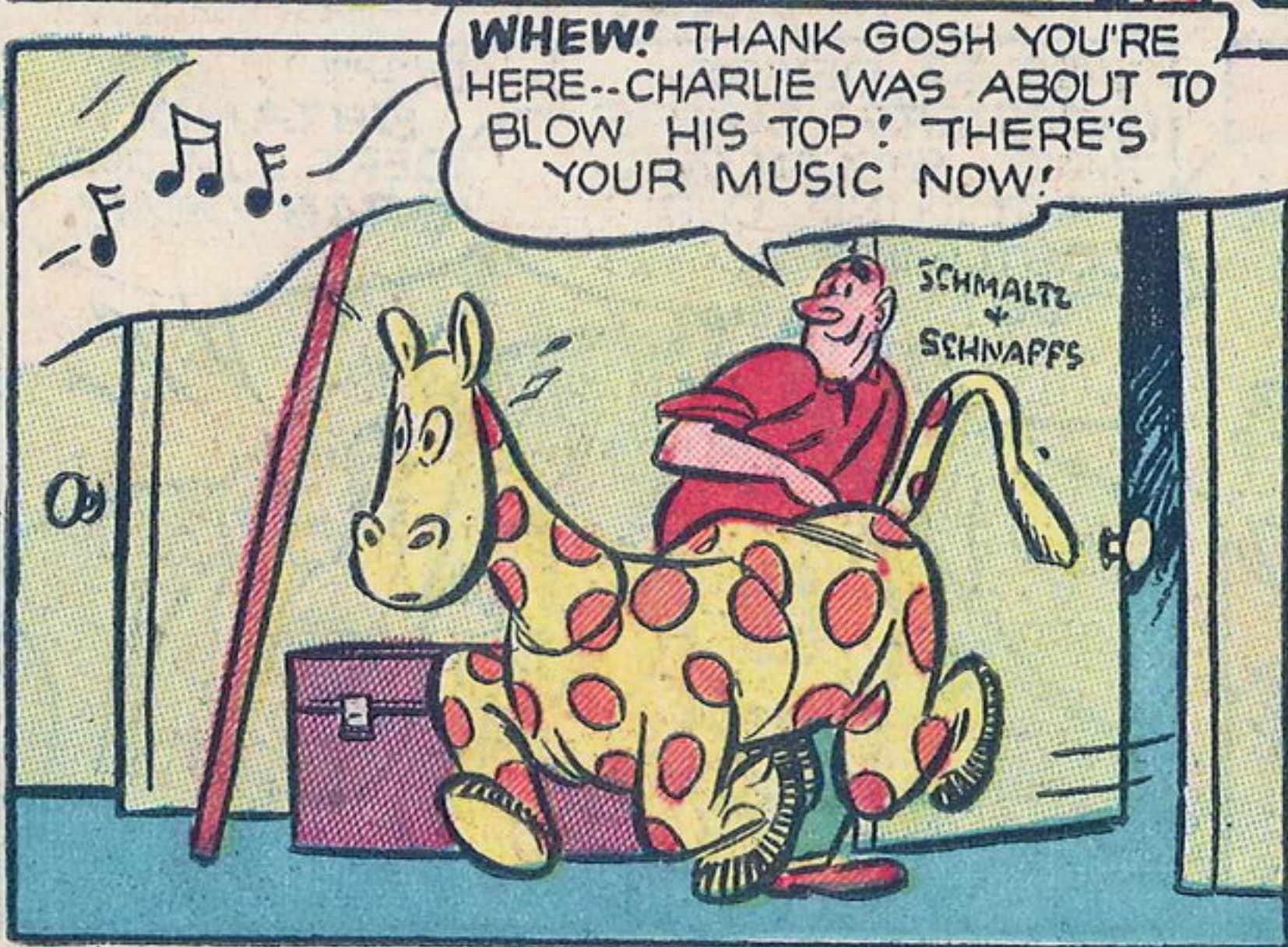
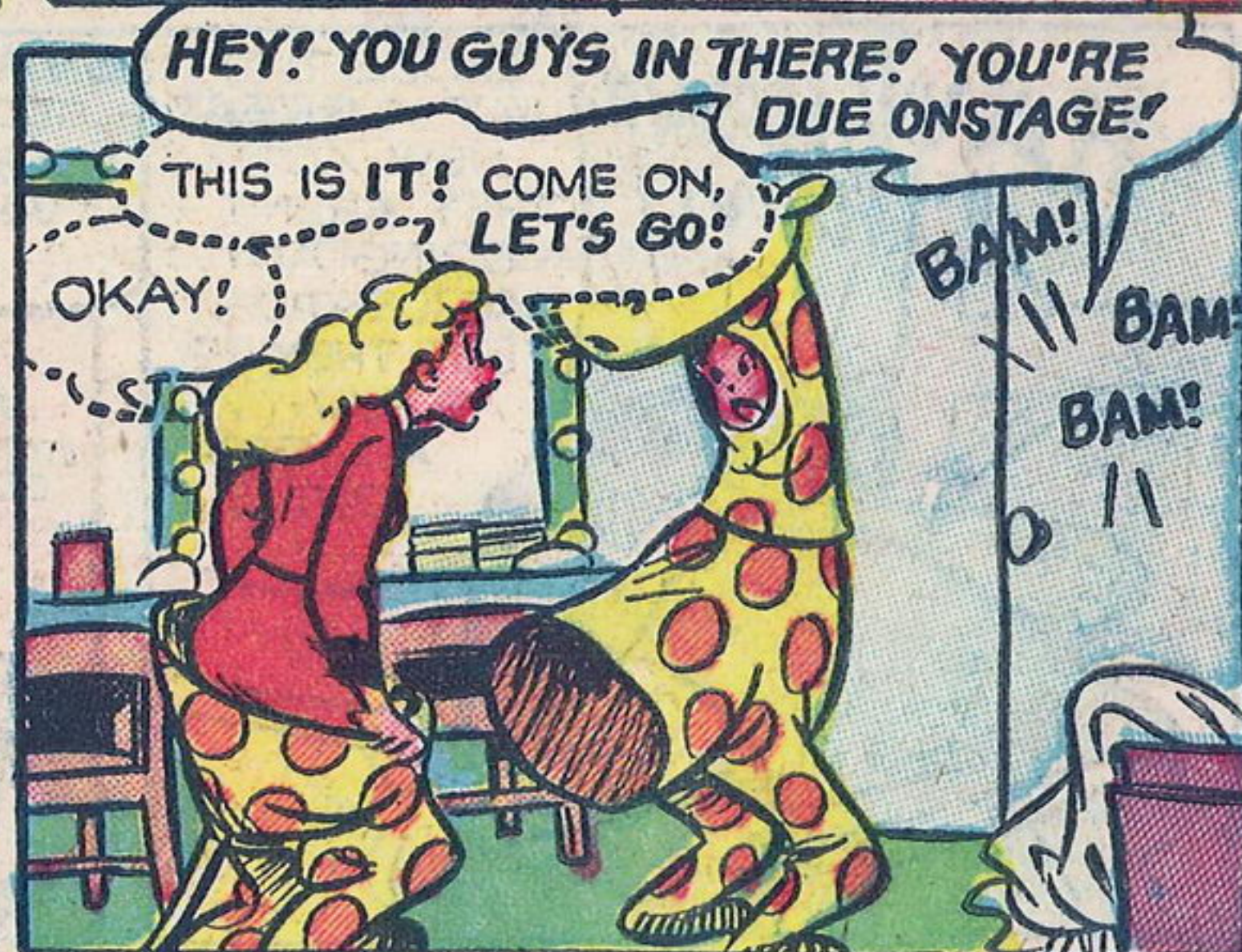
WHY'D YOU SAY **THAT?**

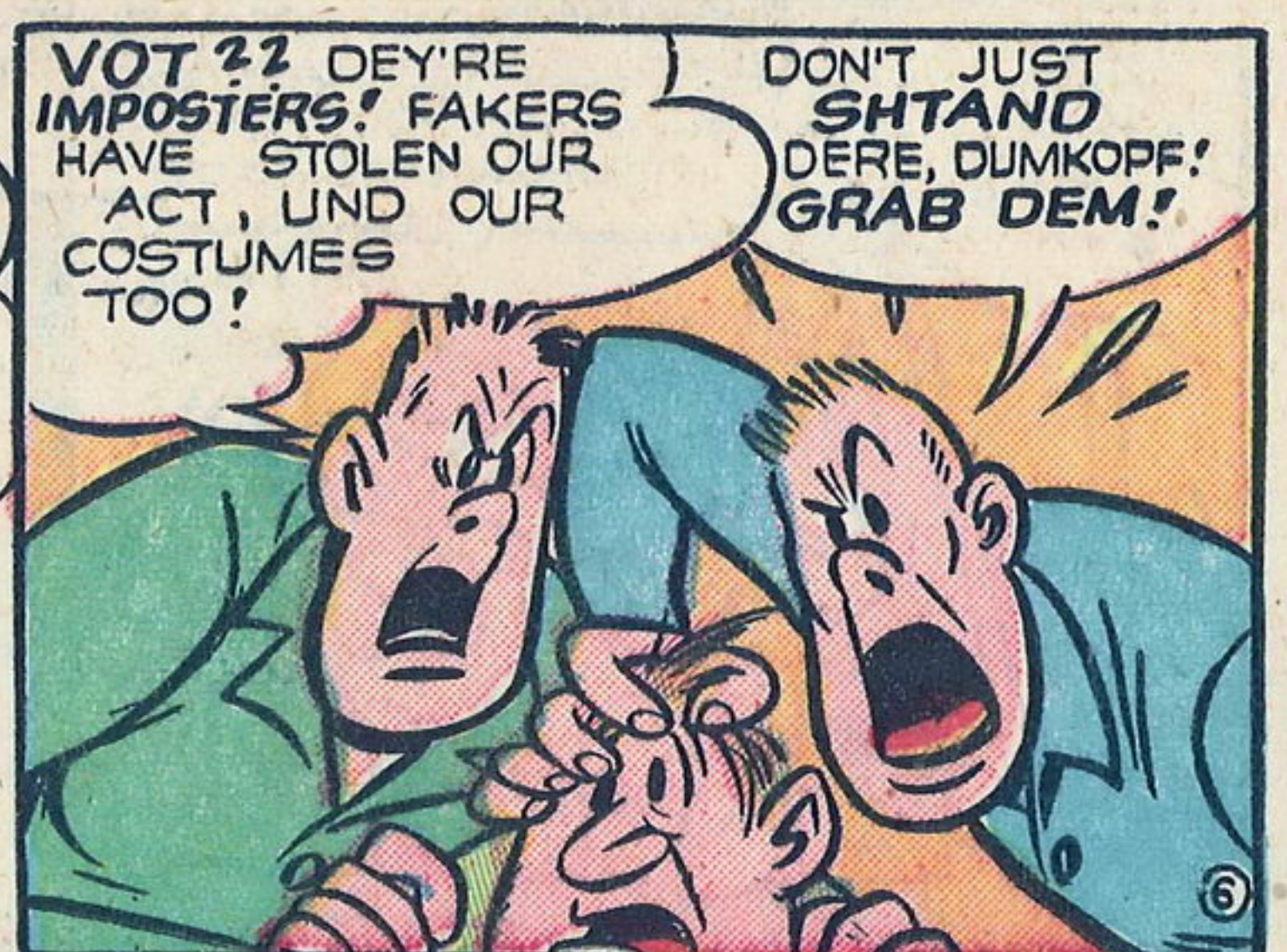
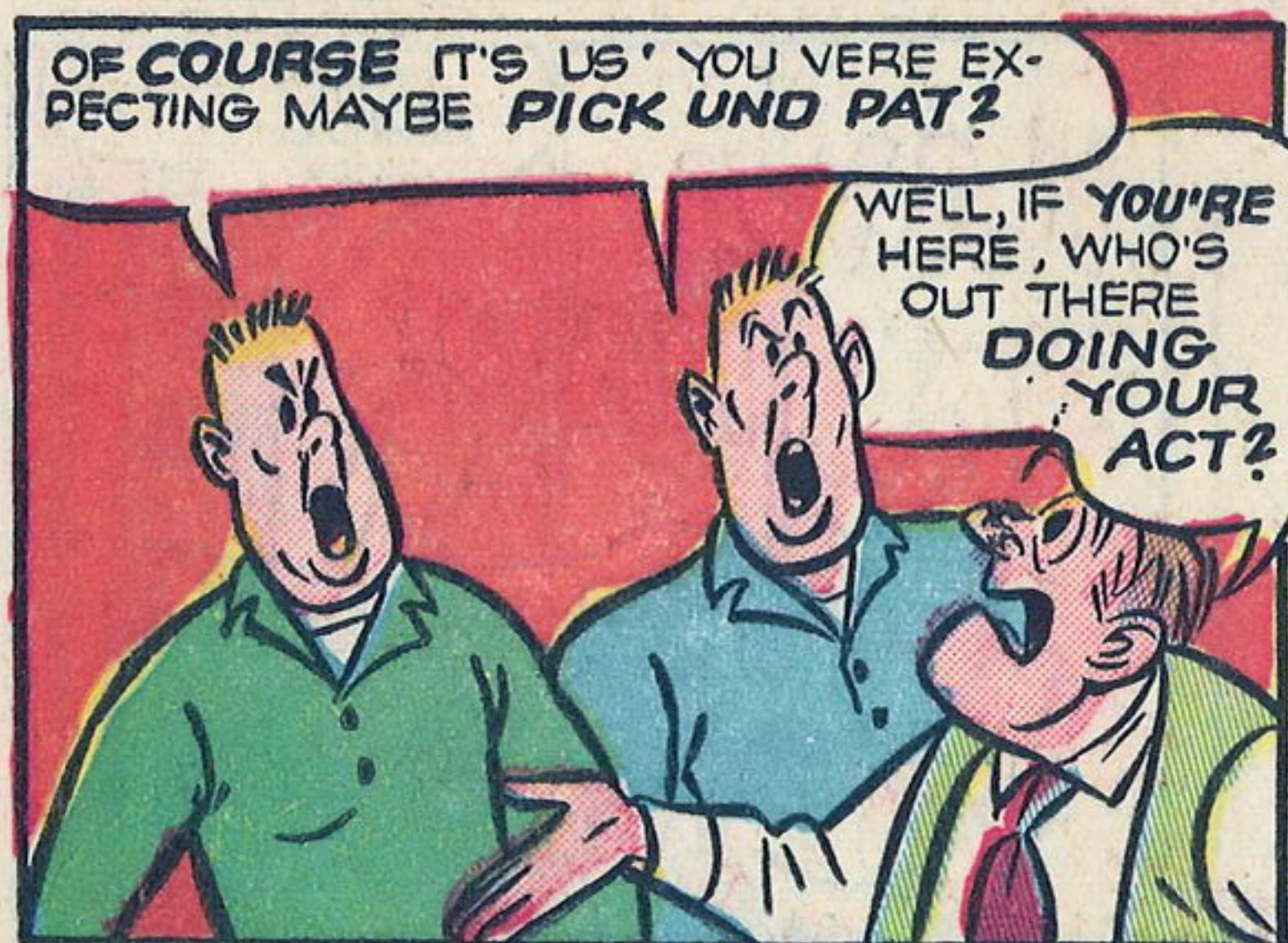
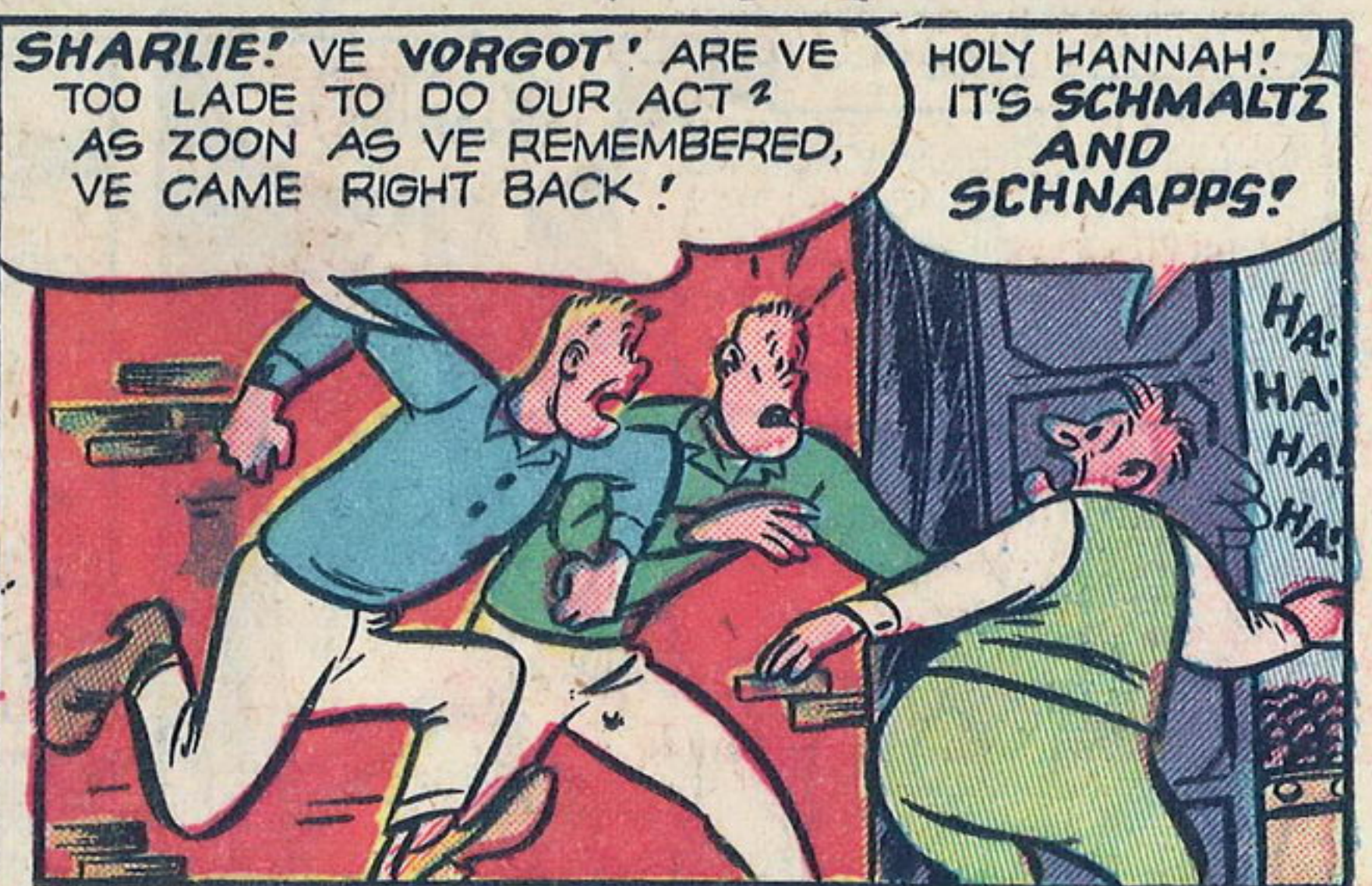
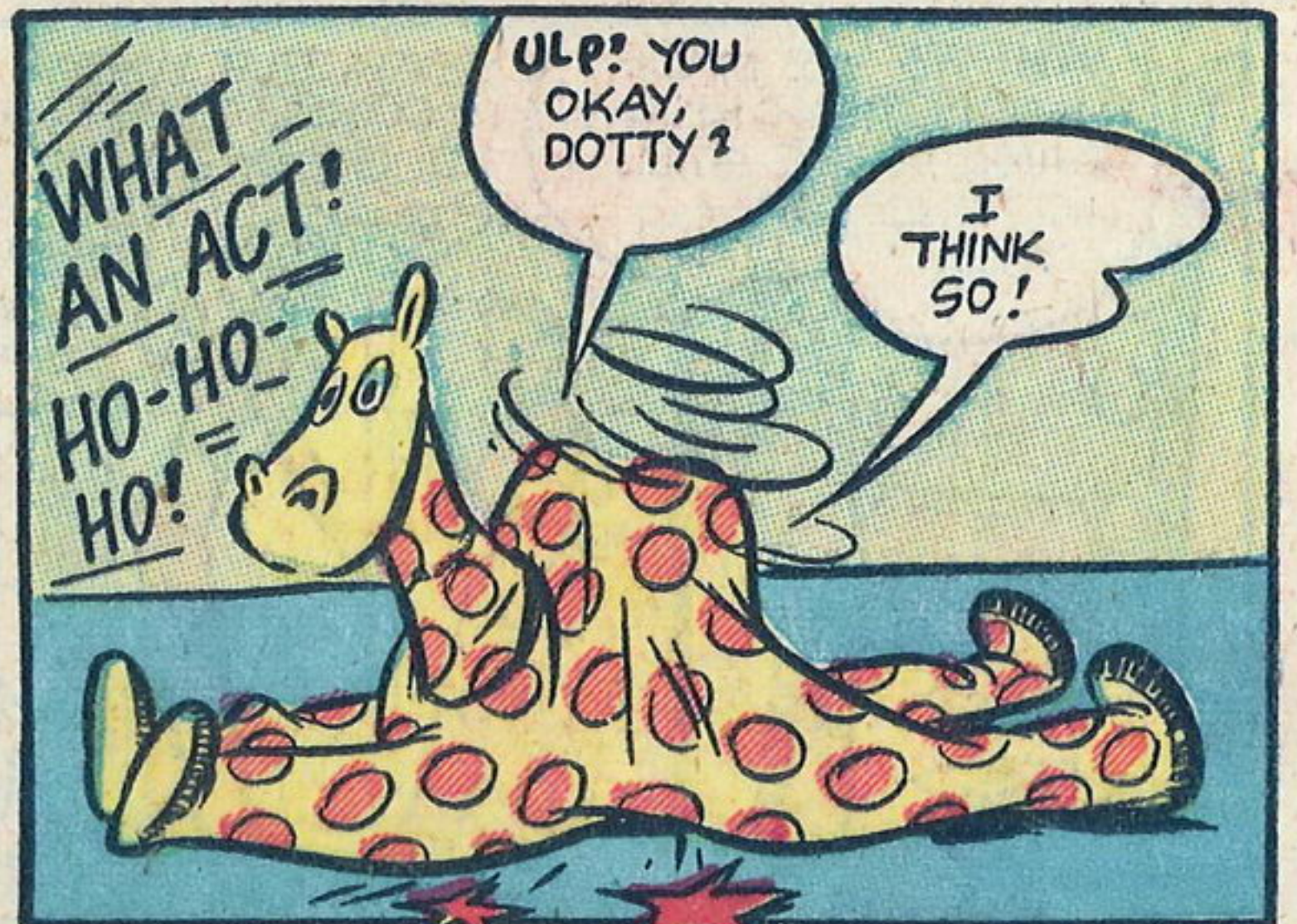
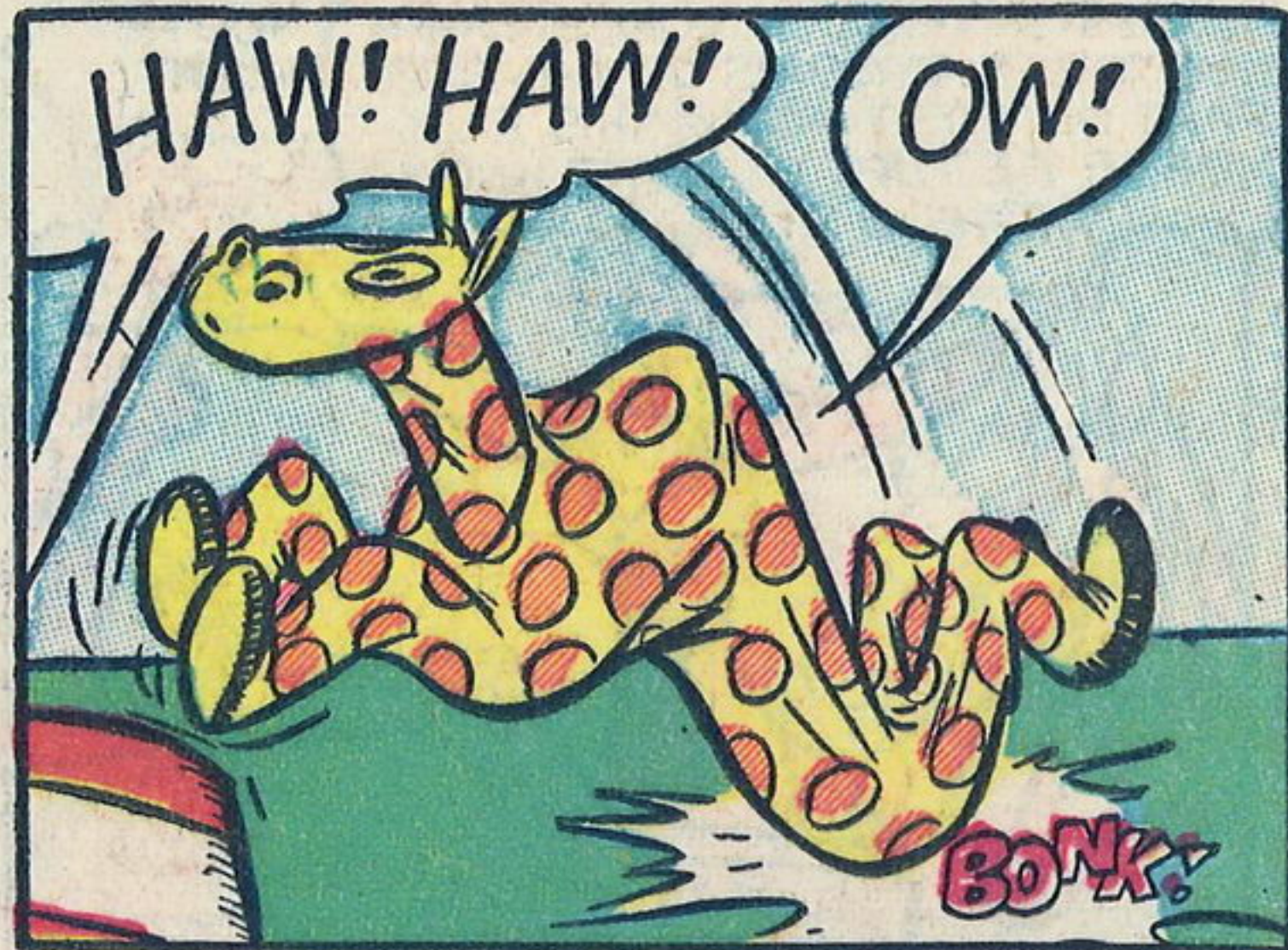
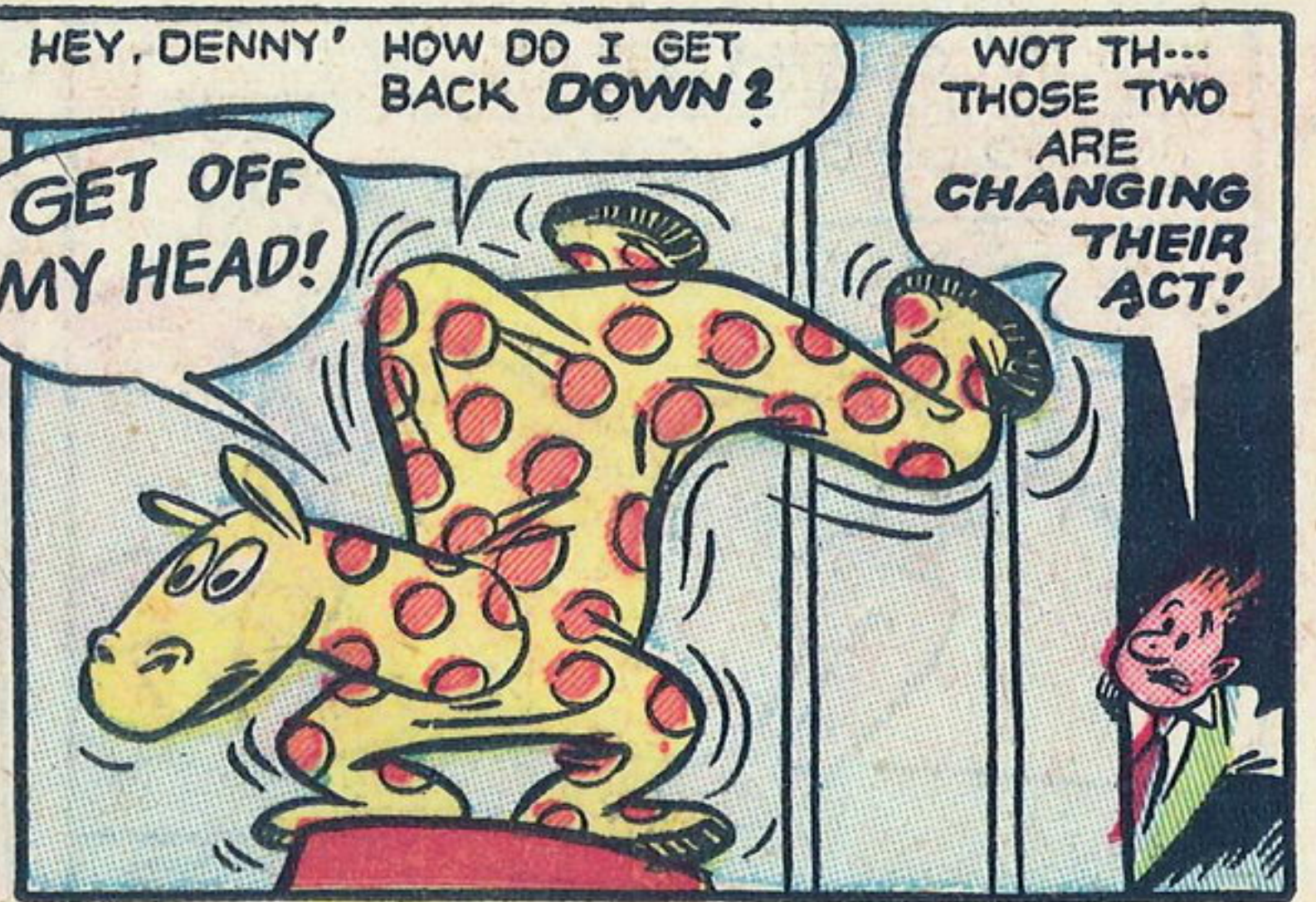
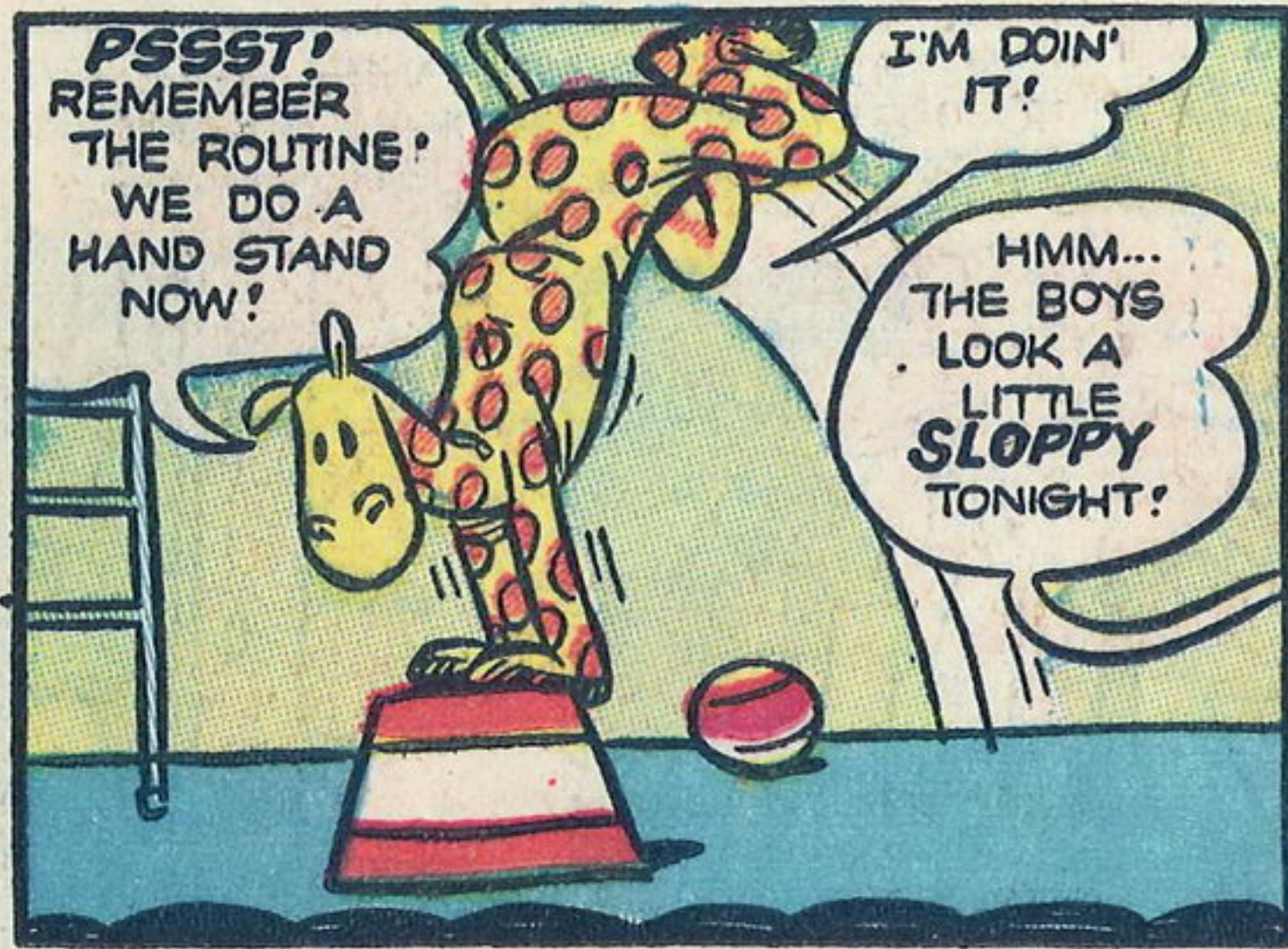
BECAUSE YOU SAID, "THANKS TO YOU", SO I SAID, "YOU'RE WELCOME!"

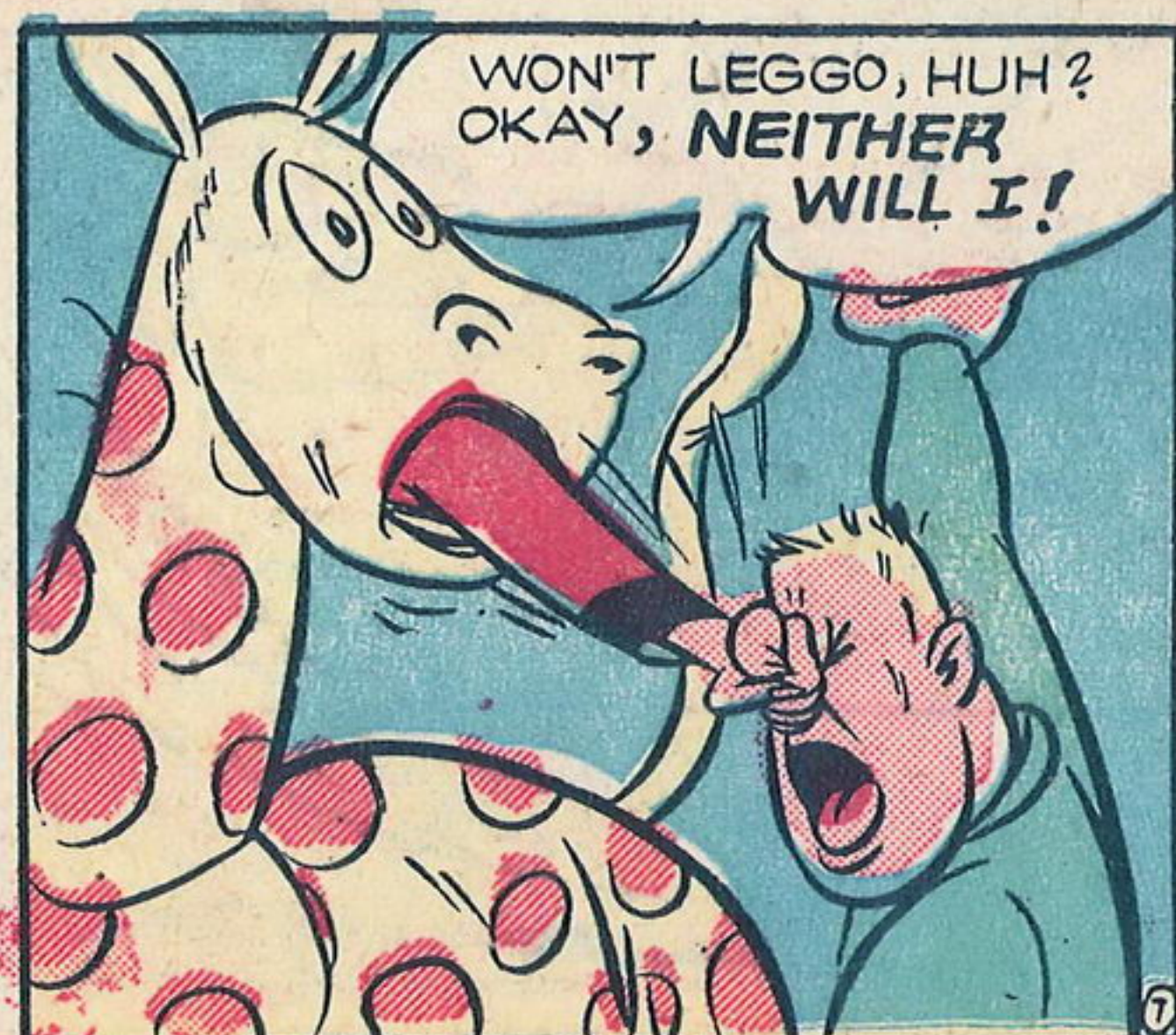
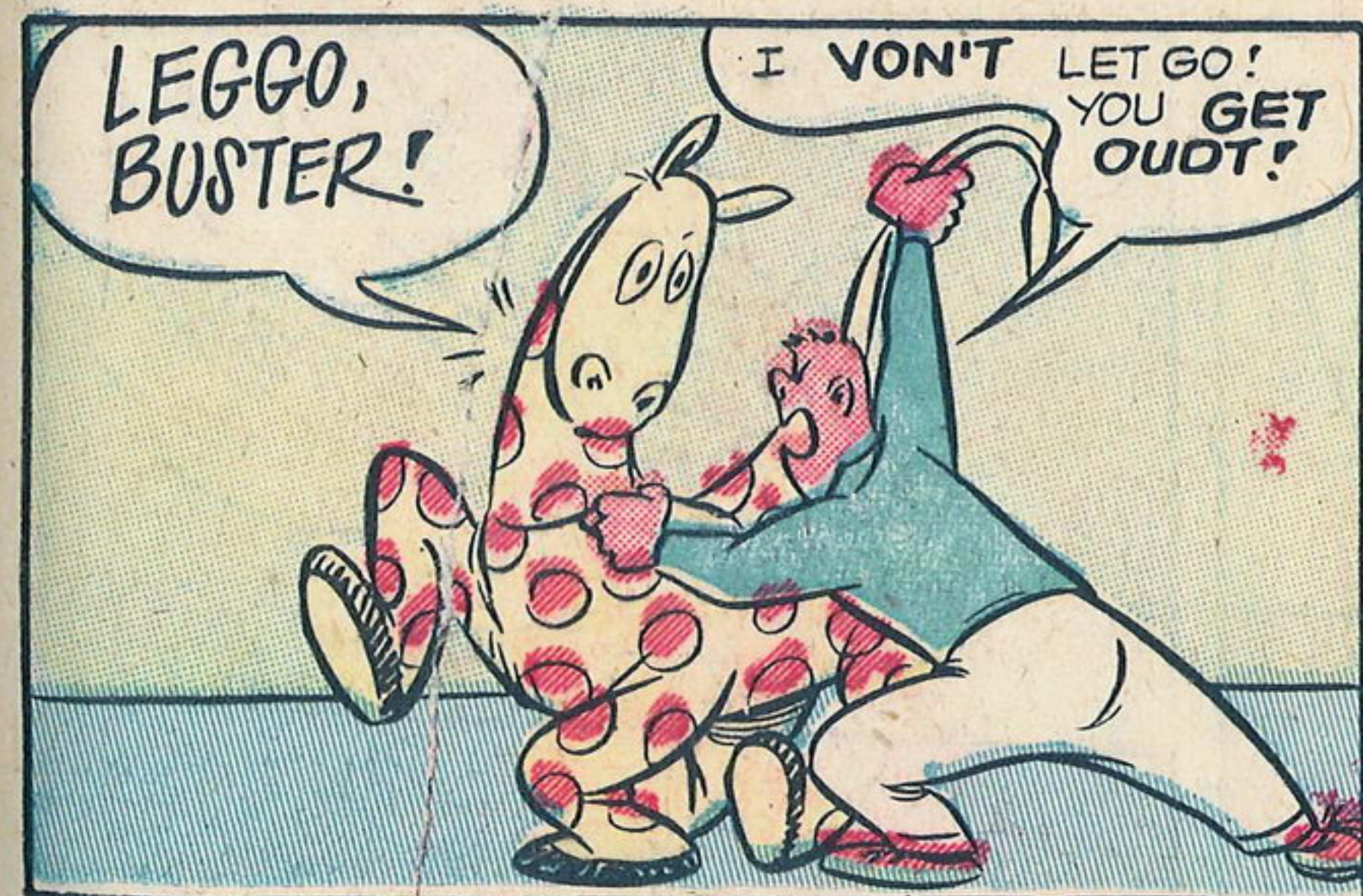
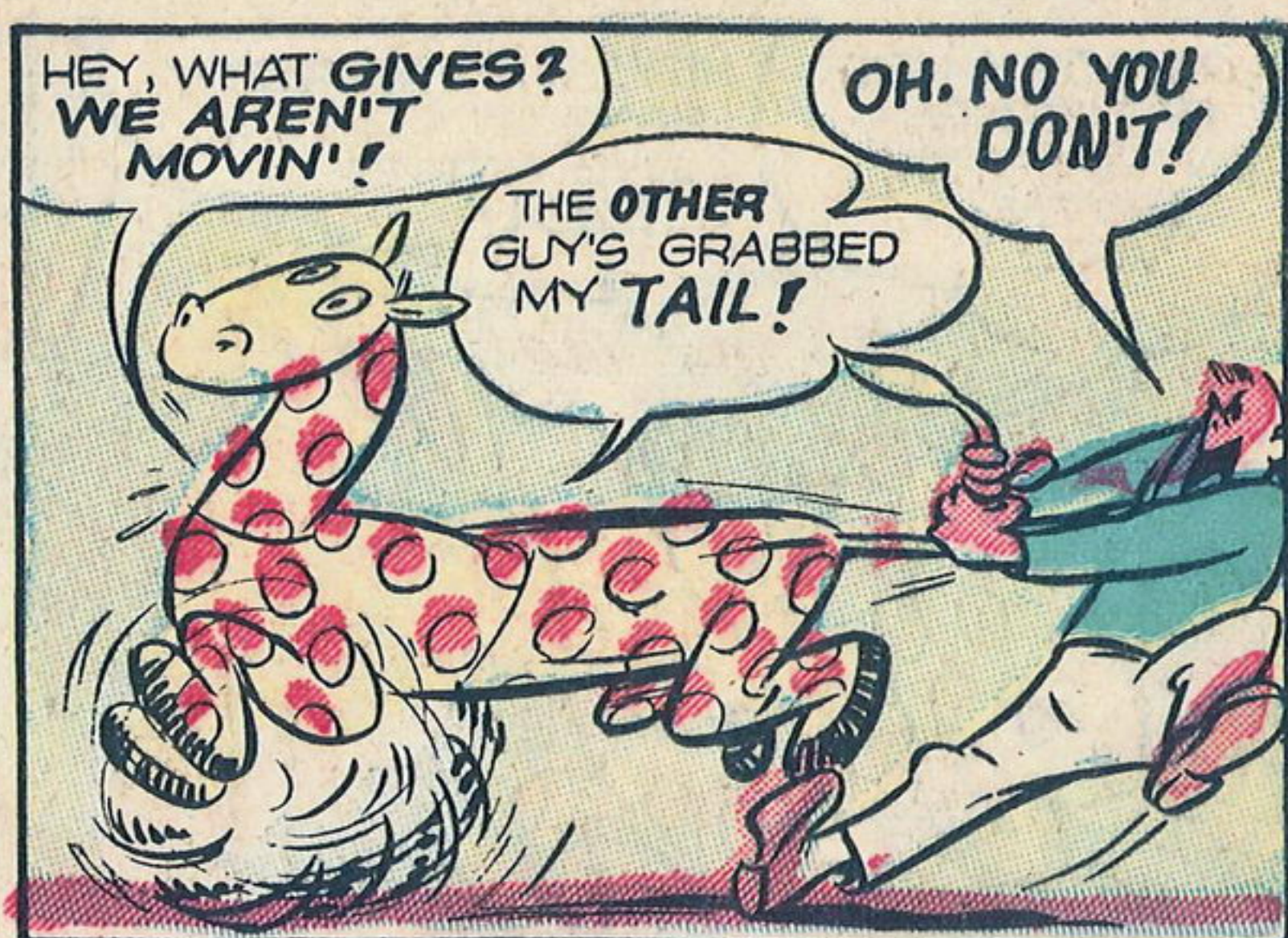
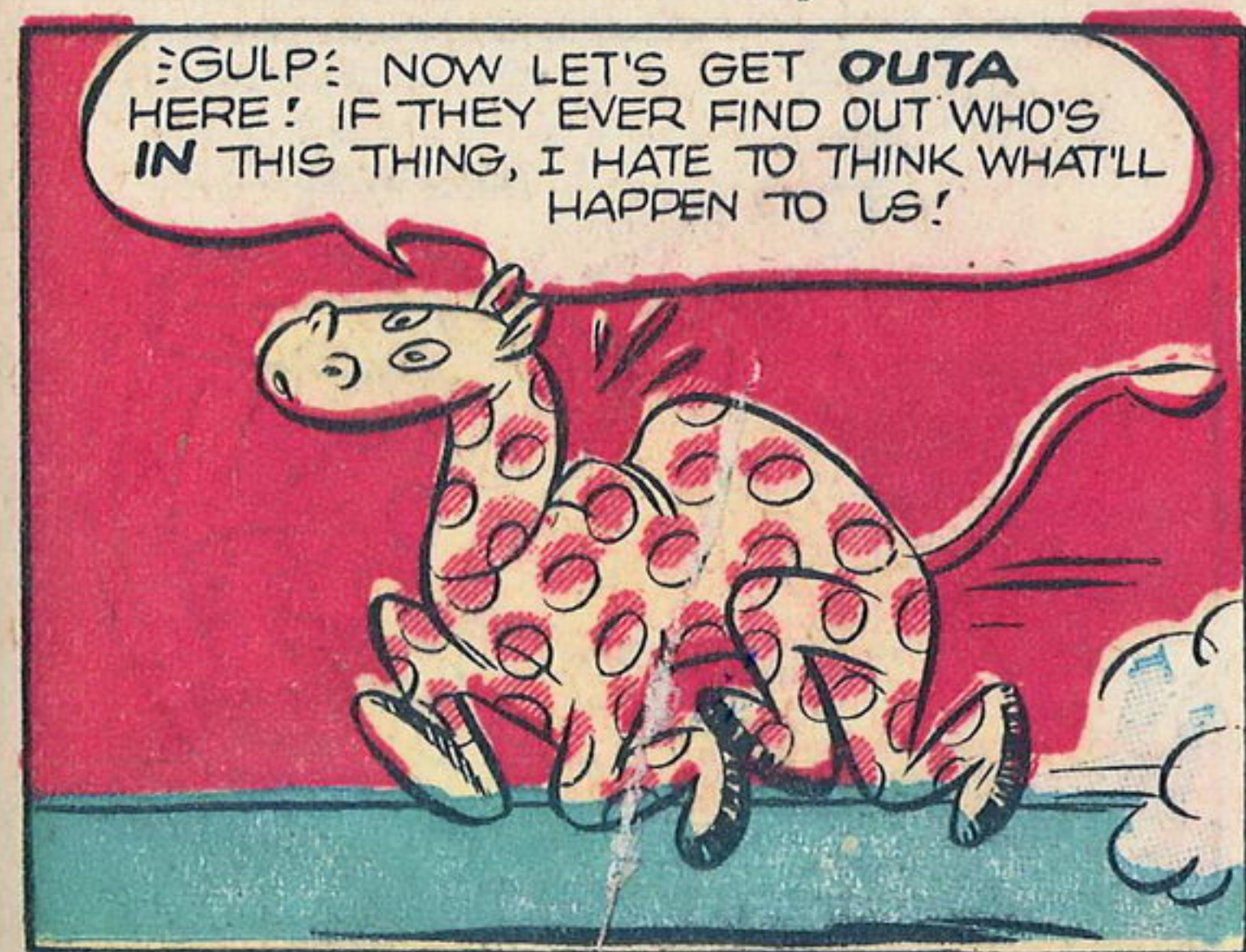
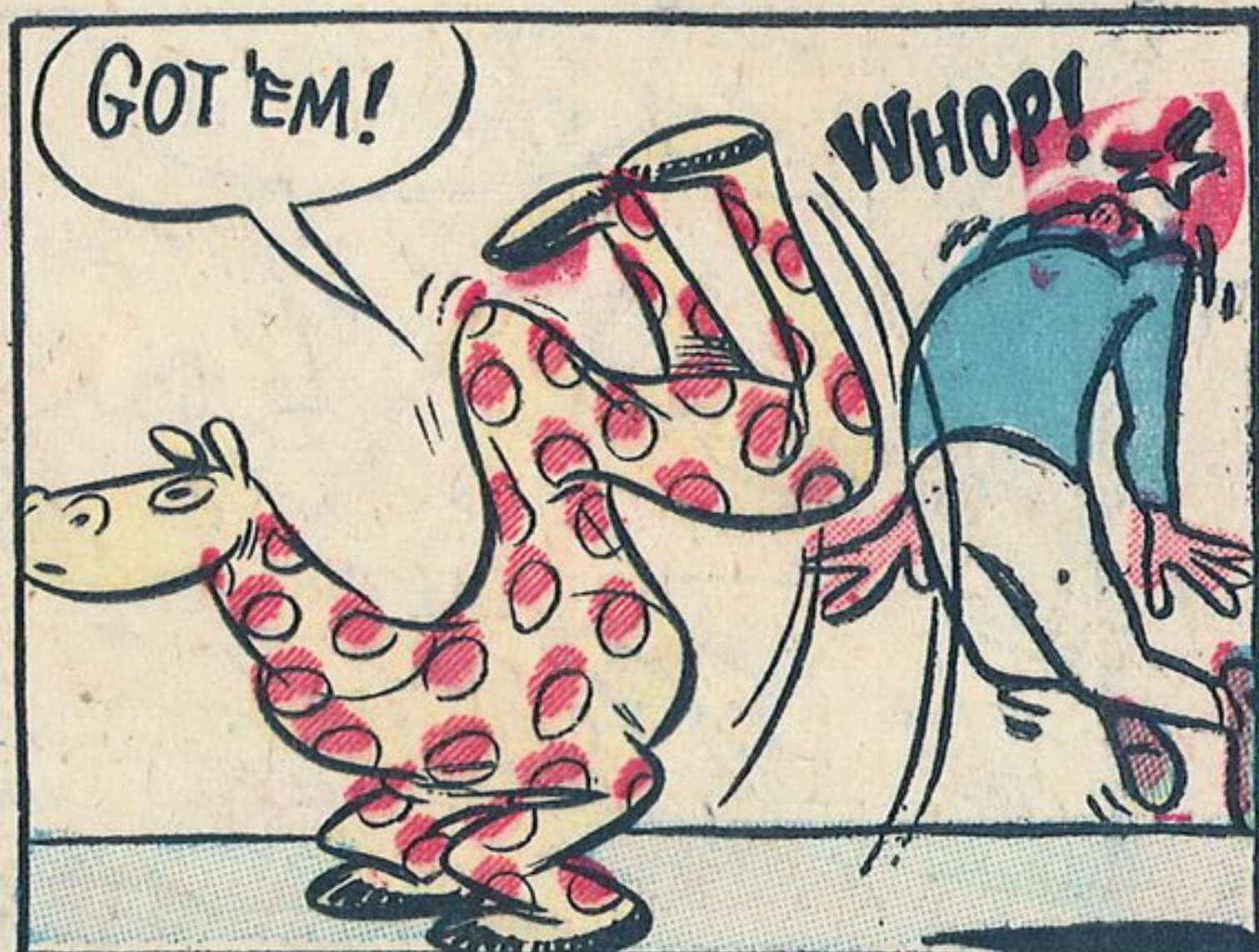
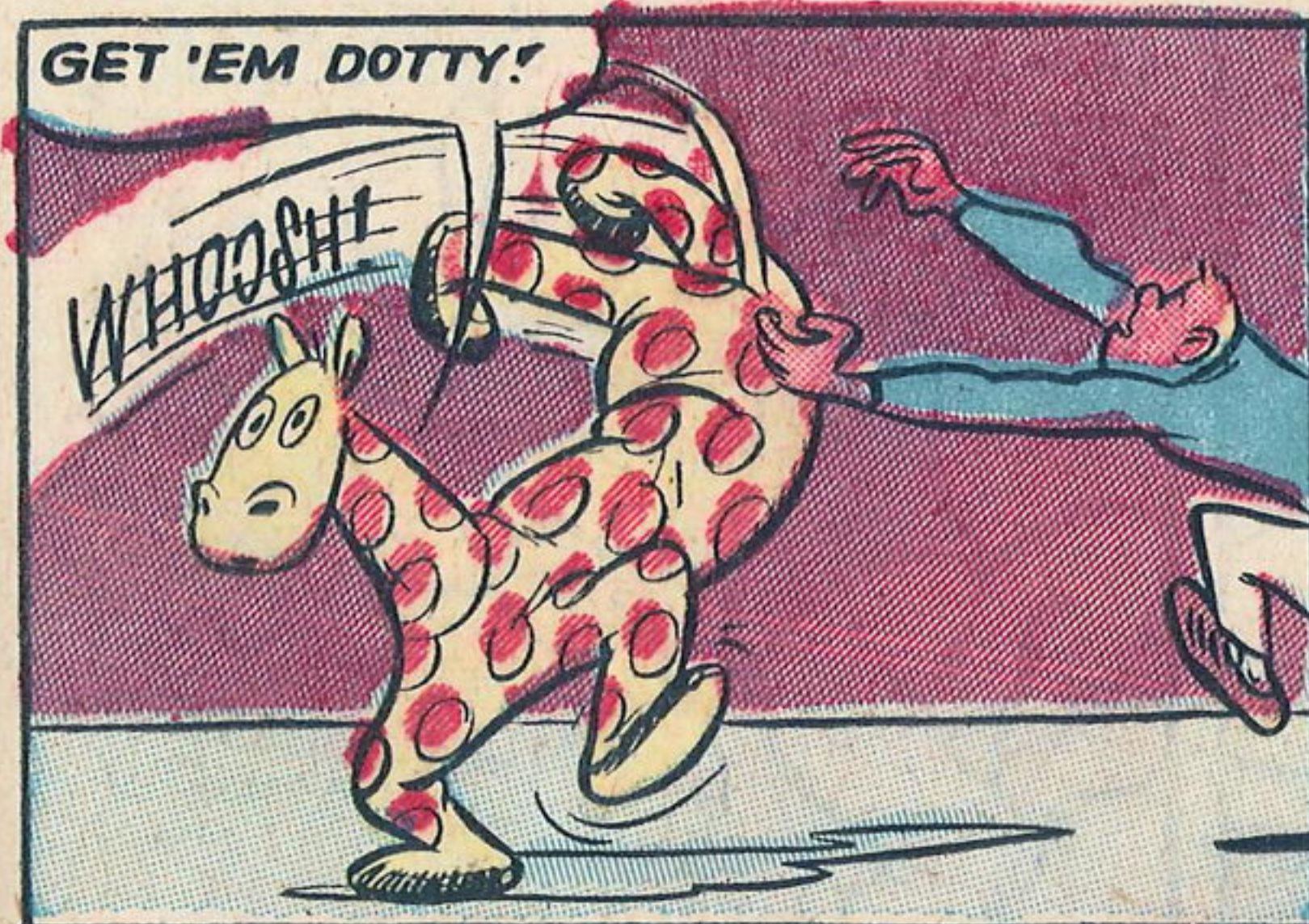
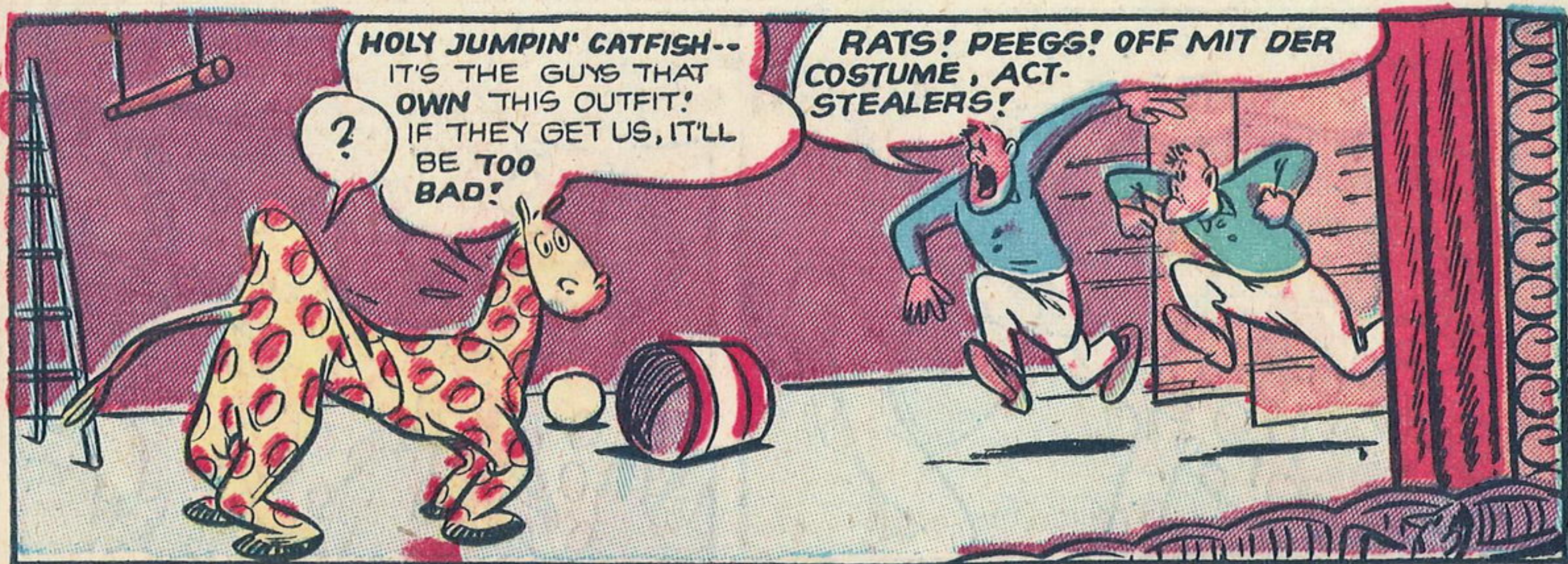


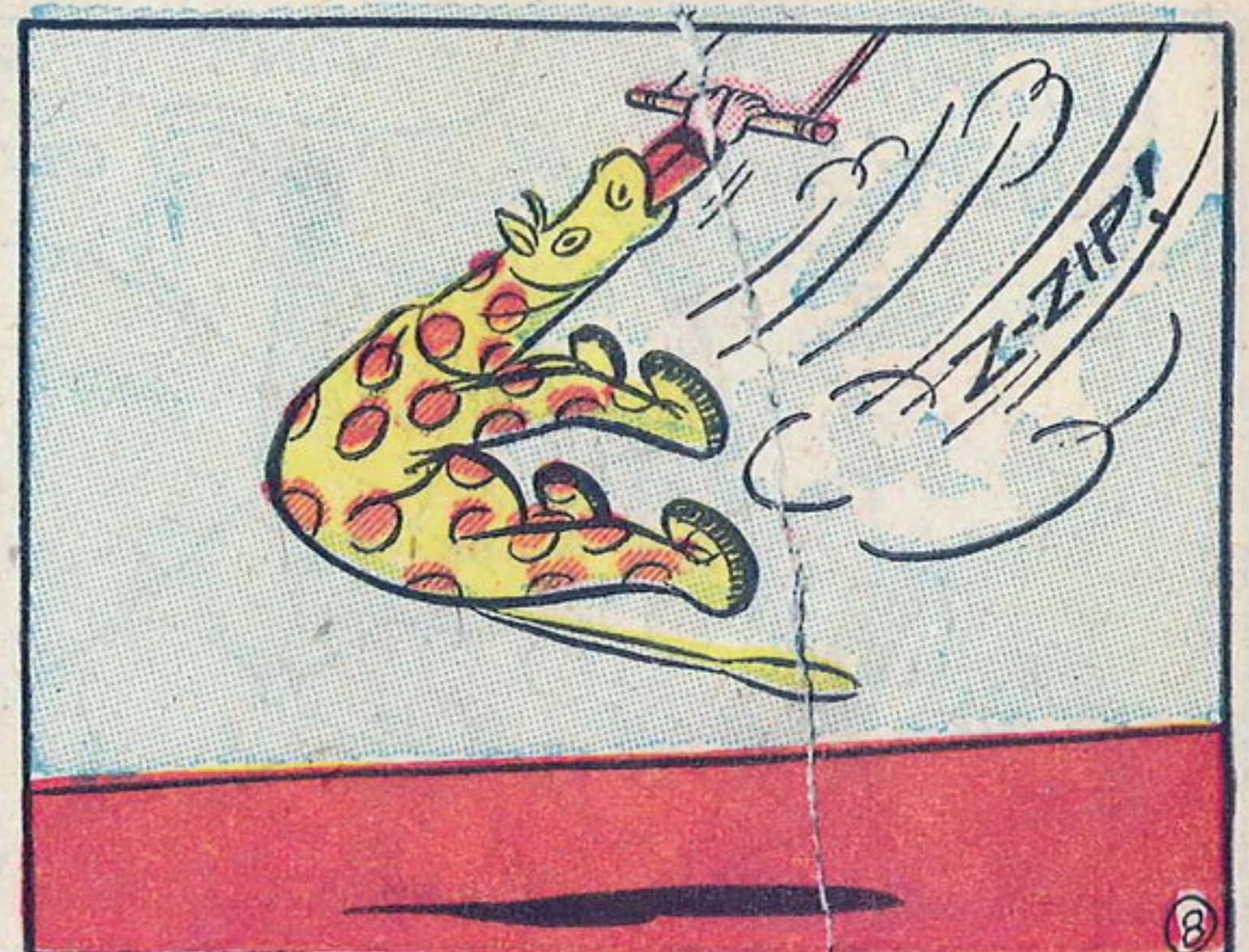
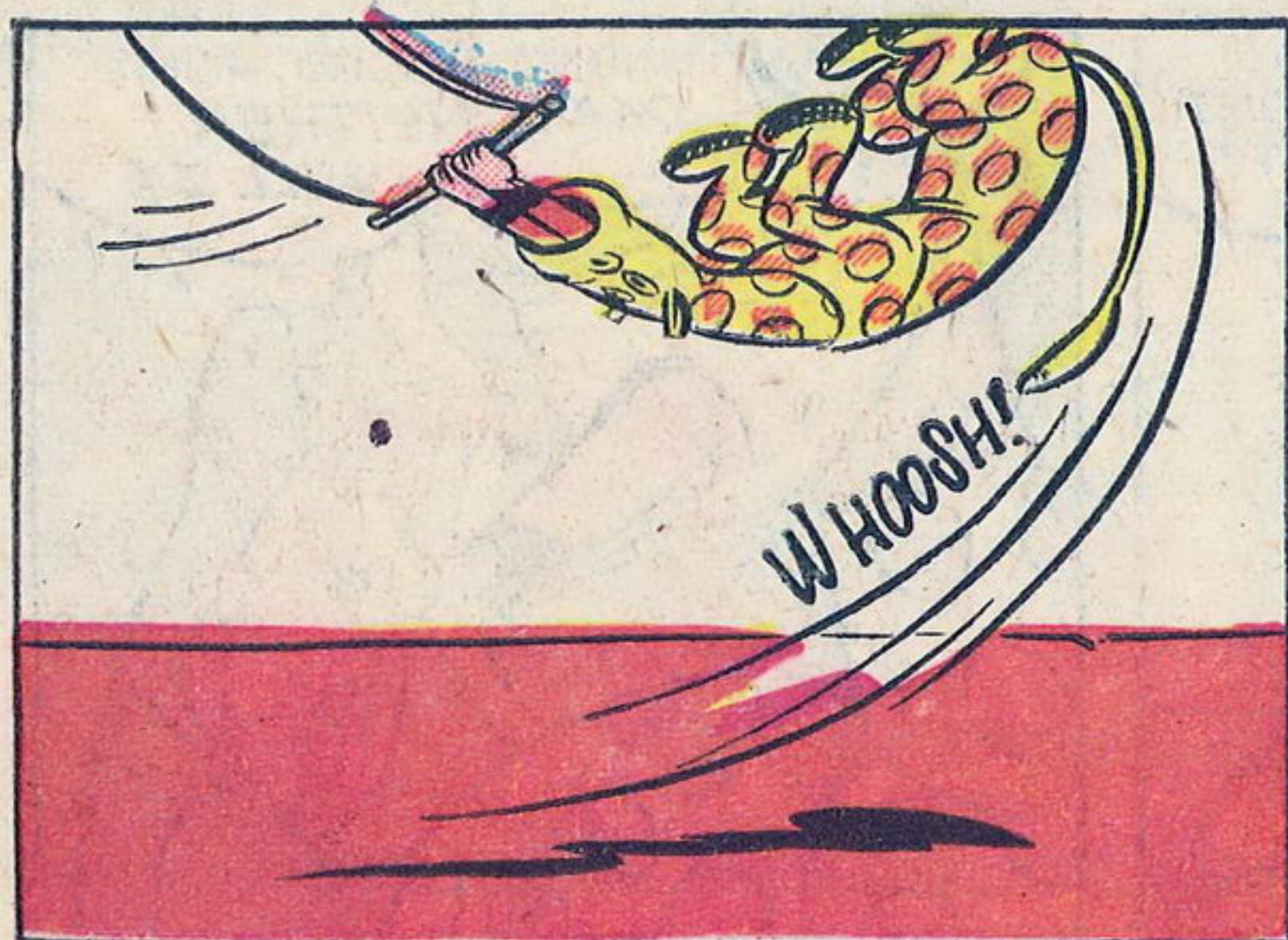
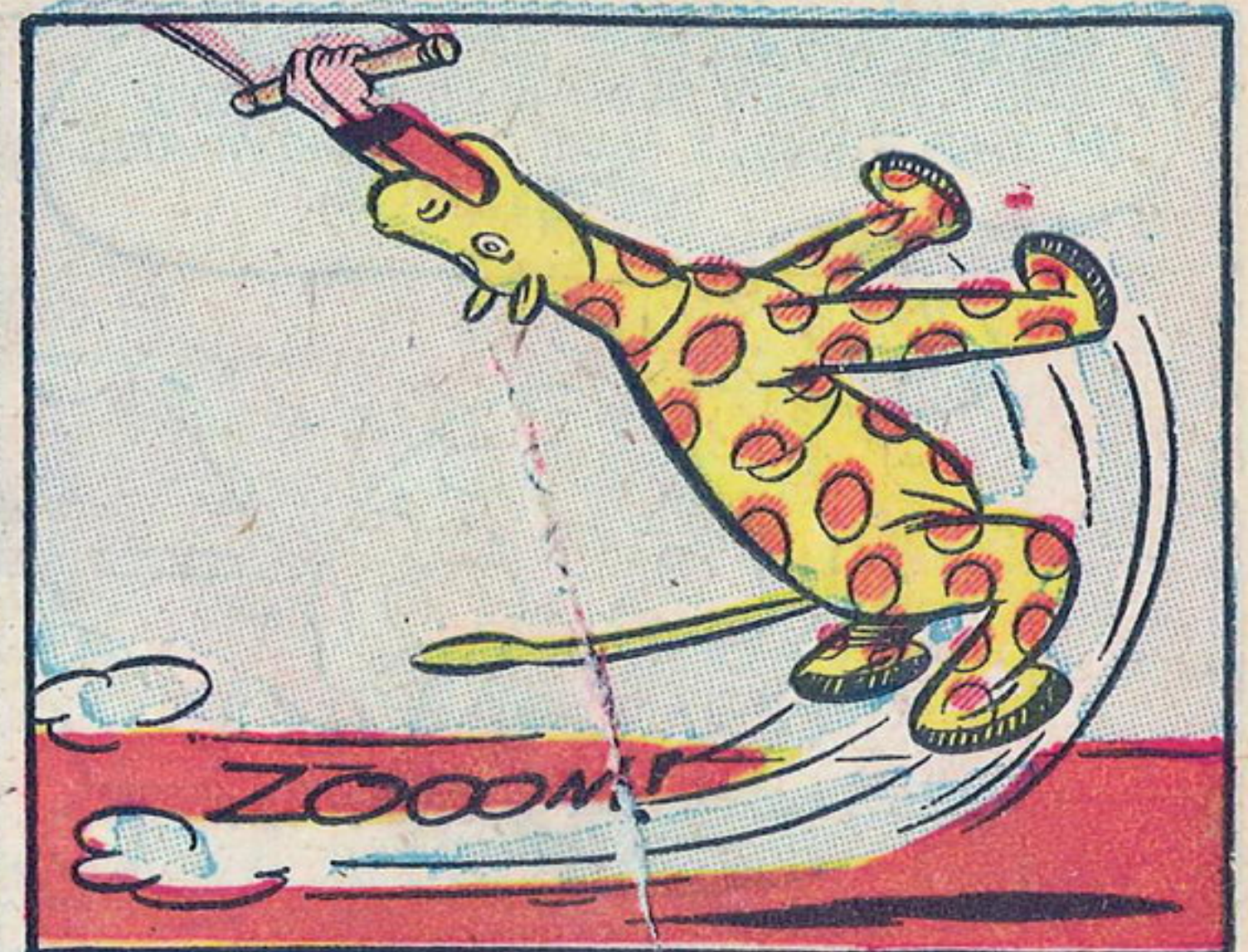
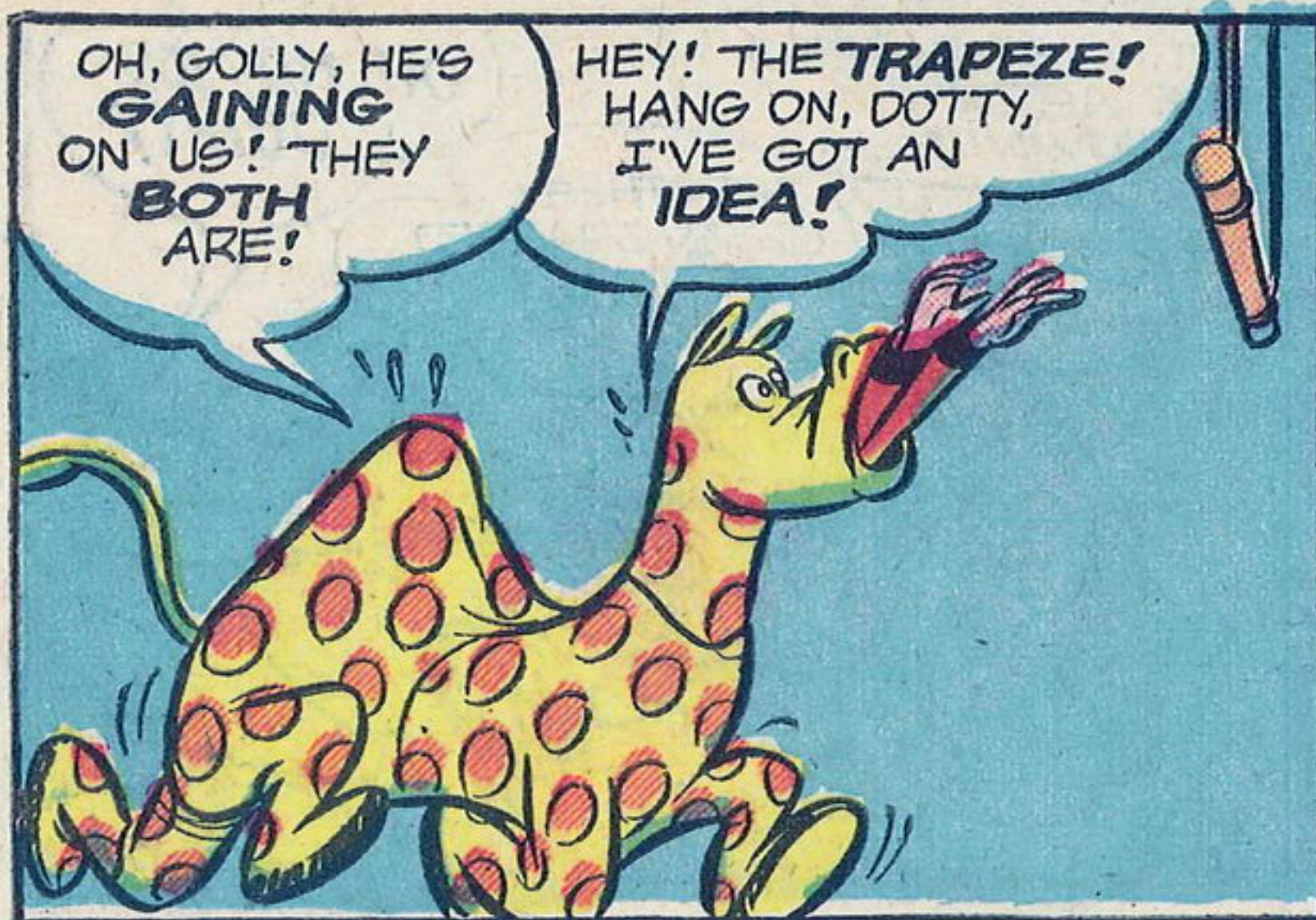
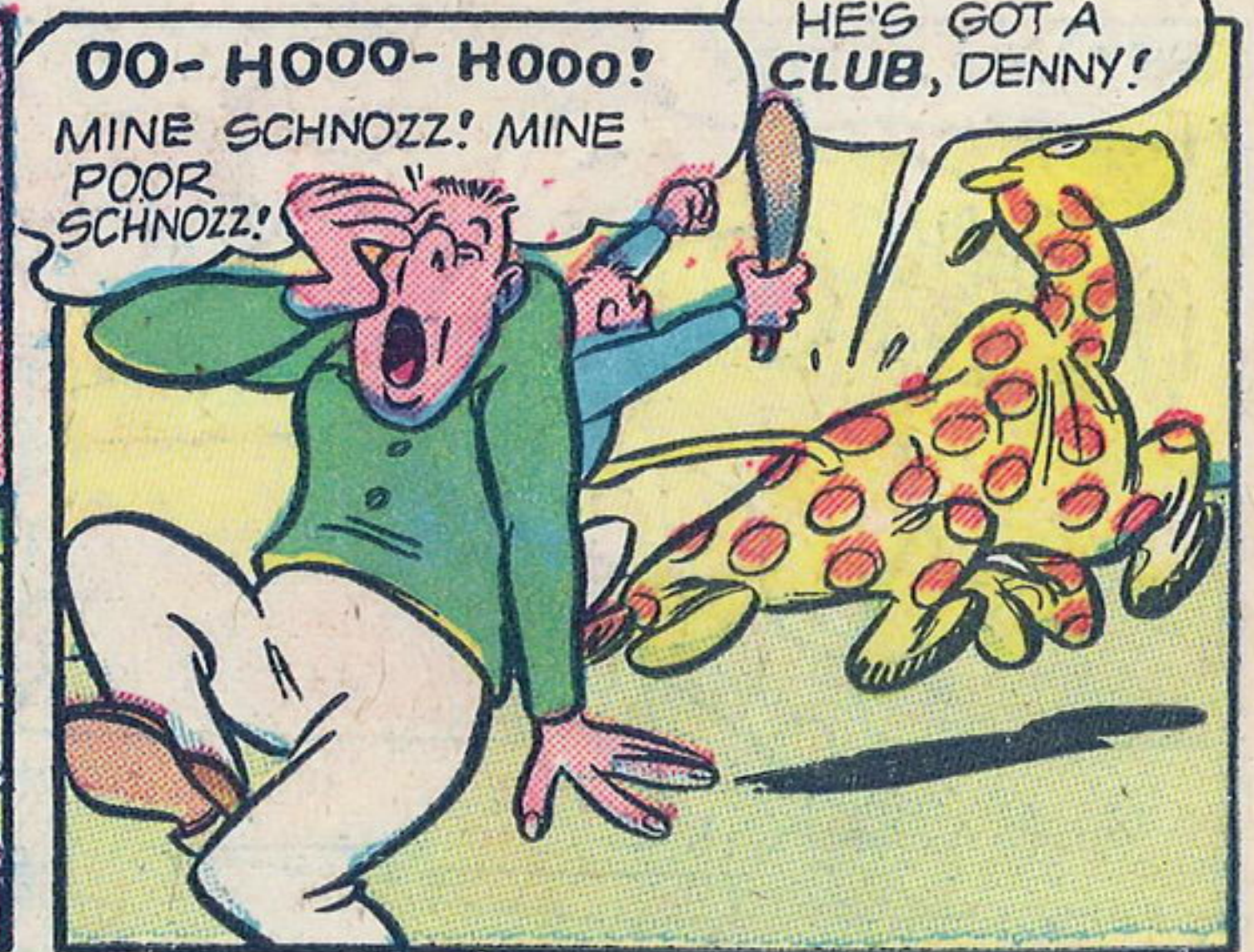
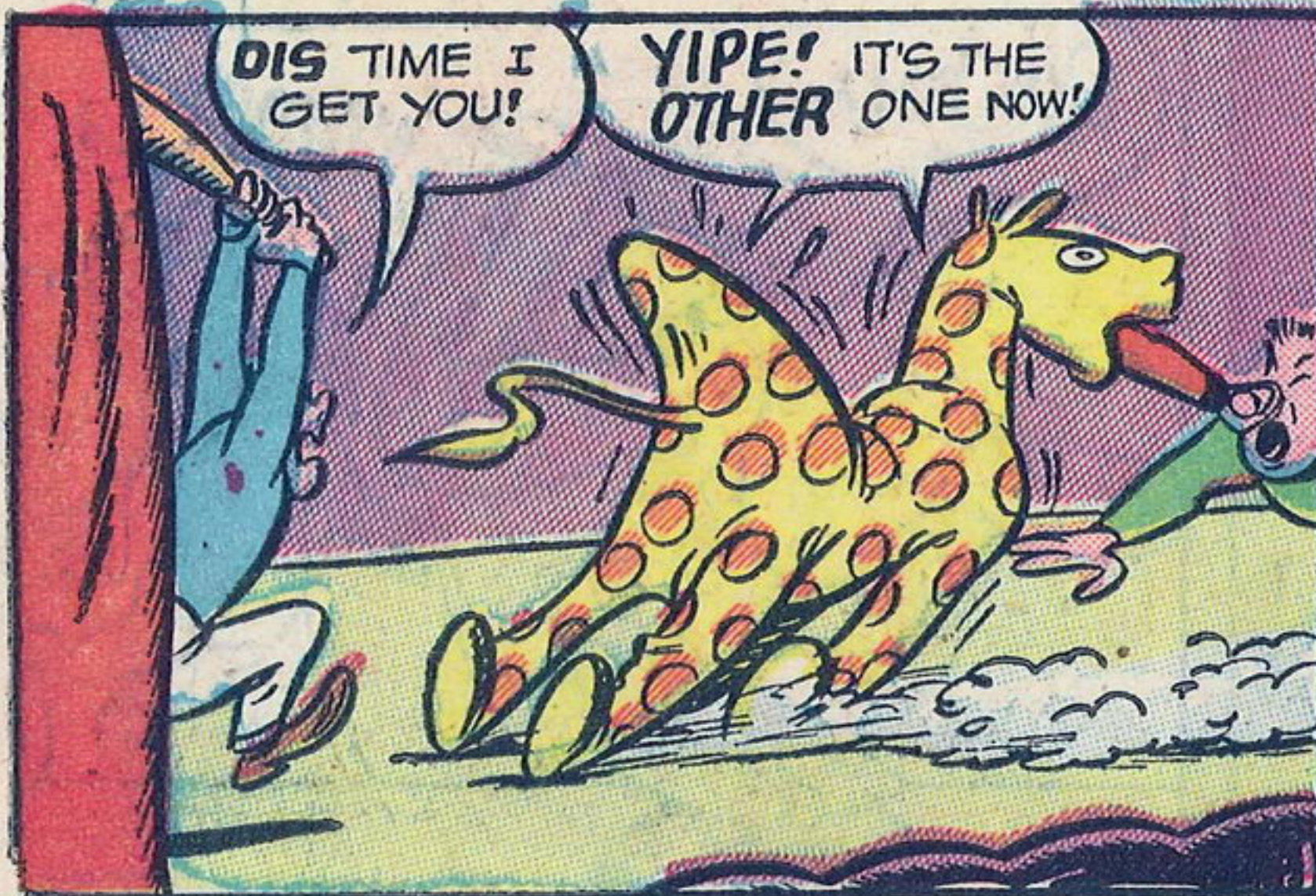
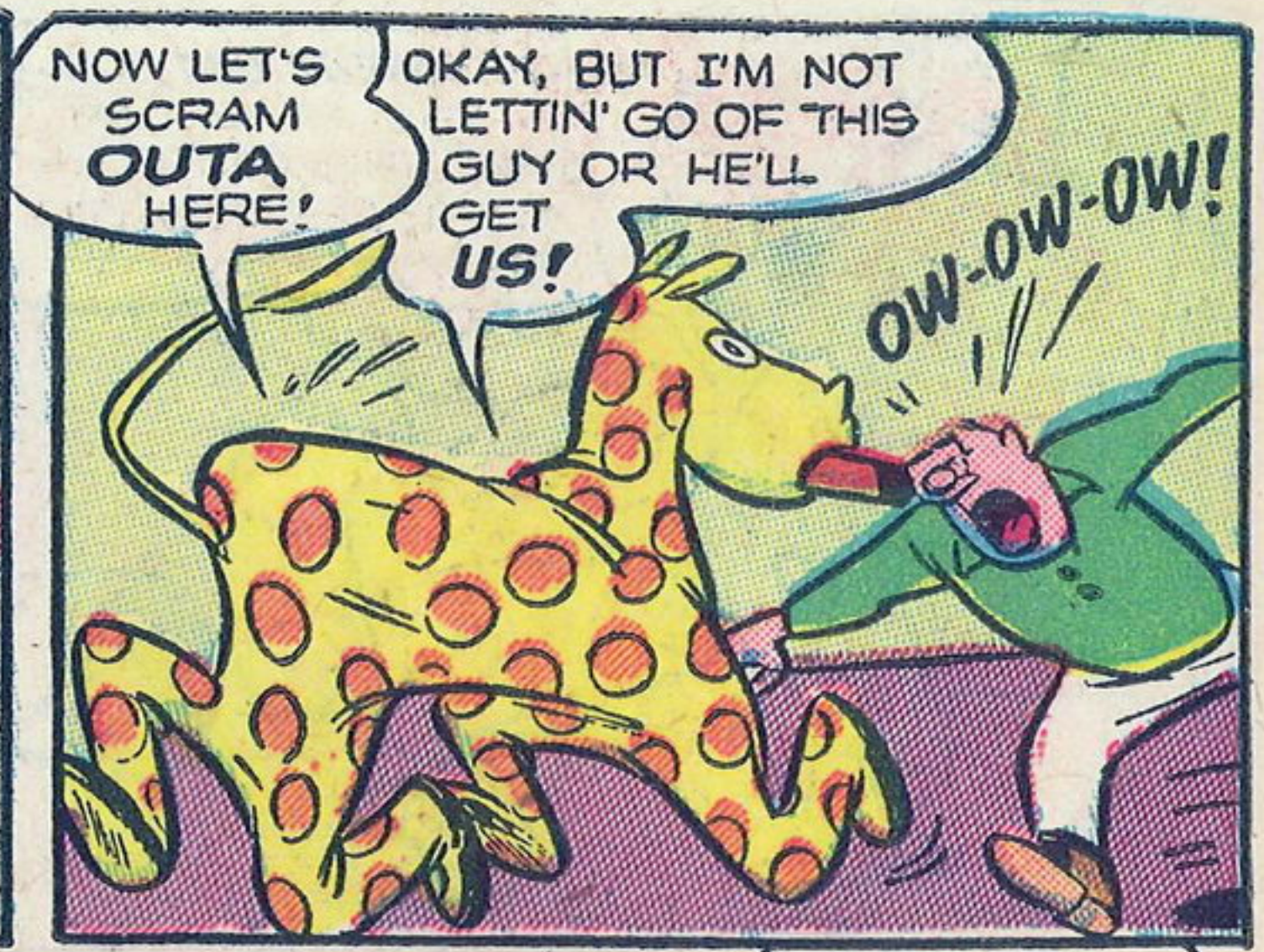
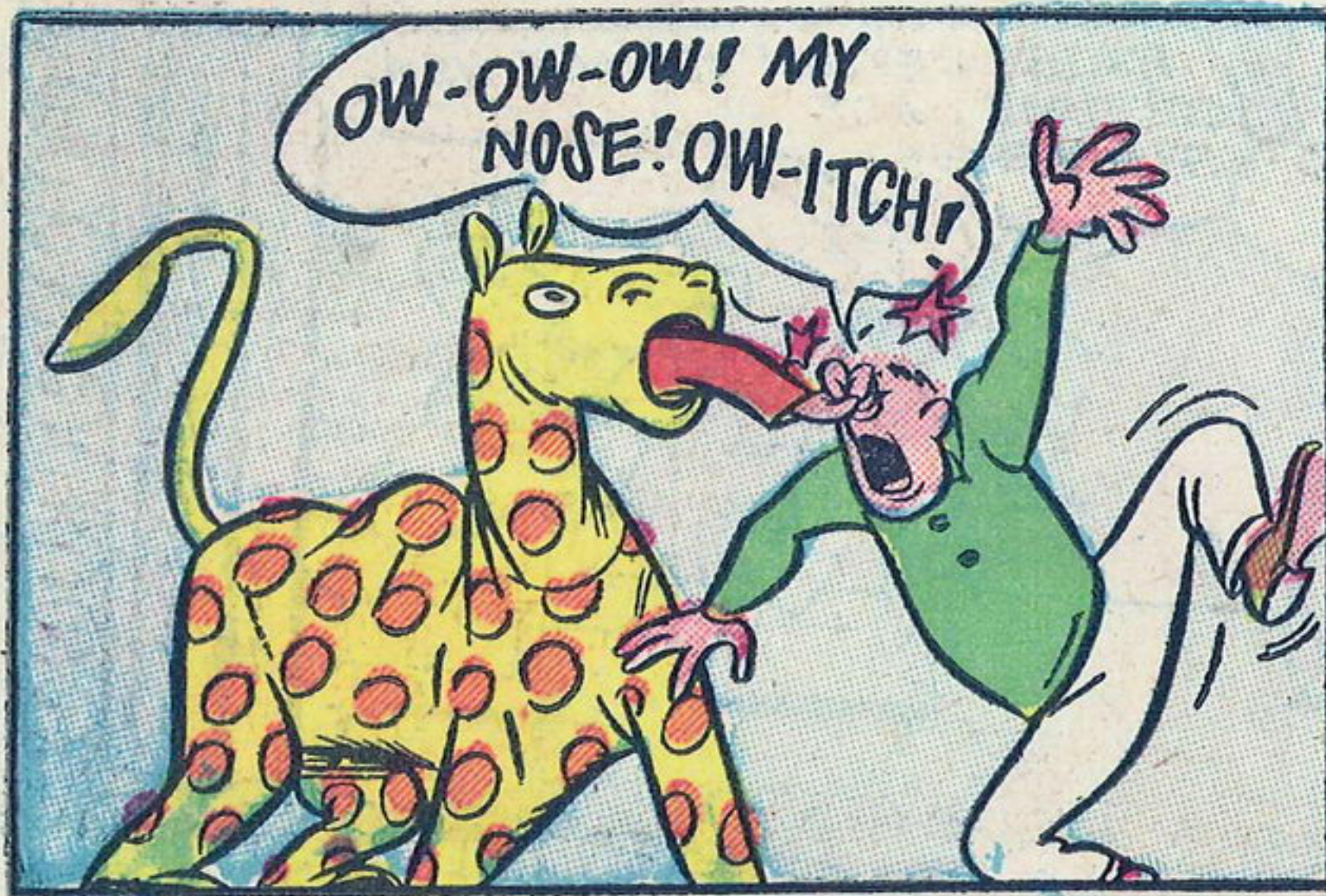


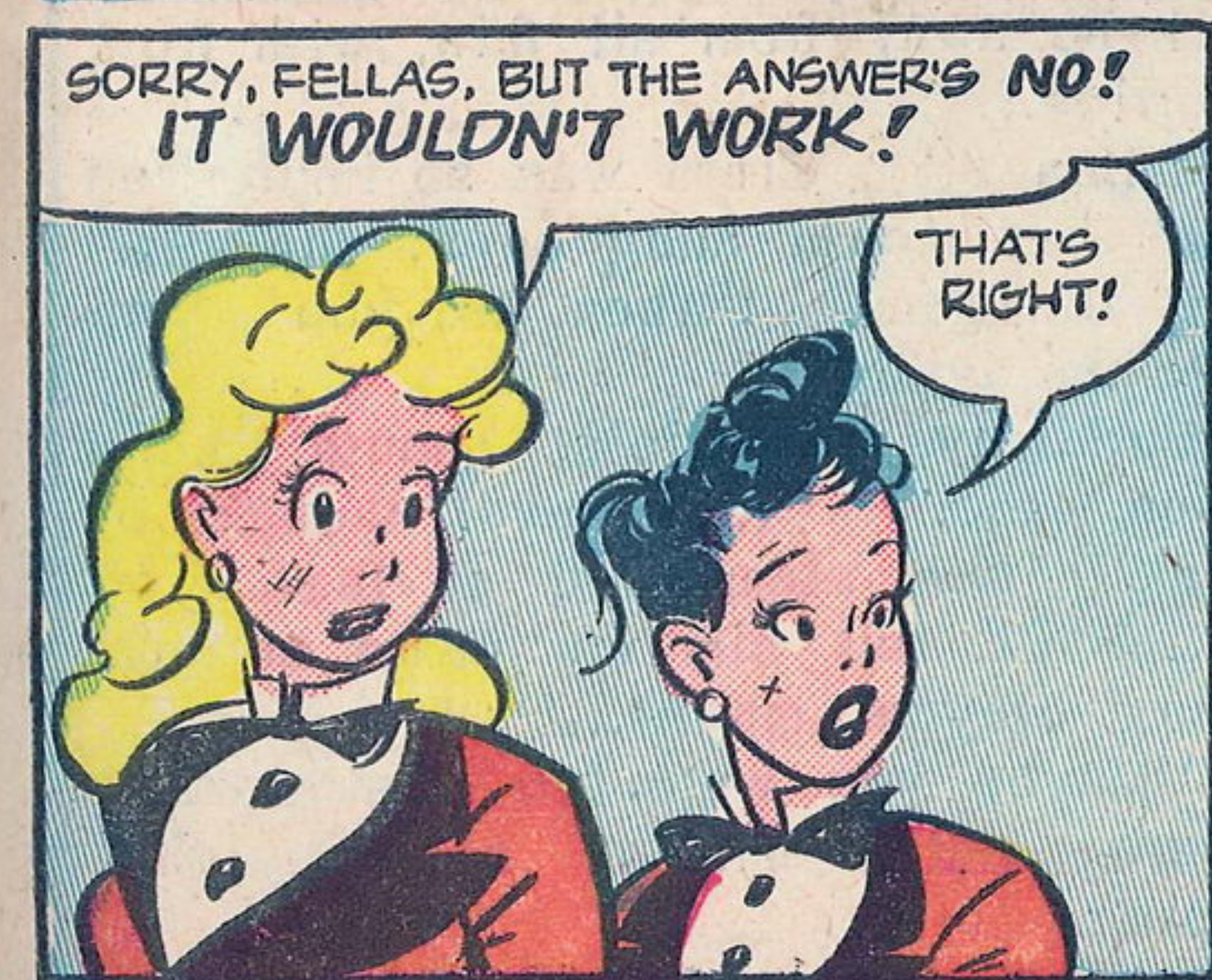
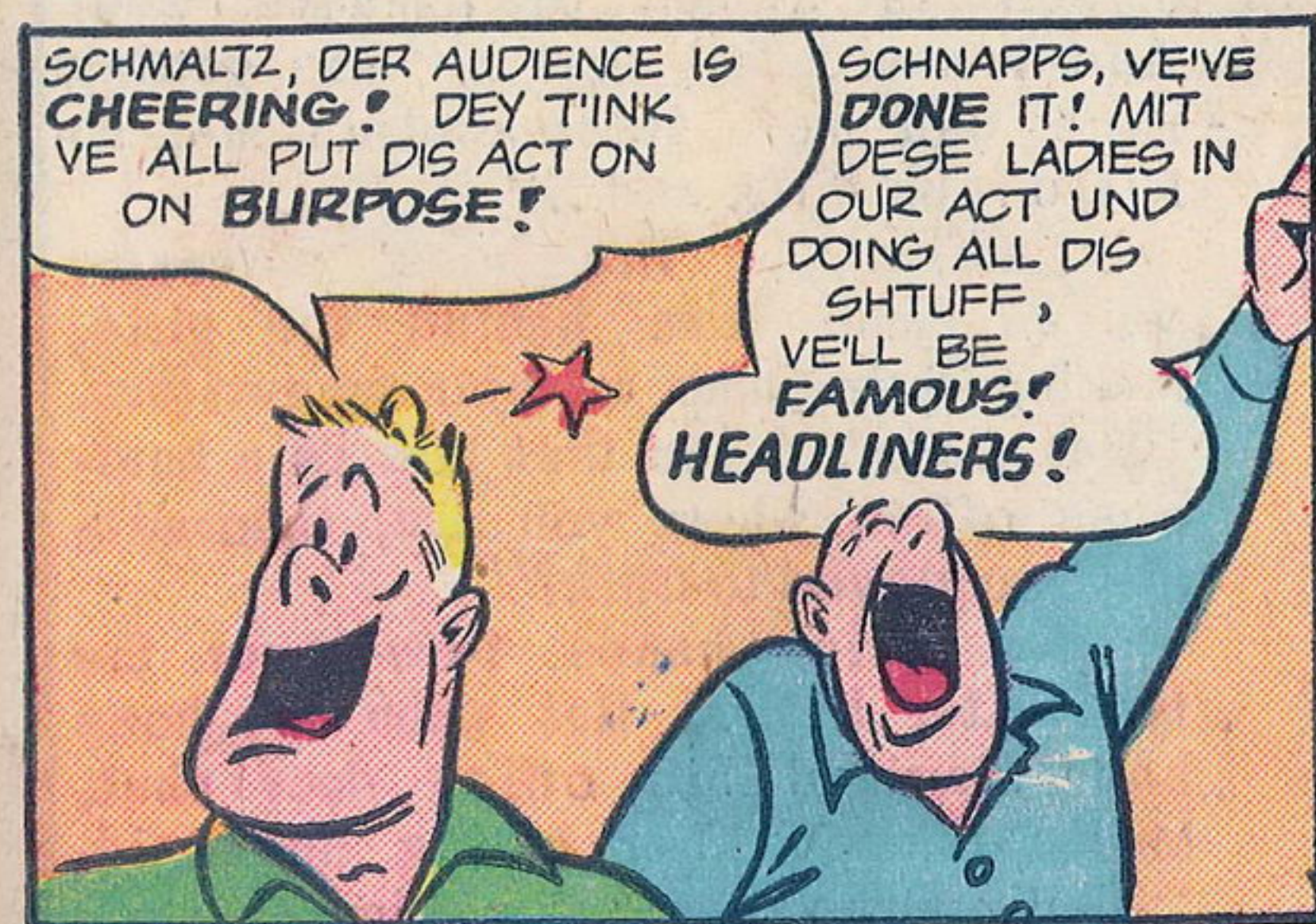
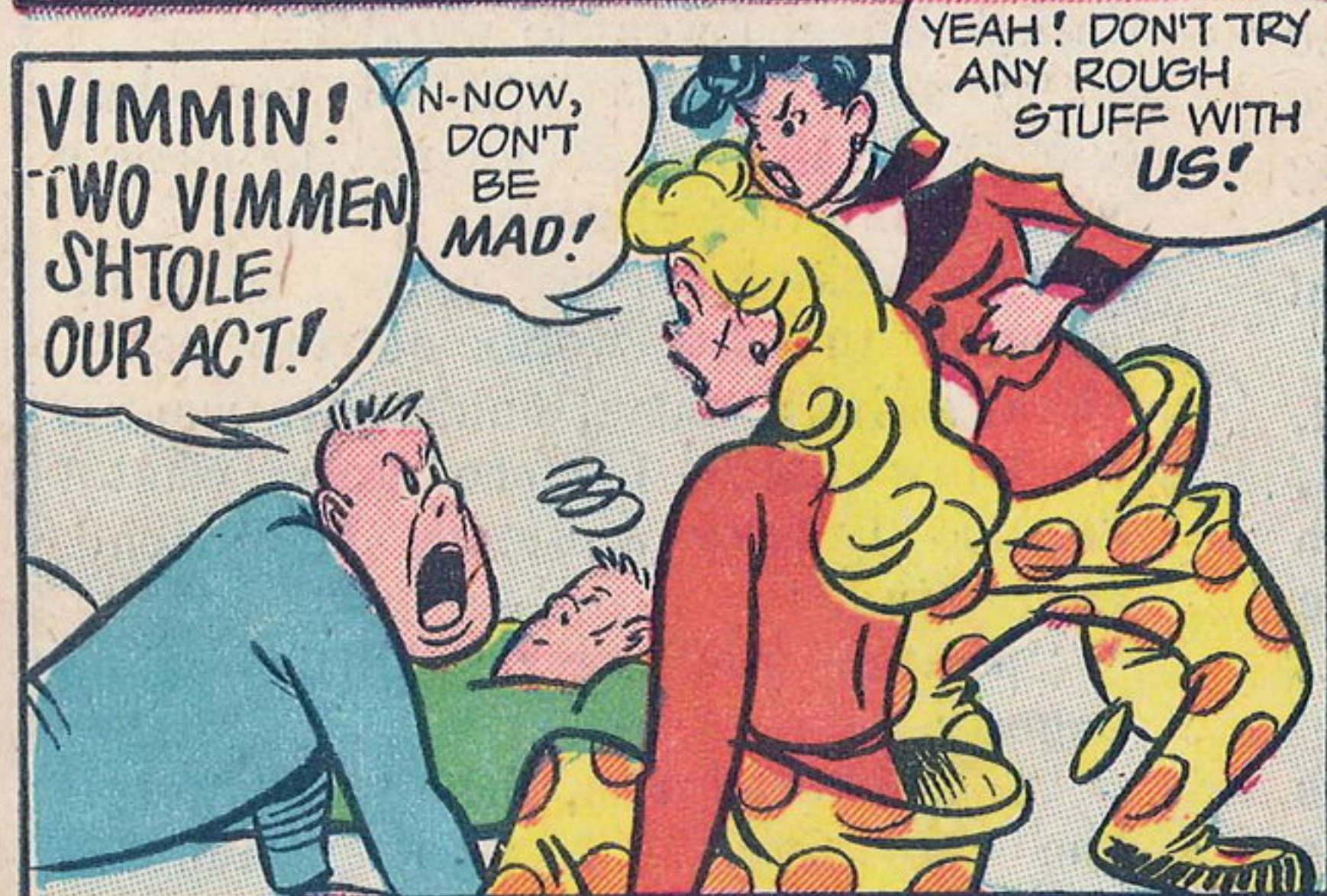
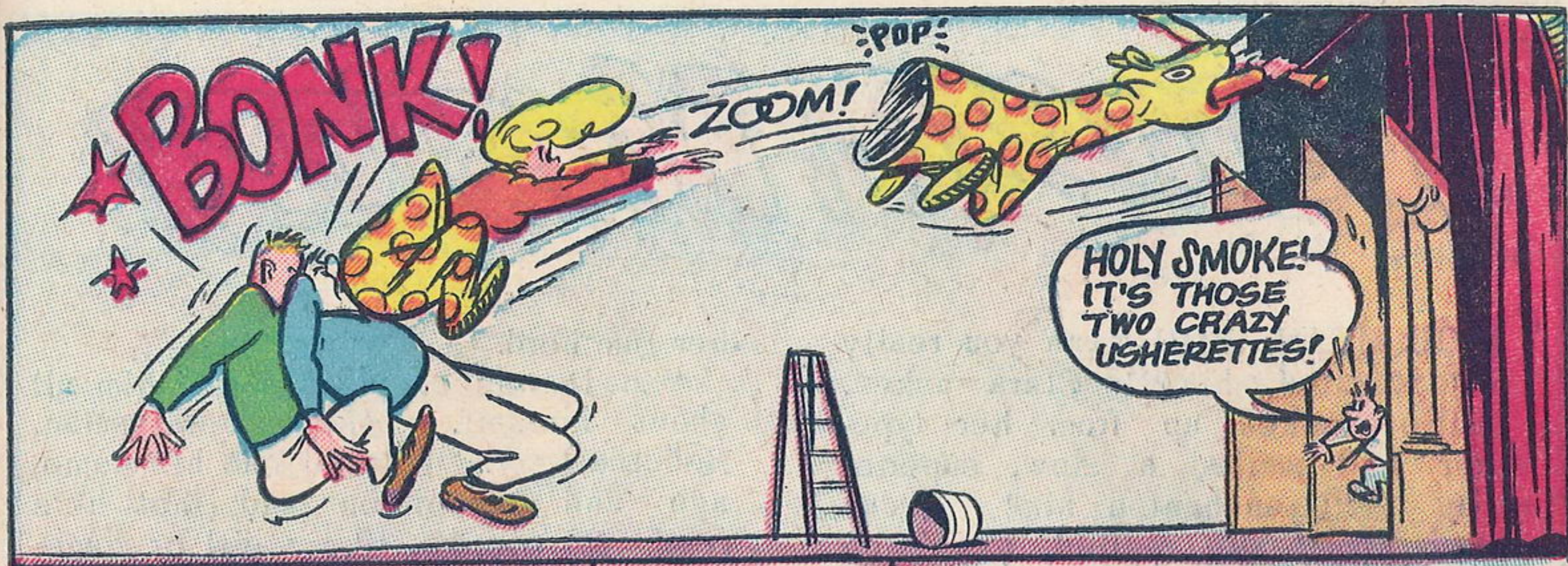
Sometime later...











Woman of MYSTERY

"YOU MEAN...YOU mean you really fascinated him?" Clara asked.

Millie looked up from her typewriter and smiled a slow, superior smile. "I enchanted him! I enslaved him!" she replied, examining a spot where her nail polish had chipped a bit. "I told you I could get any man I wanted by following my simple method!"

"Gosh! Tell me about it! What happened? How'd you do it?"

Millie looked pityingly at Clara, for she, Millie, considered herself a woman of the world, while Clara was nothing but a poor helpless creature with little or no understanding of... men!

The girls had long discussions about men at their jobs and over the lunch counter. Clara was of the opinion that the only way to snare a man was to wait for one to turn up and then to hope that he'd keep turning up. But Millie, checking to see that every curl was in place on her blonde, giddy head, had another theory entirely.

"Mystery!" she maintained. "Be a woman of mystery and that'll make him wonder about you...who you are...what you're really like...you know, the real you! So I did it...last night!"

Clara poked two sticks of gum into her mouth and listened enthralled as Millie began to recount her romantic triumph. "So I went to this party at my girl friend Ruby's house last night. I wore my black. With perfume. At first, none of the guys looked like anything to me and then, he came in! Roy! Is he handsome!"

Here, Millie paused dramatically and looked at her left hand, obviously seeing a large diamond ring on her engagement finger.

"So?" Clara urged her, chewing

her gum hard.

"So it was easy! I asked him all about himself. He's a salesman. Haberdashery. I found out his name, age and occupation and that he's free! No strings, like a girl or something! Then, I went to work!"

"Yeah?" Clara hitched her chair closer to Millie, so as not to miss a word of the fateful story.

"He asked me my name, so I answered in the words of the poet, 'What's in a name, huh?' He wanted to know where I come from, what I do, do I have a steady boy friend, everything!"

"What'd you say?" Millie asked eagerly.

"I answered him, but I didn't tell him anything. I was surrounding myself in a veil of romance, see? And I could tell that he was getting more and more interested in me, so I laid it on thick and..."

"Ladies!" The boss' sarcastic voice came from behind the girls, making them jump to their typewriters. "May I remind you that this is a business office where you are, theoretically, employed to work?"

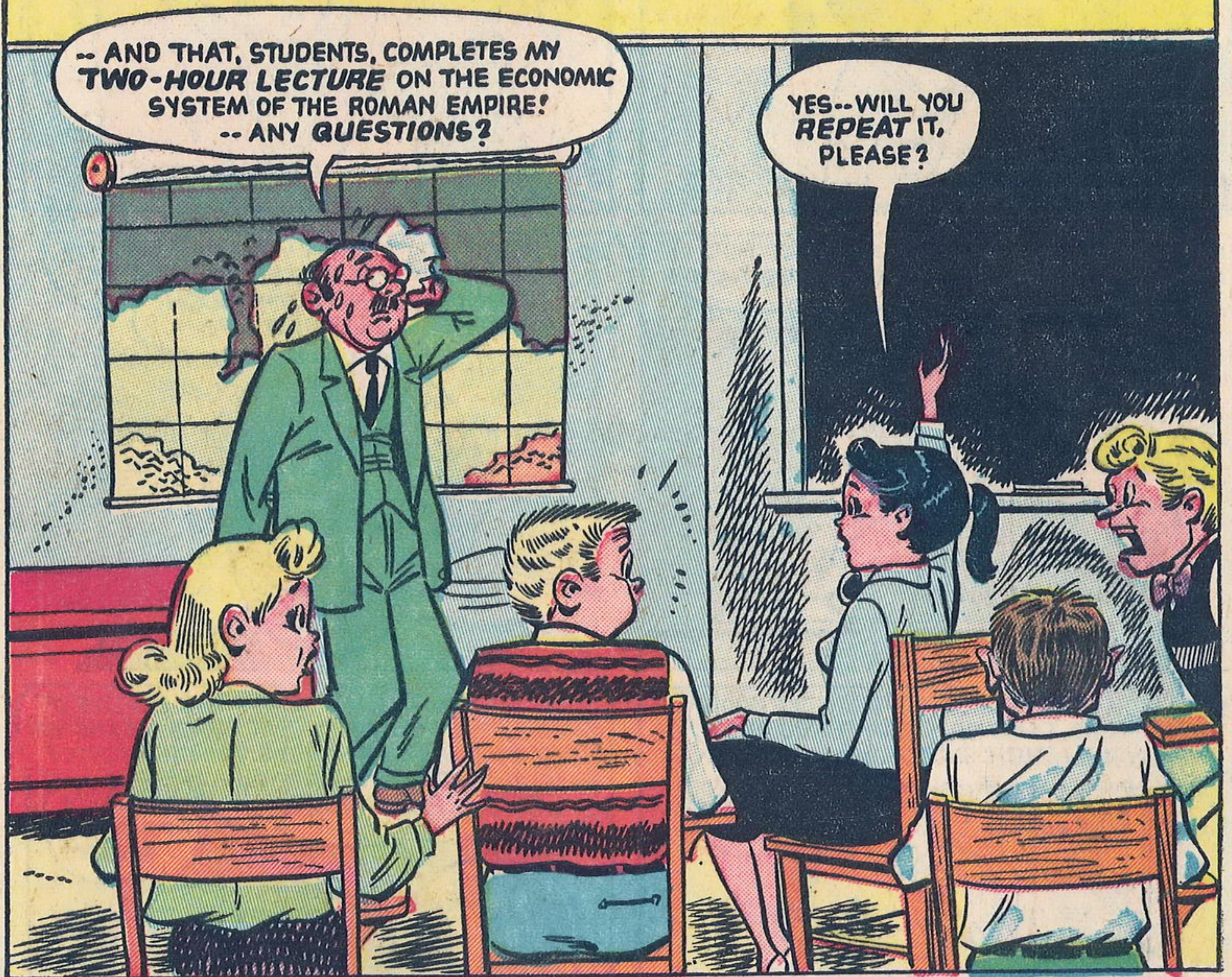
The girls' hands flew over the typewriter keys. But when the boss had slammed his office door shut, Millie stopped her typing and said, "Him! Who cares for him? Soon, I'll be away from all this, with Roy, married..."

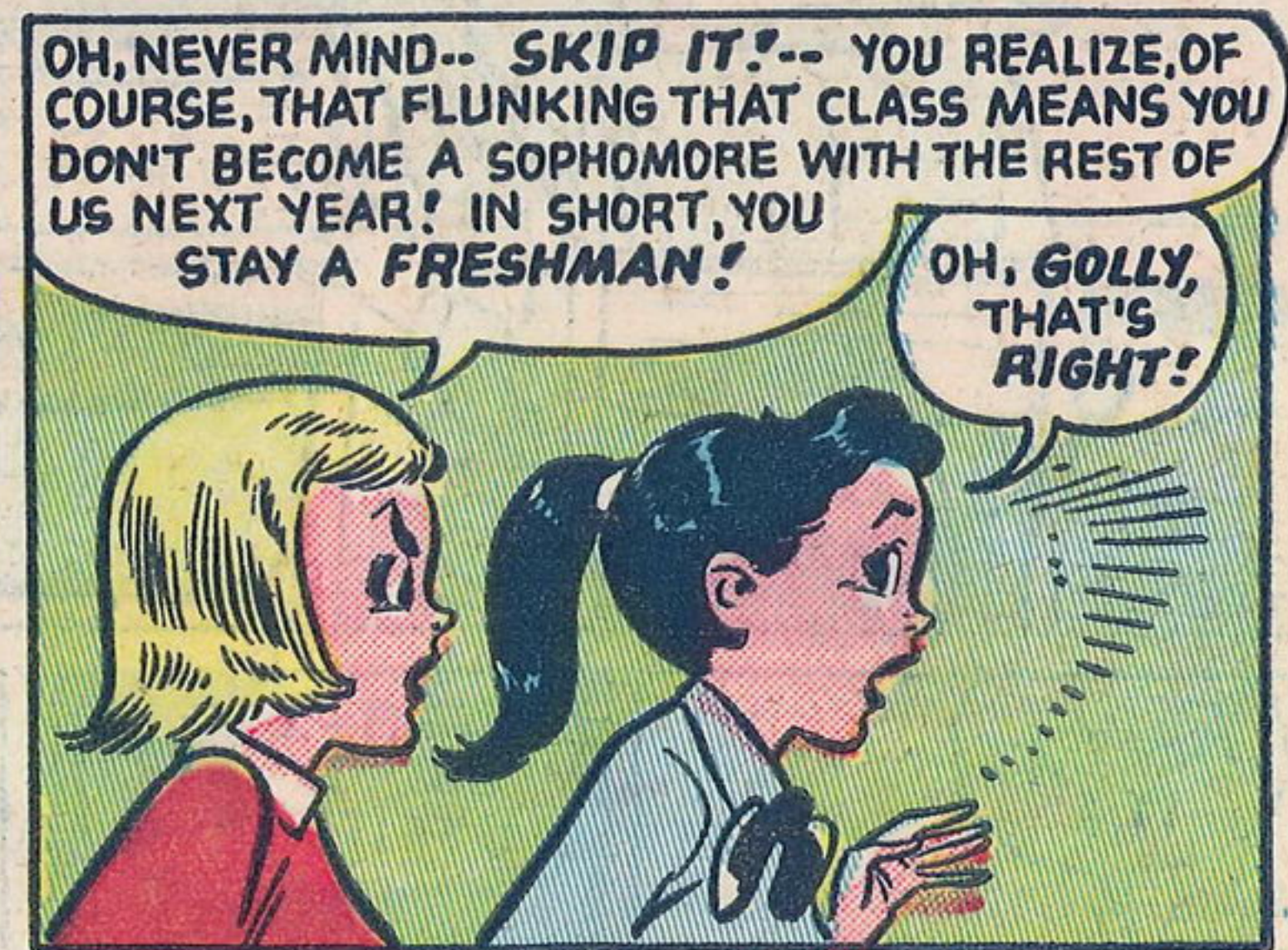
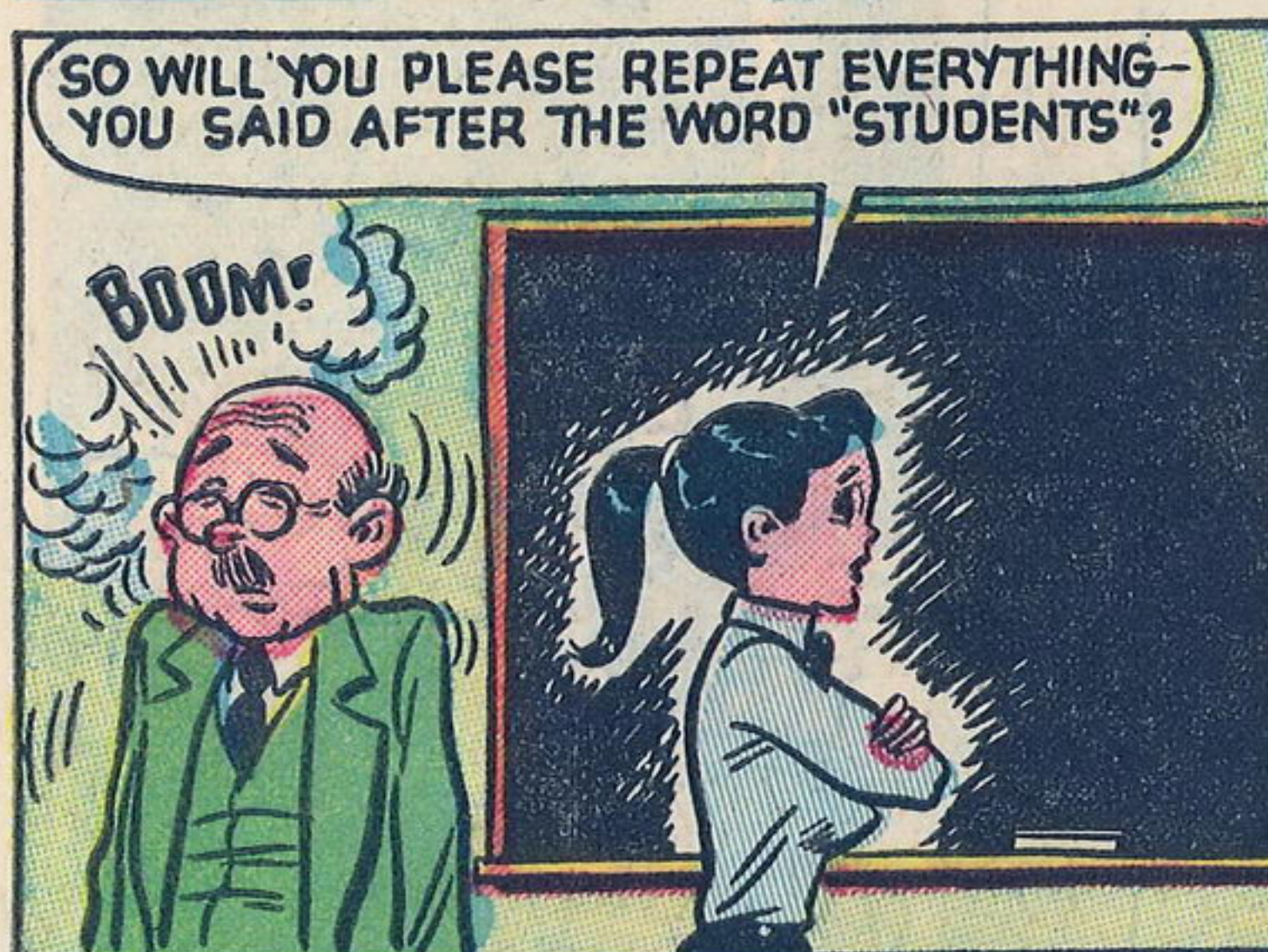
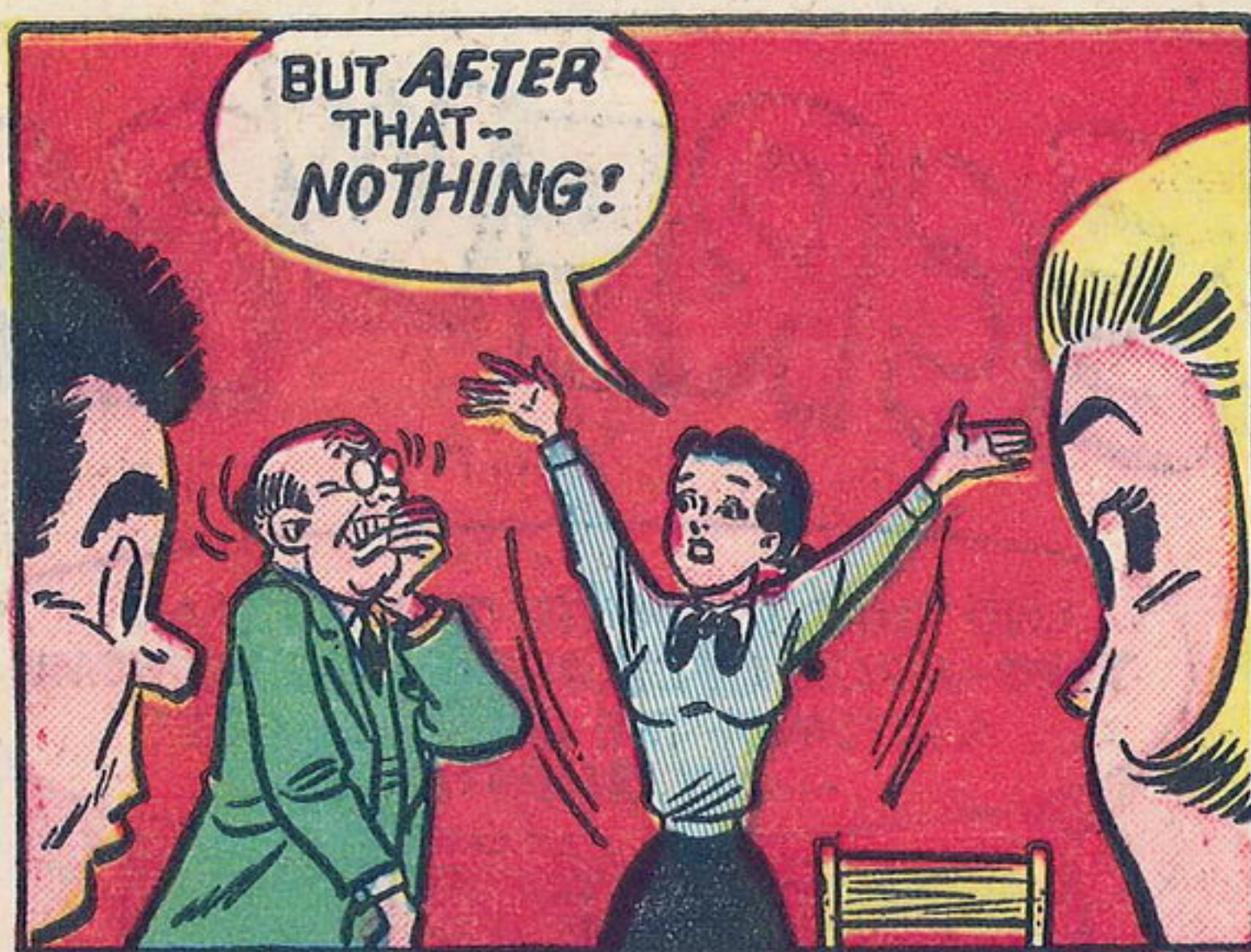
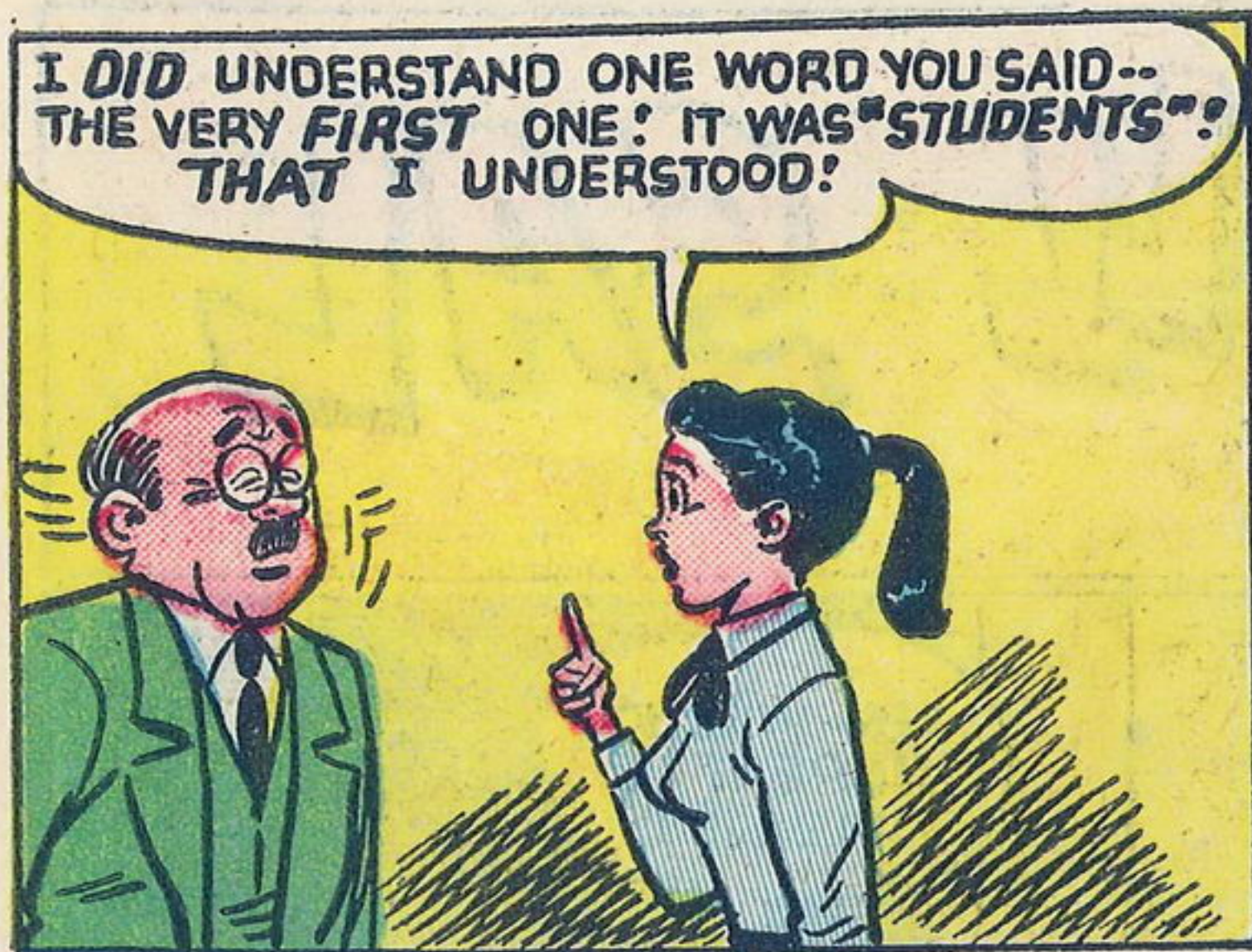
"Honest?" Clara was so impressed that her mouth hung open, endangering the gum. "When are you gonna see him again?"

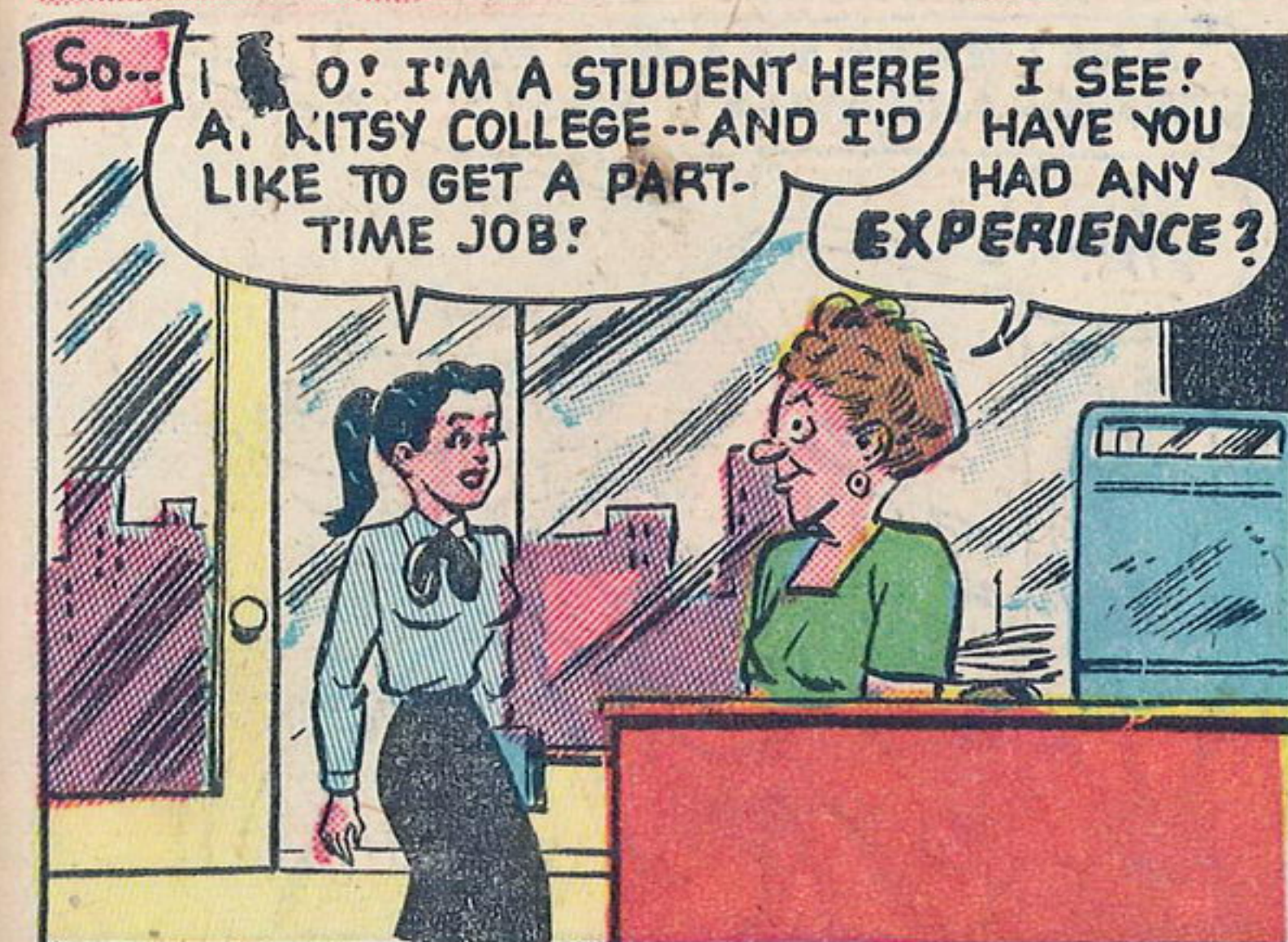
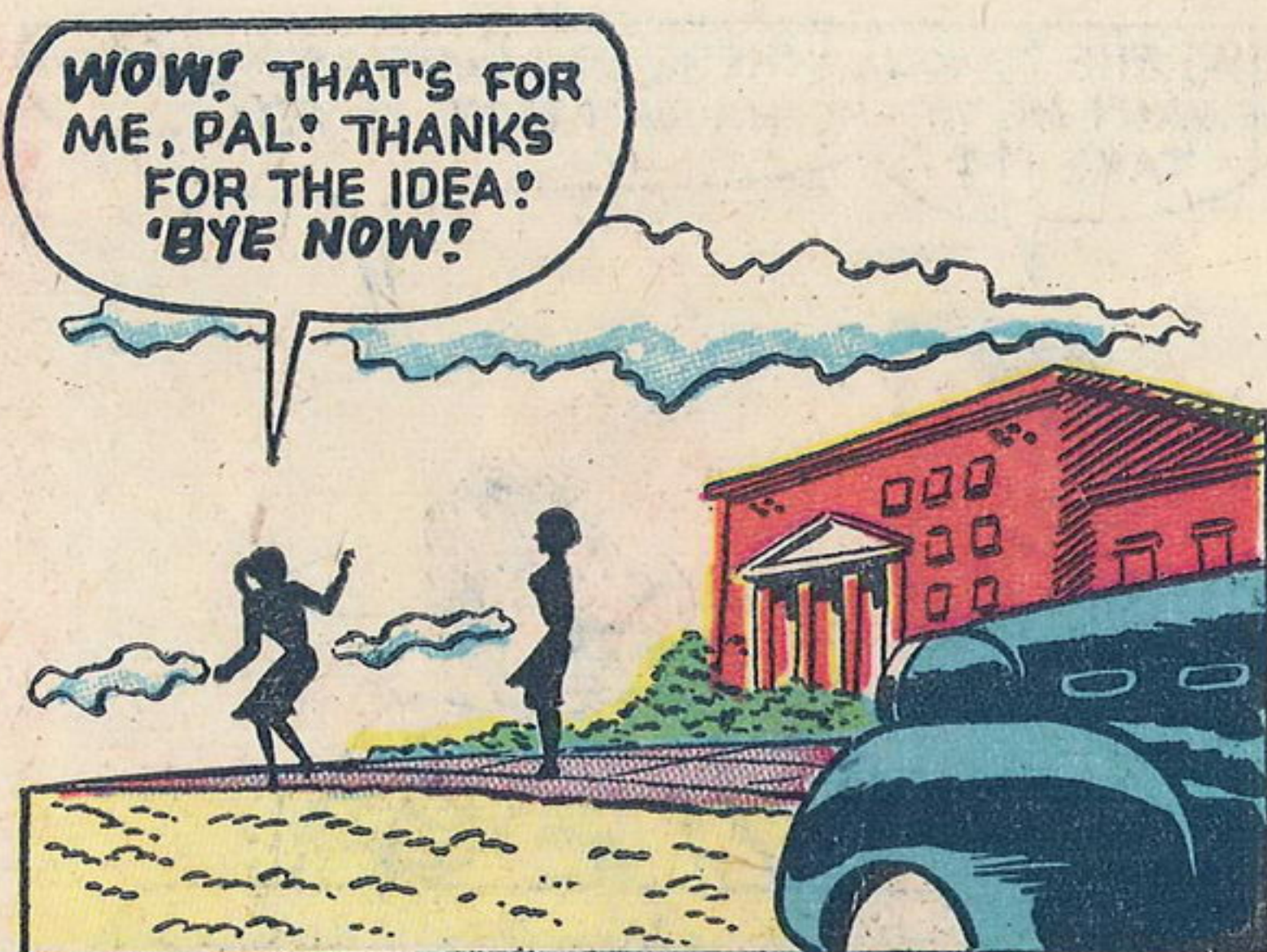
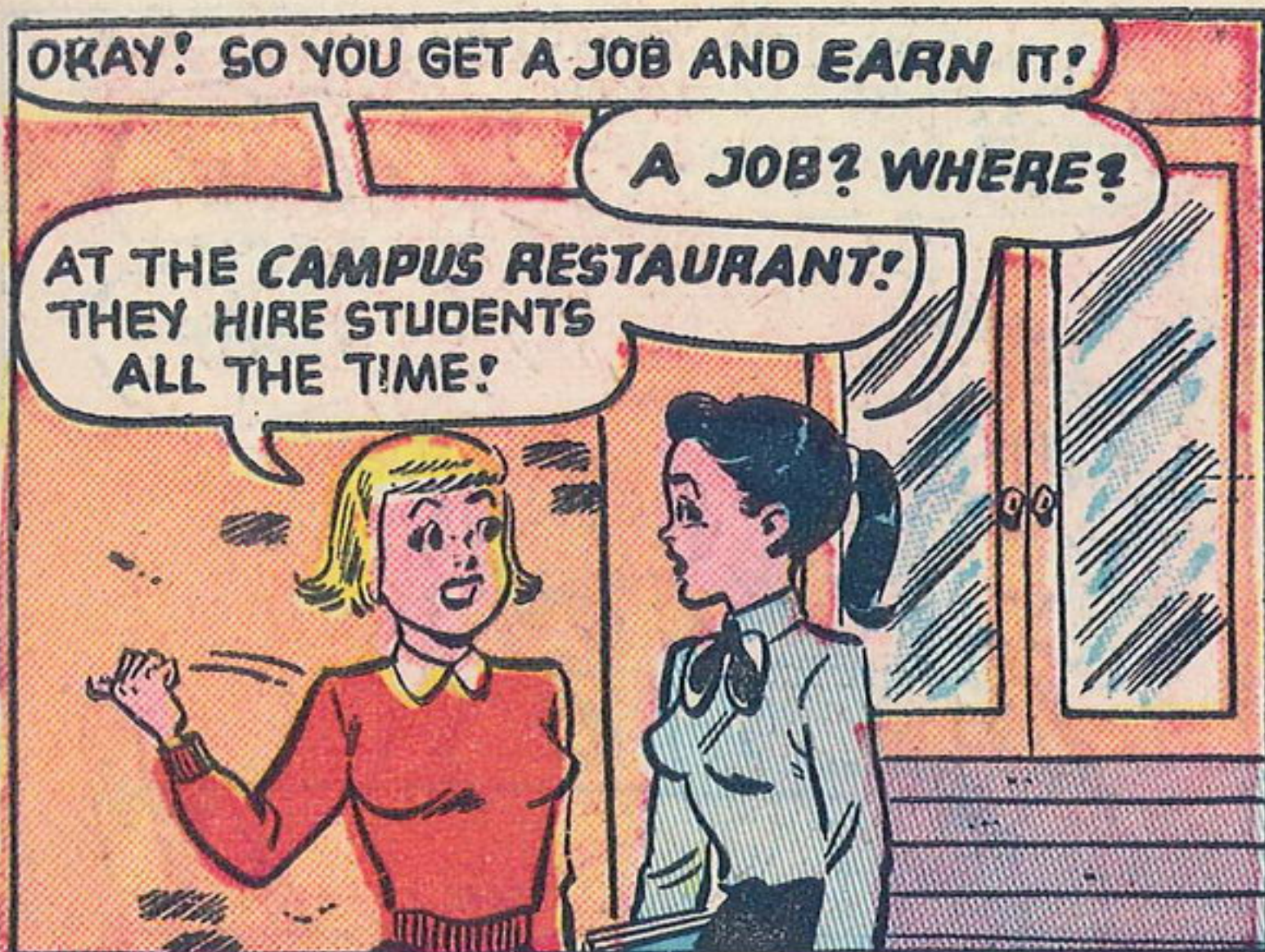
Suddenly, Millie's mouth hung open, too. "I...I never thought of that," she stammered at last. "I d...didn't tell him my name or anything! Maybe...maybe..."

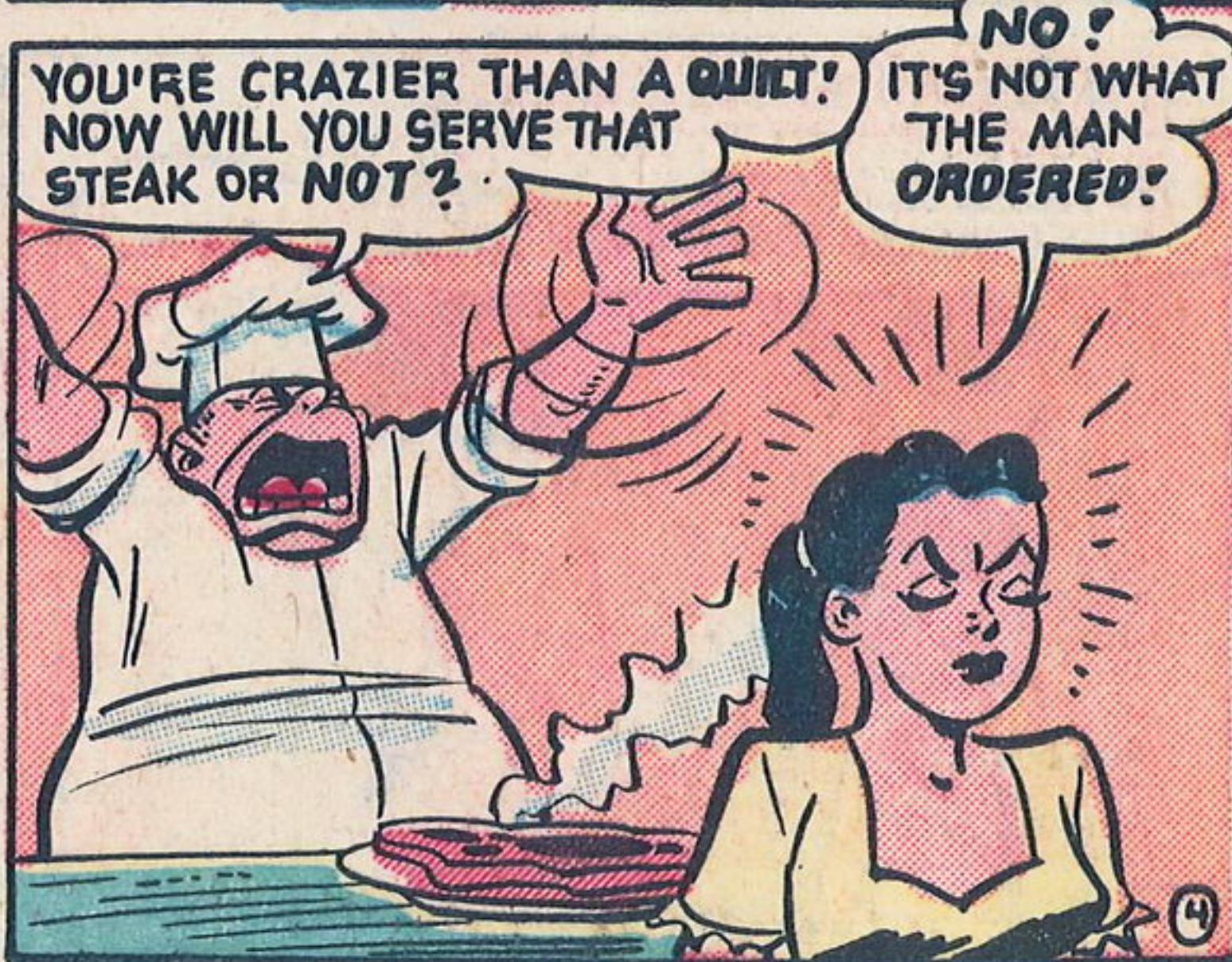
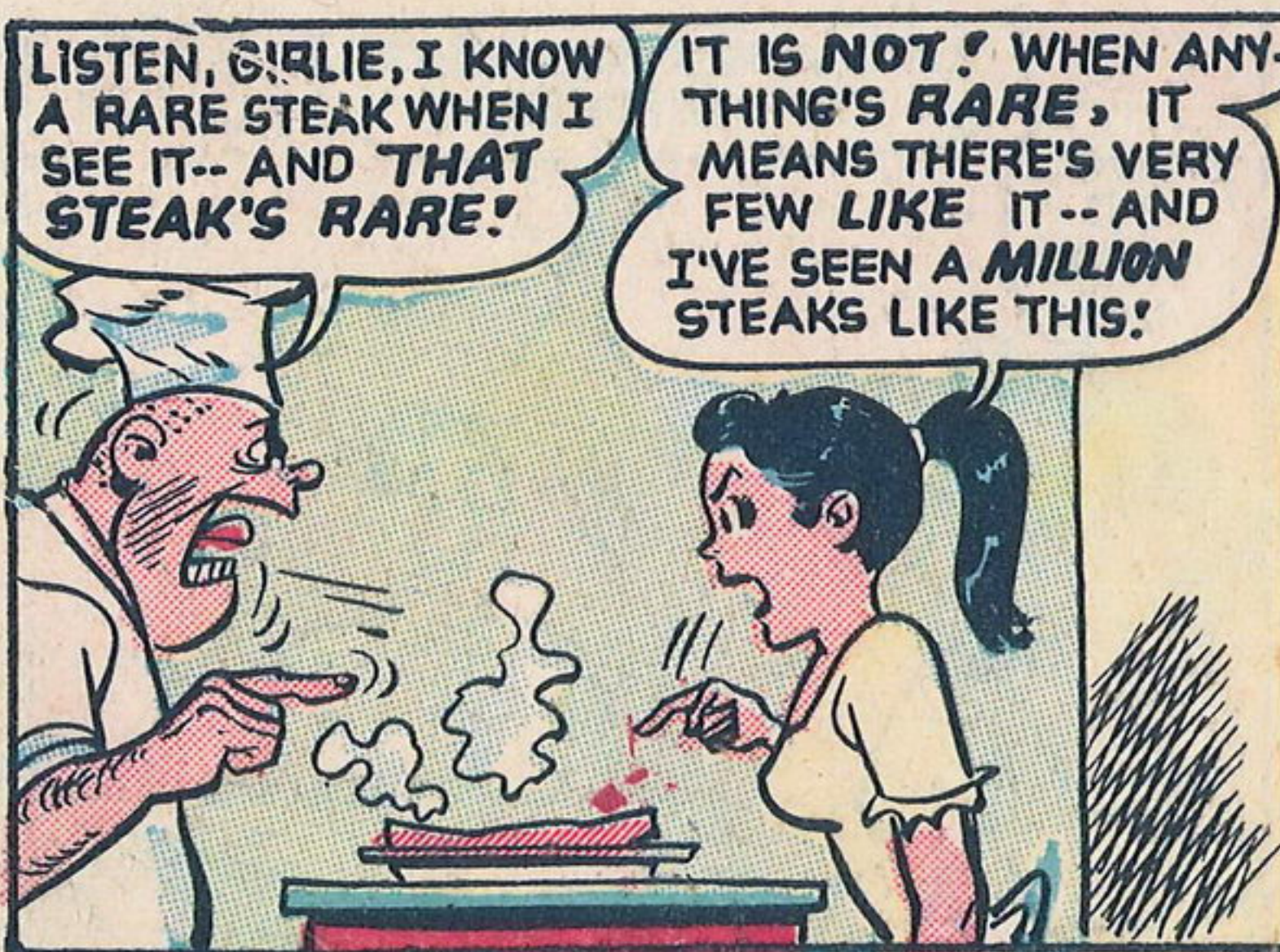
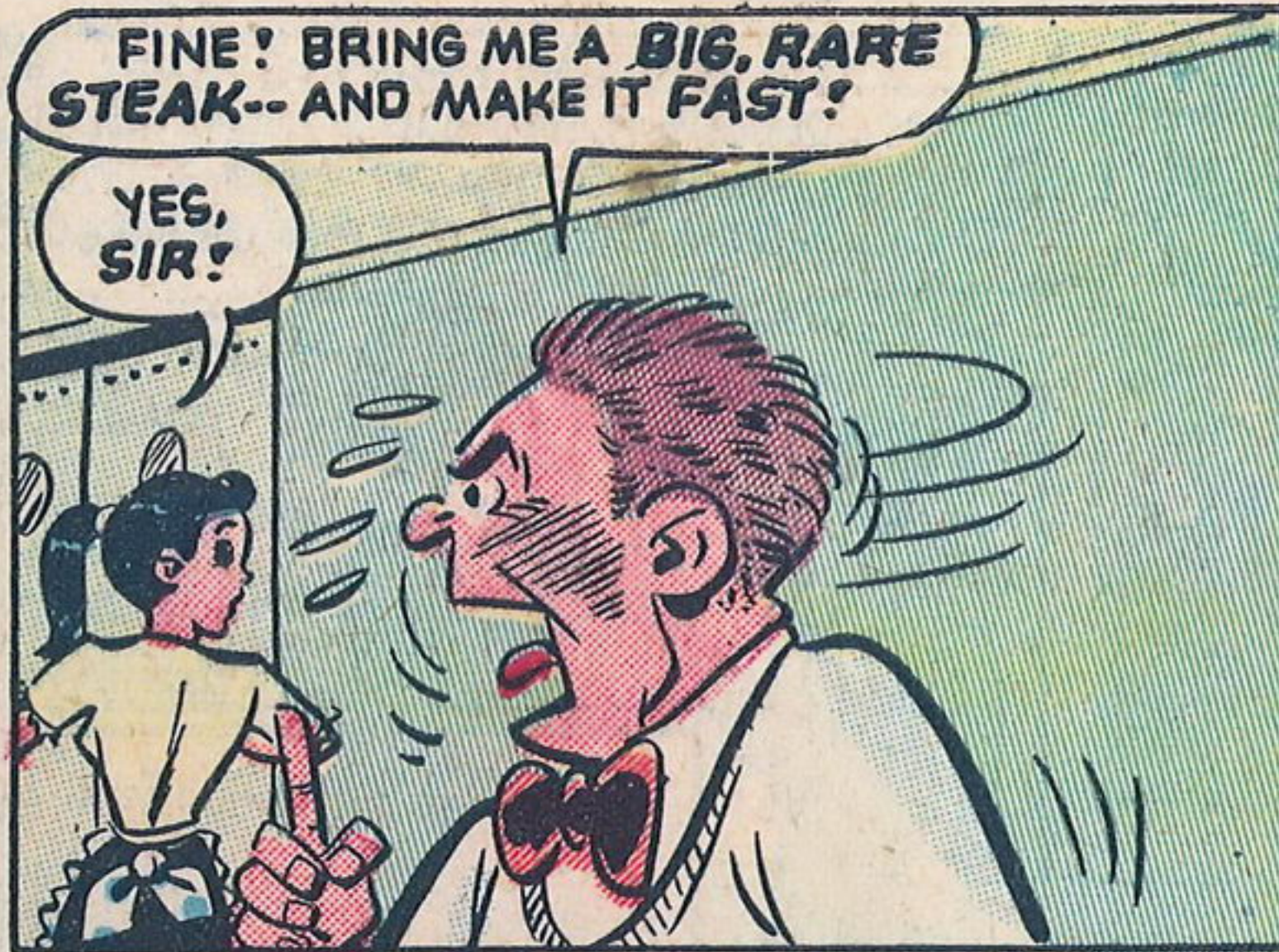
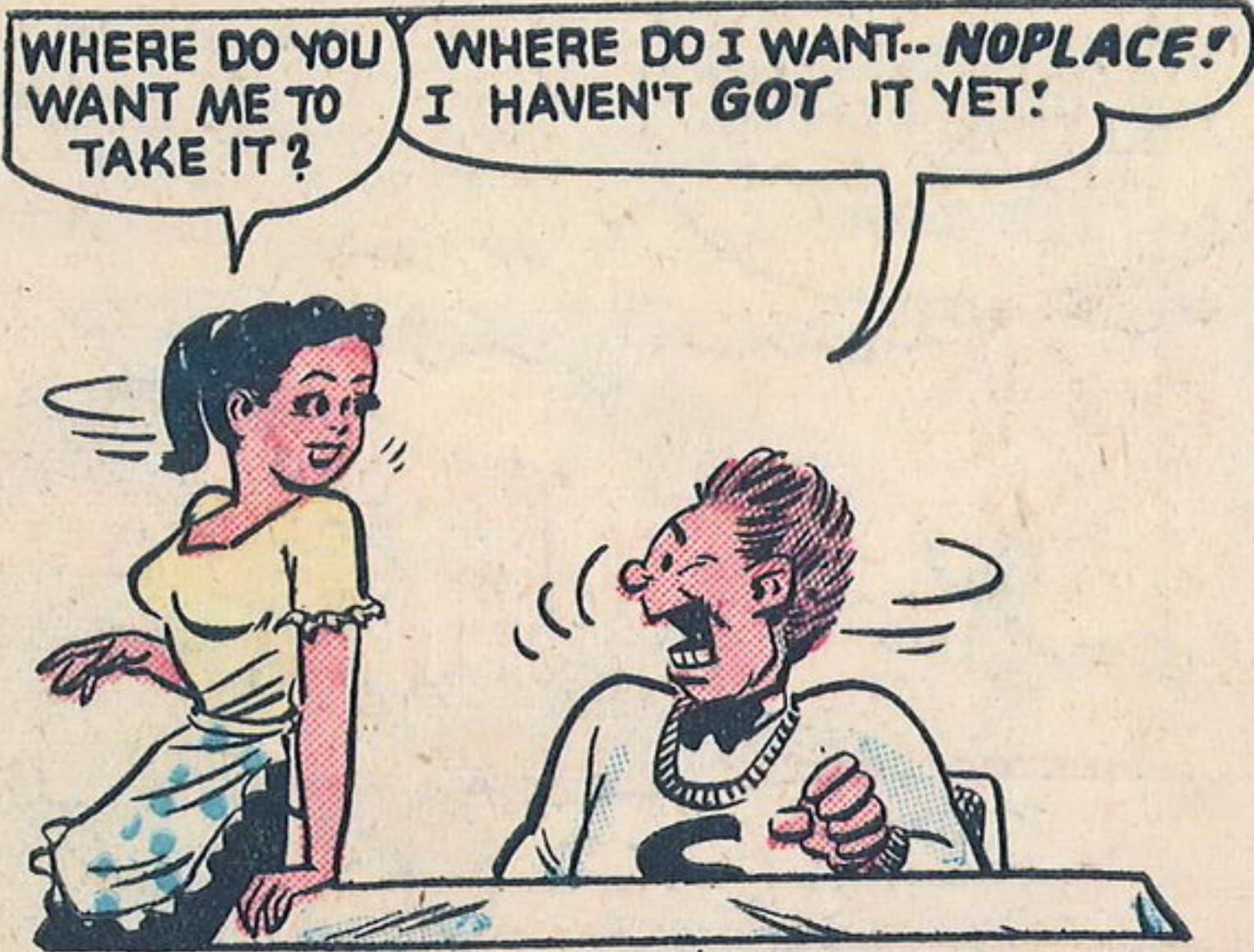
"Maybe you were too mysterious!" Clara said smugly, resuming her typing.

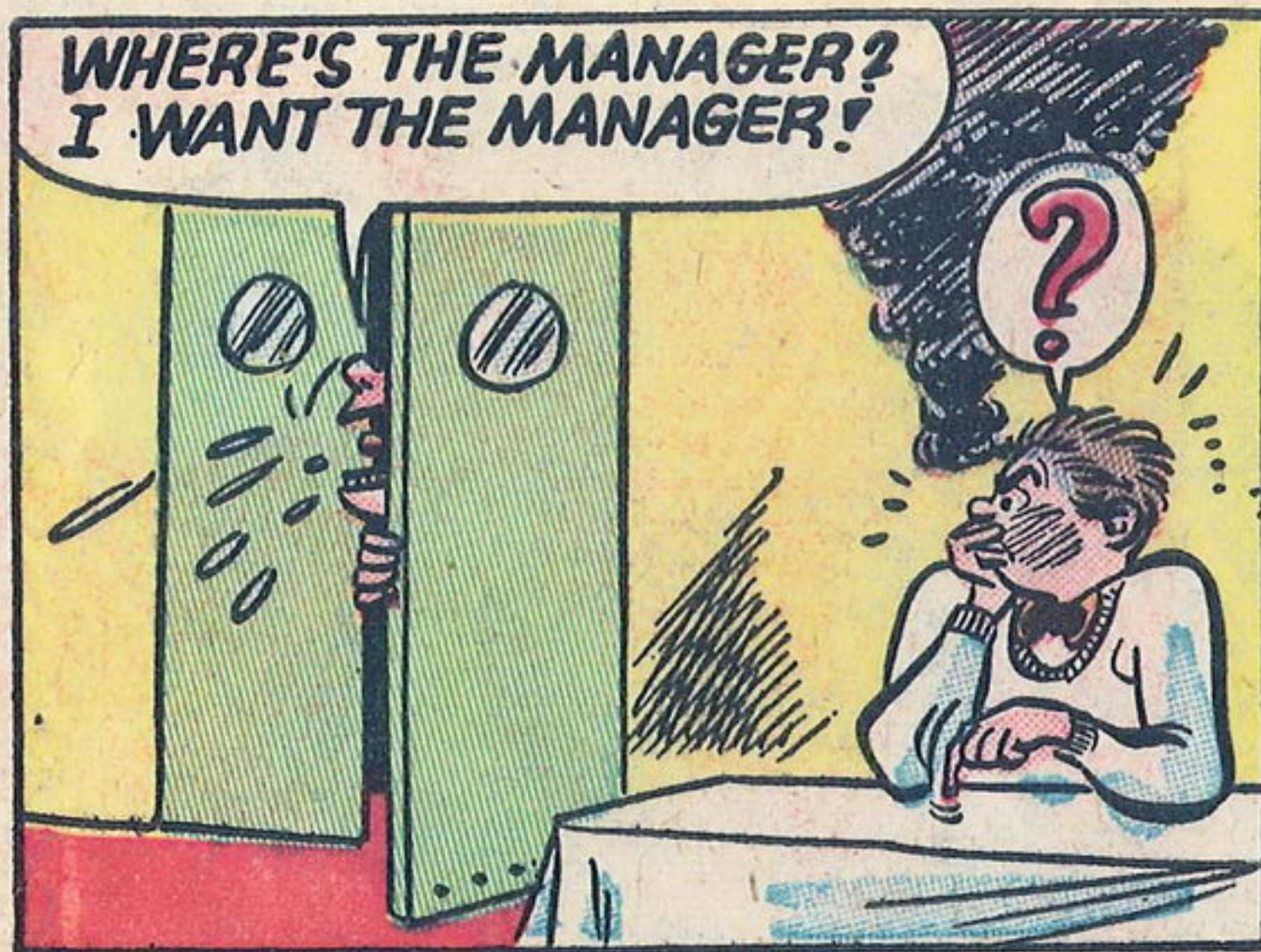
SCREWBALL SAL



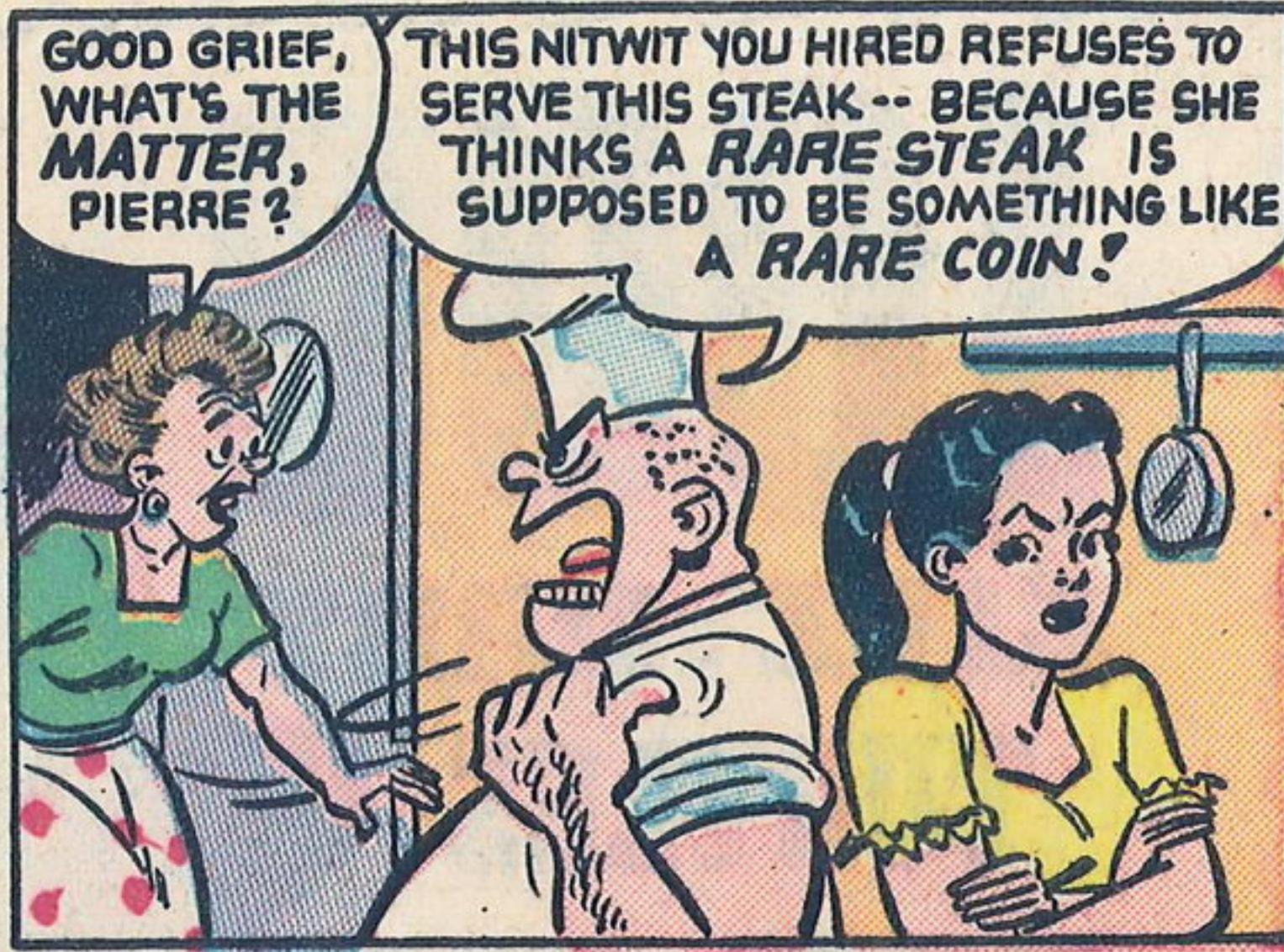








WHERE'S THE MANAGER?
I WANT THE MANAGER!



GOOD GRIEF,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
PIERRE?

THIS NITWIT YOU HIRED REFUSES TO
SERVE THIS STEAK -- BECAUSE SHE
THINKS A **RARE STEAK** IS
SUPPOSED TO BE SOMETHING LIKE
A **RARE COIN**!



WHERE'S MY STEAK?

SAL, PICK UP THAT STEAK
AND SERVE IT THIS INSTANT!
THE MAN'S SCREAMING
FOR IT!

WELL, ALL
RIGHT...



AS MANAGER OF THIS RESTAU-
RANT, I WISH TO APOLOGIZE
FOR THE DELAY, SIR! THERE
WAS A SLIGHT MIXUP IN
THE KITCHEN!

VERY WELL -- BUT NOW
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT
CALL TO MAKE -- SO
YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP
IT **WARM** FOR ME
UNTIL I GET BACK!



SAL, KEEP THE GENTLEMAN'S STEAK
WARM UNTIL HE FINISHES
HIS CALL!

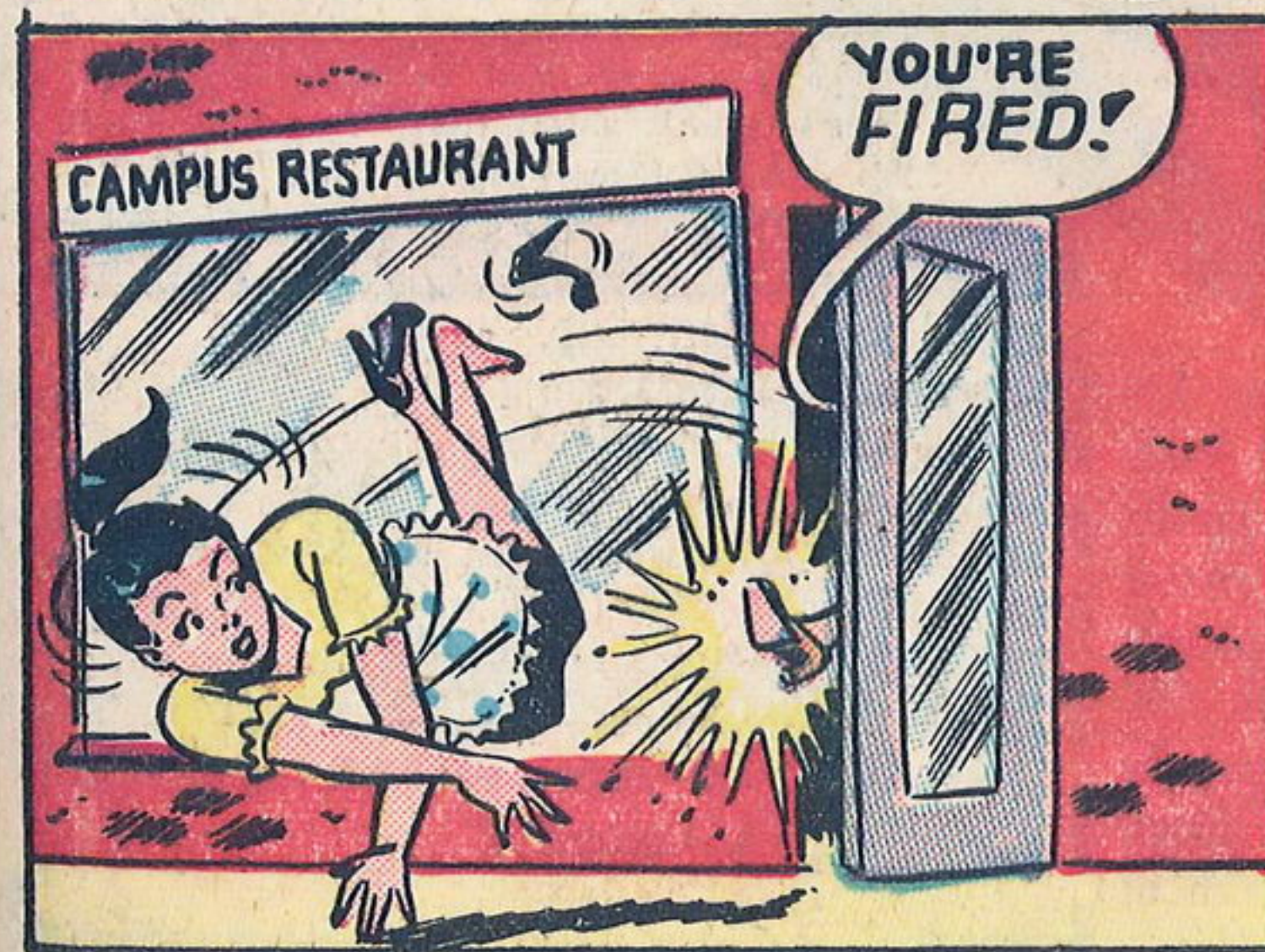
KEEP IT
WARM?
OH, WELL --
OKAY!



Minutes later...

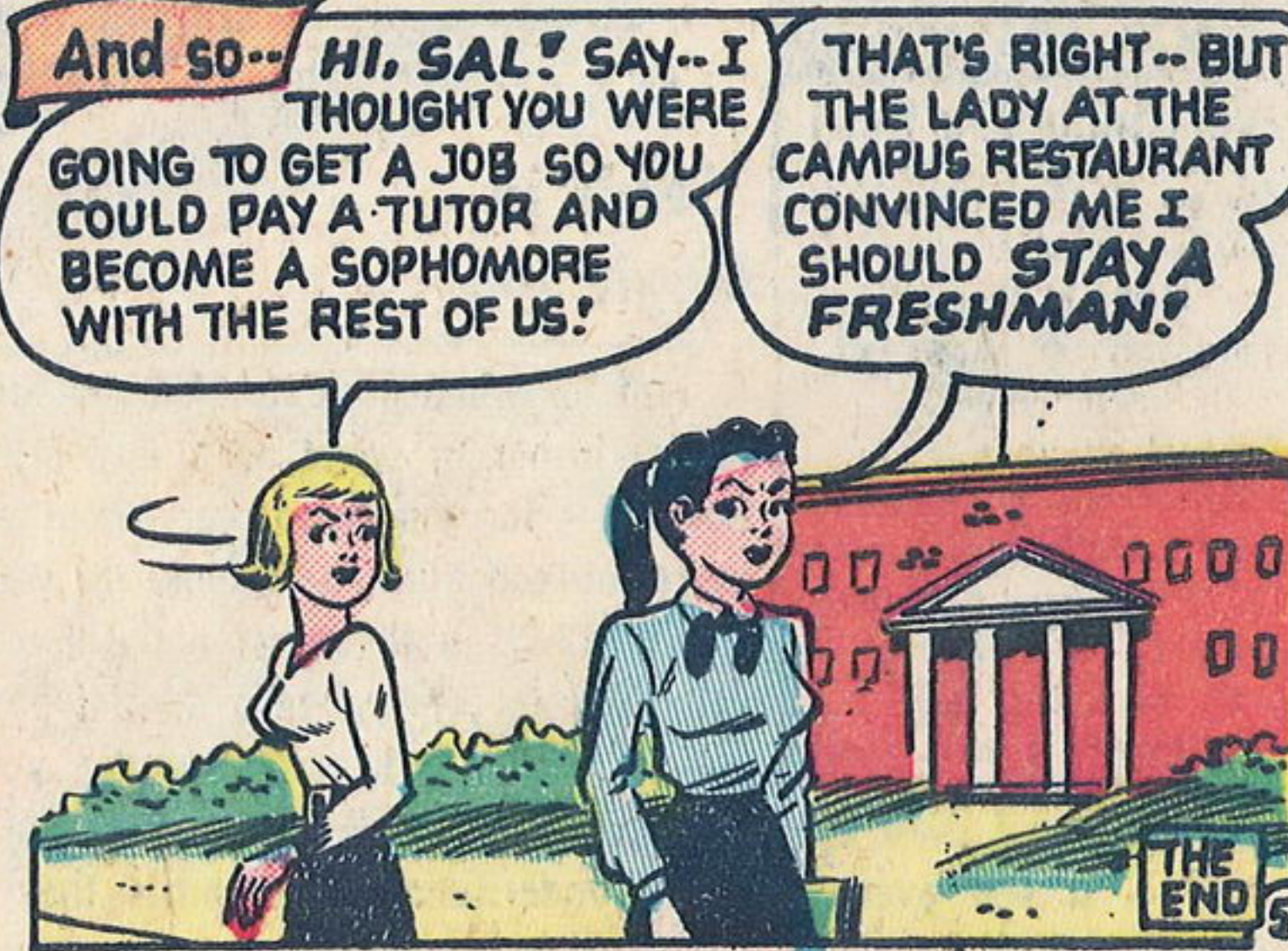
HOLY SMOKE!
WHAT'S THAT ON MY
STEAK?

IT'S YOUR **SCARF**! I PUT
IT ON THE STEAK TO KEEP
IT **NICE AND WARM**
FOR YOU!



CAMPUS RESTAURANT

YOU'RE
FIRED!



And so... **HI, SAL!** SAY -- I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
GOING TO GET A JOB SO YOU
COULD PAY A TUTOR AND
BECOME A SOPHOMORE
WITH THE REST OF US!

THAT'S RIGHT -- BUT
THE LADY AT THE
CAMPUS RESTAURANT
CONVINCED ME I
SHOULD **STAY A**
FRESHMAN!

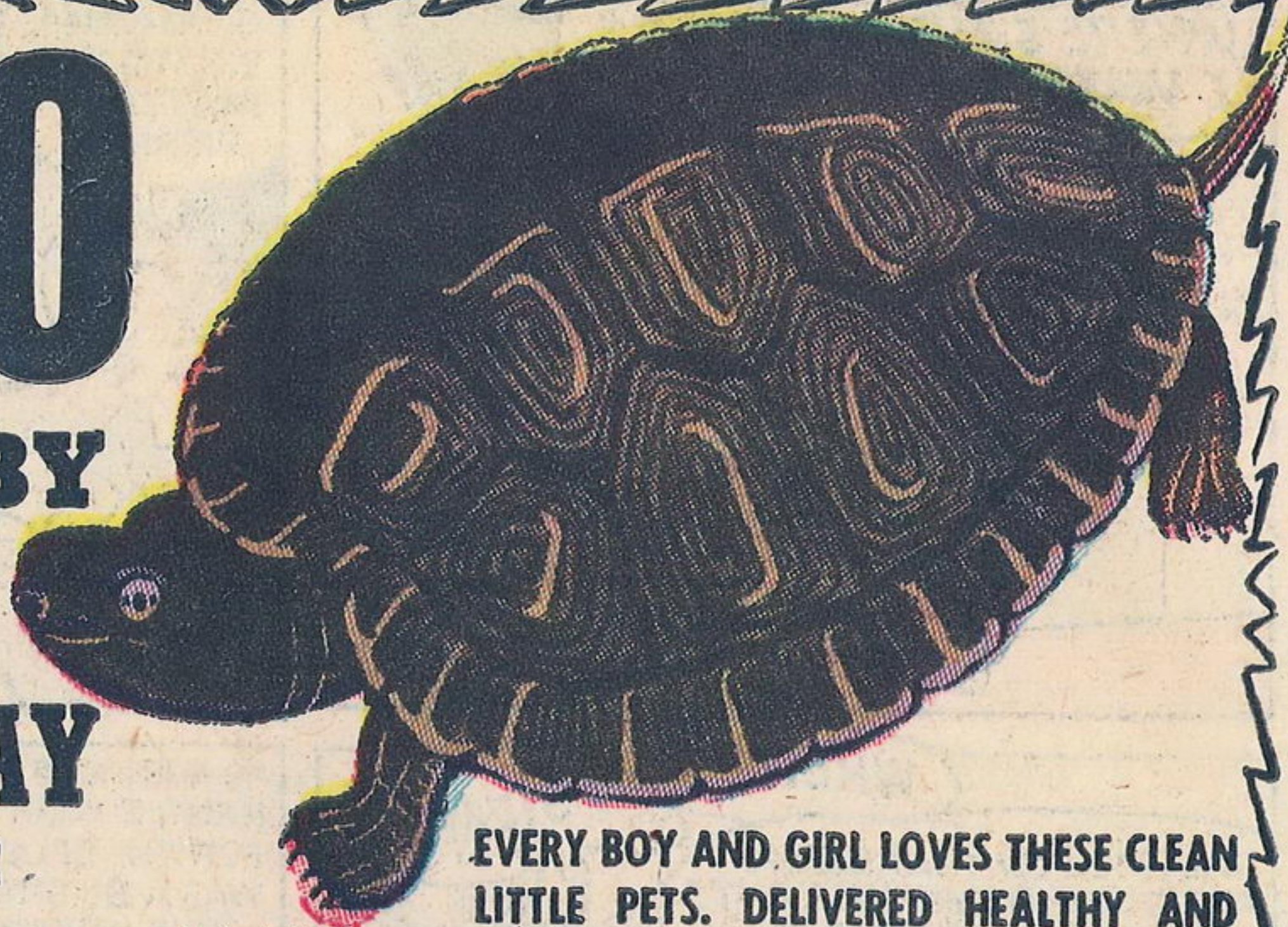
THE
END

1000

LIVE BABY TURTLES

GIVEN AWAY

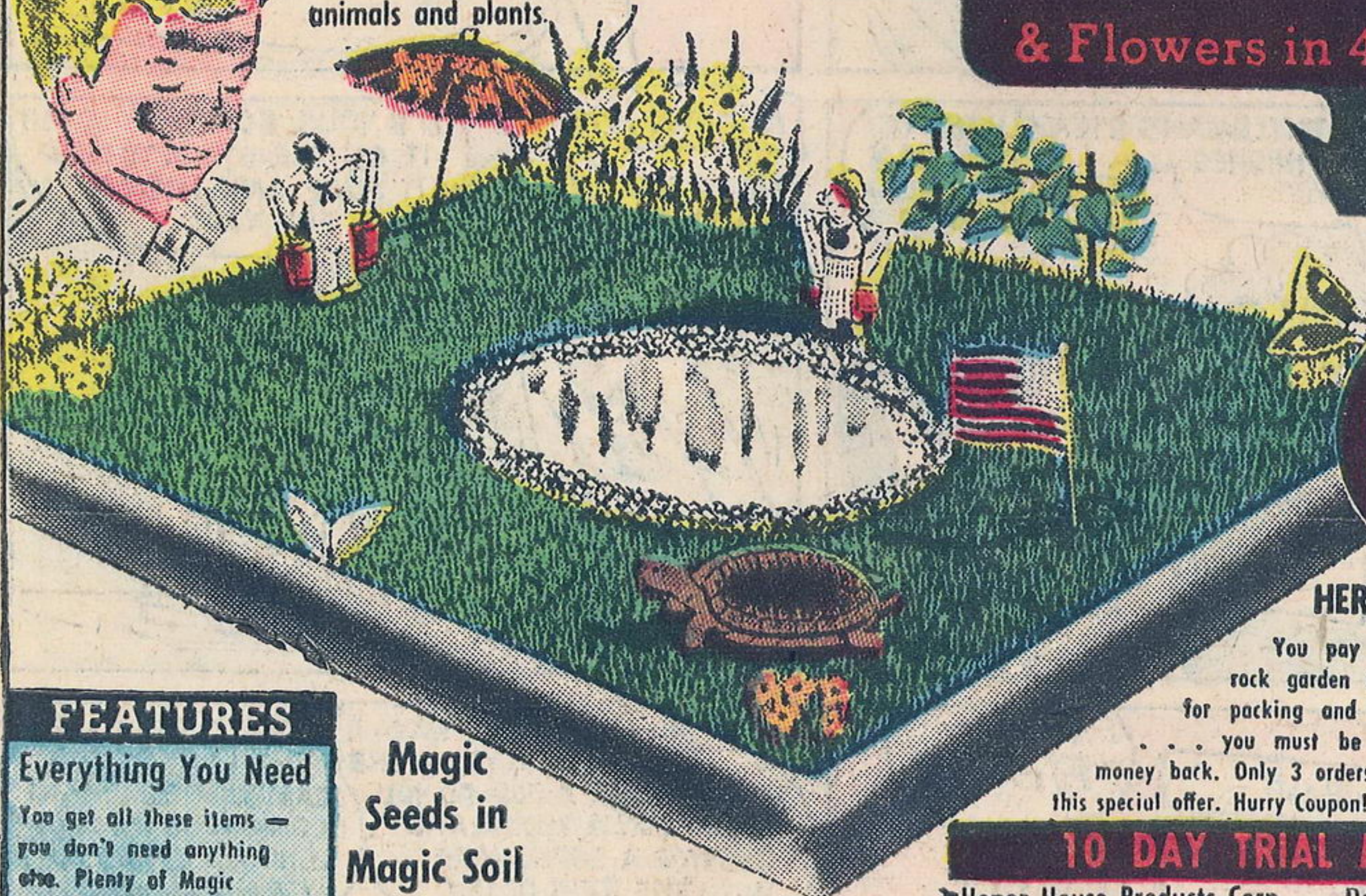
WITH THIS OFFER



EVERY BOY AND GIRL LOVES THESE CLEAN
LITTLE PETS. DELIVERED HEALTHY AND
SAFE IN A SPECIAL MOSS-PROTECTED
PACKAGE.

Here's one of the most exciting toys you've ever owned. Just think — a baby turtle all your own. What's more, a real growing garden to keep him in, a garden you plant and grow all by yourself. You can teach him to recognize you when you feed him. Watch him swim — see how he pulls his head and feet into his shell when he's frightened. You can have turtle races — you can make a little house for him to live in — and all

the time you can watch how the lovely, soft grass grows — see and smell the beautiful flowers. You'll amaze your friends with how much you know about animals and plants.



**MAGIC
ROCK GARDEN**
Grows Real Grass
& Flowers in 4 Days

only
\$1.00

HERE'S OUR OFFER

You pay only \$1.00 for the rock garden and turtle plus 25¢ for packing and mailing . . . AND . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back. Only 3 orders to a customer with this special offer. Hurry Coupon!

10 DAY TRIAL FREE!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. A 214
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Rock Garden and live baby turtle at once. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the garden for prompt refund of the full purchase price, and I may keep the turtle ABSOLUTELY FREE. Price is \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

☐ Enclosed find \$_____ in full payment.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman, plus C.O.D. fee on delivery.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FEATURES

Everything You Need

You get all these items — you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil, lovely flower seeds . . . Practical attractive container . . . Bright-colored metal butterfly . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . Simulated rocks. Plant food. Many other exciting features.

Magic Seeds in Magic Soil

A real growing Rock Garden — about 100 square inches of sweet grass and bright lovely flowers — for you to care for. When the flowers grow you can pluck a bouquet for your mother or friend. When the grass grows too high you will have to cut and trim it. And all the time you will have a beautiful garden you can be

proud of and show off to your friends. You'll learn many useful things, too — it will even help you understand many things they teach at school.

HA-HA! HO-HO!

MAKE WAY FOR **FUN!**



**... FOR THE
MERRIEST,
HOWLINGEST
UPROAR OF
LAUGHS YOU'VE
EVER HAD!**

★ **IT'S JOLLY-
SPARKLING...
OVERFLOWING
WITH GLEE
AND GAIETY
THAT'LL KEEP
YOU ROARING!**

Don't miss...

HA HA COMICS

— ON ALL STANDS —

10¢

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How **EASILY** You Can Have It!

*Charles
Atlas*

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—
and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of
powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your
friends will grow bug-eyed with
wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your
shoulders—put trip-hammer power in
both your arms—make your
legs two pillars of strength?
Then just check what you
want below. I'll prove you
can get it in just 15 minutes
a day—in your own home
—or it won't cost you a
penny!

I don't care if you are
15 or 50 years old—or
how ashamed of your
present physical con-
dition you may be. I
can give you a "barrel
chest" and a vise-like
grip. I can shoot new strength
into your old backbone, exercise
those inner organs—help you
cram your body so full of pep,
vigor and red-blooded vitality
that you won't feel there's even
"standing room" left for
weakness and that lazy
feeling. I'll wake up

that
sleeping
energy of
yours and
make it
hum like
a high-
powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look differ-
ent. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's
the ticket! The identical natural
method that I myself developed to
change my body from the scrawny
skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thou-
sands of other fellows are becoming mar-
velous physical specimens—my way. I give
you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop
your strength through "Dynamic Tension"
you can laugh at the artificial muscle-
makers. You simply utilize the DOR-
MANT muscle-power in your own God-
given body—watch it increase
and multiply double-quick into
real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Ten-
sion" will turn the trick for
you. No theory—so easy! Spend
only 15 minutes a day in your
own home. From the very
start you'll be using my meth-
od of "Dynamic Tension" al-
most unconsciously every min-
ute of the day—walking, bend-
ing over, etc.—to BUILD THE
MUSCLE and VITALITY
you want. And you'll be using
the method which many great
athletes use for keeping in con-
dition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball
and football players, etc.

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and
run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in con-
fidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad
breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose
or gain weight?
**WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT** is told
in my **FREE BOOK**



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given
to pupil making
greatest physical
improvement in the
next 3 months.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs.
and 4 1/4 inches on
my chest, 3 inches
on my arms. I am
never consti-
pated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs.
and increased my
chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference!
Have put 3 1/2
inches on my chest
(normal) and 2 1/2
inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs.
When I started

your course I
weighed only 141.
Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are
wonderful. The first
week my arm in-
creased one inch,
my chest two
inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me
from a weakling
to a real he-man.
My chest has gone
up 6 inches. I am
a solid mass of
muscle."

—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 25

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of
Body I Want.*

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

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